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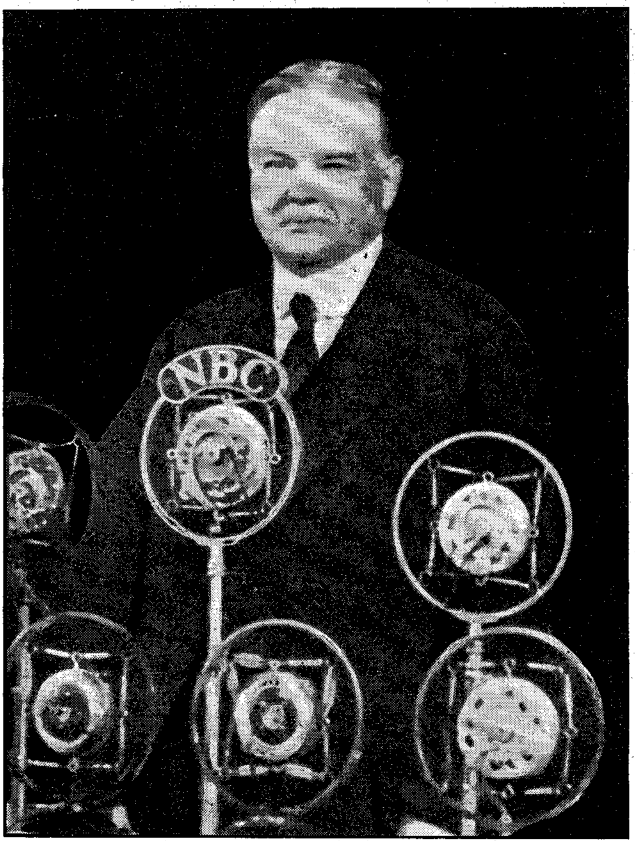
TOPICS ▾ OF ▾ THE ▾ DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

THE "NEW HOOVER'S" WAR-CRY AGAINST CRIME

IT WAS A NEW HOOVER that many a wondering editor beheld when the President spoke in New York last week. "A spirit moved the Quaker, and he became a Crusader; the engineer discoursed like a revivalist," to use the words of the Boston *Herald*. It is now obvious to editors and press correspondents alike, in view of the President's earnest denunciation of lawlessness, that he considers it a fundamental duty of his Administration to awaken a spirit of law observance. As one Southern paper sees it, "he is trying to re-civilize the United States of America." The general spirit of the Presidential "sermon," as it is frequently called, is everywhere commended, but there are doubts about the success of his crusade, considerable criticism of the philosophy of law observance which he lays down, and sharp difference with his assertion that Prohibition is responsible for only "a sector" of the "invasion of lawlessness" which the President now considers "the dominant issue before the American people."



International Newsreel photograph

IT IS NOT A "CRIME WAVE"

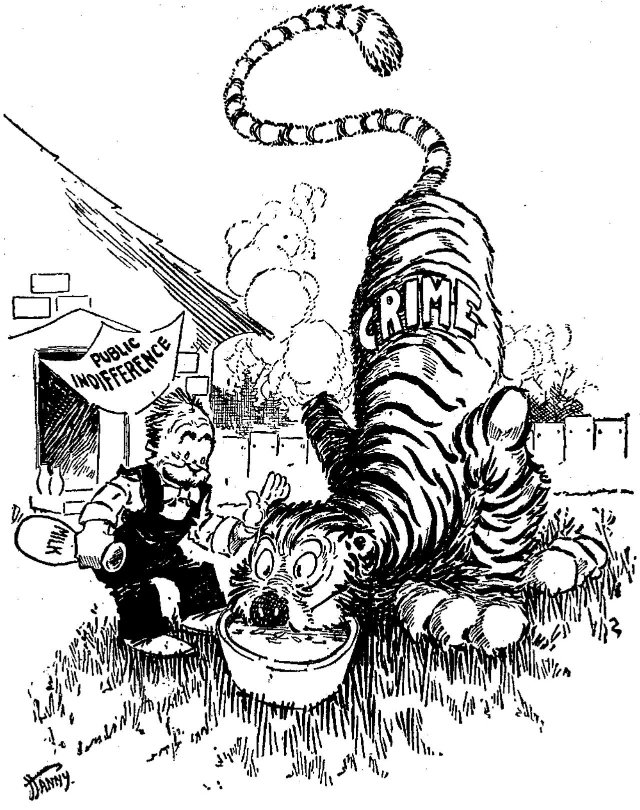
"We are not suffering from an ephemeral crime wave, but from a subsidence of our foundations," declared President Herbert Hoover in his first public address since inauguration, at the Associated Press luncheon in New York on April 22.

"The poignant cry of the President of the greatest country in the world," as the Cincinnati *Times-Star* calls the speech to The Associated Press, is accepted by the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* "as the war-cry of the Administration, an appeal first of all to moral suasion in touching the better instincts of the American people; after that a stern grip on the country's legal machinery to reach those who can be reached in no other way." "If Mr. Hoover's major objective is to have a law-abiding United States, his chief task will be that of general conversion of the people," says the Boston *Globe;* "Americans have never been very particular about obeying the law, and they are apparently less so than ever." If the President's earnestness "permeates the commission which is to report remedies," it seems to the New York *Sun* that "a great reform is assured." But the Cleveland *News*, while thoroughly sympathetic with the President, can not help reflecting that "boards, commissions, surveys, studies, and the like are not famous for producing immediate and practical results." But whatever may happen in a broader field, the Columbus *Dispatch* thinks it must now be "evident to all that Prohibition enforcement is entering upon an absolutely new epoch—along, of course, with the enforcement of all laws intended to protect society against those who refuse to be bound by law." Newspaper men who made the trip to New York with the President were convinced, according to Theodore C. Wallen of the New York *Herald Tribune*, that his speech "was only the starting-point of a crusade that will be kept up throughout his Administration, if necessary, no matter what the political consequences to him personally." Encouraged by Chief Justice Taft and others, the President, we are told, "has concluded that his own duty in the Administration effort to curb lawlessness is to keep constantly pressing for the proper public consciousness of the situation. In the face of a wide-spread impression that government authorities themselves consider Prohibition-enforcement efforts futile, for instance, and are merely making gestures for the record, the President is determined to show that his Administration means business."

No President ever spoke to the people "on a problem of domestic policy more passionately," in the opinion of one commenting editor, than did Mr. Hoover at the Associated Press luncheon on April 22. He started by flatly asserting that "the dominant issue before the American people" is "the enforcement of and the obedience to the laws of the United States, both Federal and State." We are now, he continued, reaping the harvest of our indifference to law and the defects of our law-enforcement machinery—

"More than 9,000 human beings are lawlessly killed in the United States each year. Little more than half as many arrests follow. Less than one-sixth of these slayers are convicted, and but a scandalously small percentage are adequately punished. Twenty times as many people in proportion to population are lawlessly killed in the United States as in Great Britain. In many of our great cities murder can apparently be committed with impunity. At least fifty times as many robberies in proportion to population are committed in the United States as in the United Kingdom, and three times as many burglaries.

"No part of the country, rural or urban, is immune. Life and property are relatively more unsafe than in any other civilized country in the world."



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HIS BEST FRIEND
—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

The word "Prohibition" does not occur in the President's speech, but he touched on the subject when he went on to declare that "while violations of law have been increased by inclusion of crimes under the Eighteenth Amendment and by the vast sums that are poured into the hands of the criminal classes by the patronage of illicit liquor by otherwise responsible citizens, yet this is only one segment of our problem." Backing up this statement with figures, the President said that of the total number of convictions for felony last year, less than 8 per cent. can be attributed to the Eighteenth Amendment. He went on:

"What we are facing to-day is something far larger and far more fundamental—the possibility that respect for law as law is fading from the sensibilities of our people. . . .

"No individual has the right to determine what law shall be obeyed and what law shall not be enforced. If a law is wrong, its rigid enforcement is the surest guaranty of its repeal. If it is right, its enforcement is the quickest method of compelling respect for it."

The processes of criminal-law enforcement, as seen by this President, who is not a lawyer but an engineer, "are simply methods of instilling respect and fear into the minds of those who have not the intelligence and moral instinct to obey the law as a matter of course." Then, two immediate problems before the Administration are stated:

"First, to investigate our existing agencies of enforcement; and, second, to reorganize our system of enforcement in such manner as to eliminate its weaknesses. It is the purpose of the Federal Administration systematically to strengthen its law-enforcement agencies week by week, month by month, year by year, not by dramatic displays and violent attacks in order to make head-lines, not by violating the law itself through misuse of the law in its enforcement, but by steady pressure, steady weeding out of all incapable and negligent officials no matter what their status; by encouragement, promotion, and recognition for those who do their duty, and by the most rigid scrutiny of the records and attitudes of all persons suggested for appointment to official posts in our entire law-enforcement machinery."

Finally came the most emphatic sentence of the speech, in which the President said that the time has come "to realize that we are confronted with a national necessity of the first degree; that we are not suffering from an ephemeral crime wave, but from a subsidence of our foundations."

The part of the President's speech that arouses the most controversy is his argument that Prohibition plays but a small part in the general reign of lawlessness. "Prohibition is the real reason why there has been an increase of lawlessness," insists the Brooklyn *Citizen;* "the disrespect shown for the Eighteenth Amendment has been a cancerous growth, reaching out with its tentacles to laws in general." It appears to the Detroit *Free Press* that "the President considerably underestimated the extent of the deleterious results of special defiance of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law by failing to take sufficiently into account the amount of crime which is a secondary but nevertheless very real result of illicit liquor traffic, and so does not place as much emphasis on a primary cause of prevalent conditions as he might." The New York *Herald Tribune* thus develops an argument which appears in the columns of several New York newspapers:

"In any long view of American lawlessness, the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment must be taken as marking an abrupt turn for the worse.

"Moreover, the structure of our Federal system has made for a maximum of legislation and a minimum of obedience to law. The mills of forty-eight State legislatures and of Congress have ground out a mass of laws beyond any citizens' understanding.

"Of far wider significance is the impotence of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, a surrender acquiesced in by Congress for many decades. By the side of this bad example, and as if to bring it down to date, stands the refusal of the House of Representatives to obey the clear constitutional mandate for a reapportionment.

"It was against this background of lawlessness that the Eighteenth Amendment was written into the Federal Constitution. Obedience to a rigid rule of conduct running counter to the habits of vast numbers of Americans everywhere, and of whole communities in many cases, was demanded overnight of a whole nation.

"Here was, in our judgment, the climax of American legislative blunders, doing violence to every sound principle of social reform and moral progress, and constituting an invitation to lawbreaking compared with which obsolete blue laws and obsolete speed laws were insignificant details.

"That only 8 per cent. of felonies are the direct consequences of Prohibition, as Mr. Hoover declared, seems to us beside the mark. The grave and dangerous fact is that to a long habit of national indifference toward all laws has now been added a definite moral revolt against one law."

A similar line of reasoning leads the New York *World* to conclude that the President's address, while deserving approval in general, "fails to disclose any real comprehension of the problem of Prohibition enforcement." The Hartford *Courant* says that the concentration of efforts upon the attempt to enforce Prohibition leads to the non-enforcement of other laws, and the Asheville *Citizen* is convinced that "Mr. Hoover must deal with Prohibition before he can expect results elsewhere." The Seattle *Times* disagrees with President Hoover when he says that "if a law is wrong, its rigid enforcement is the surest guaranty of its repeal." In its opinion, "that is not the way laws are repealed. Laws are taken off the statute books when they become dead letters through disregard and disuse." The Providence *News*

"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?"

***Test** your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.*

1. What was the peculiarity of the home-run with which Babe Ruth celebrated his recent marriage? (p. 66).
2. How many men and women may vote in Great Britain on May 30? (p. 16).
3. What was discovered by the smashing of the Portland vase? (p. 21).
4. Who has succeeded in extracting food from wood? (p. 34).
5. How would the "export debenture plan" for farm relief work? (p. 12).
6. Do all Protestant ministers believe in hell, the devil, and Judgment Day? (p. 26).
7. In what country is famine making the people cannibals? (p. 84).
8. In what European country are there 1,400,000 unemployed? (p. 17).
9. What two European Powers are said to be rivals in the Mediterranean? (p. 18).
10. In what way is a theatrical performance like a battle? (p. 23).
11. Why do the women-folk of Mexican soldiers tag along after the Army? (p. 61).
12. What Pennsylvania county is said to make about 75 per cent. of the world's artificial teeth? (p. 54).
13. Do students care much about theological doubts? (p. 27).
14. Who is said to hold the speed record for writing plays? (p. 22).
15. Who was "Woodbine Willie"? (p. 29).
16. What heavyweight is picked by other bruisers as the most probable successor of Tunney? (p. 71).
17. What American automobile company has bought control of the greatest German motor-manufacturing organization? (p. 19).
18. What famous American actress retired at the height of her success? (p. 24).
19. How is the Russian Soviet Government now fighting religion? (p. 28).
20. What ball team is acknowledged as a menace to the further triumph of the Yankees this year? (p. 68).
21. Why did the financial experts fail to find a solution for the reparations problem? (p. 10).
22. Who has made the largest collection of industrial motion-pictures? (p. 32).
23. What is a newly discovered advantage of white clothes? (p. 33).
24. Who first advocated the use of an electric chair to save life? (p. 34).
25. What is the "autograph" of lightning? (p. 36).

disagrees with the President's general pessimism, declaring its own belief that, "with the single exception of the Prohibition Law, the American people are no more lawless than they have ever been." The New Haven *Journal-Courier* devotes several columns of editorial space to discussing the President's philosophy of law enforcement. It fears that he "imparts to law a sacredness and spiritual authority to which it is not entitled unless it harmonizes with the aspirations of the people whom it is designed to benefit."

But in spite of such criticisms, the chorus of whole-hearted applause rings loud. In New York City, where the President made his address, Bishop Manning of the Protestant Episcopal Church ejaculated: "God bless him for saying it!" United States Attorney Tuttle, chief Federal enforcement officer in the city, and Police Commissioner Whalen both endorsed the speech, the latter predicting that it "will go a long way toward stimulating and encouraging the law-enforcing agencies throughout the nation." In Washington, strong complimentary statements were made by Senator Borah, Majority House Leader Tilson, Speaker Longworth, Senator Harris of Georgia, and Senator Jones, of Jones Law fame. "The President's appeal is to that survival instinct of civilized men and women which places self-control above the disintegration of self-indulgence, which, in short, prefers order to anarchy as a foundation of the State," so the Springfield *Republican* understands it. And it is joined by such representative dailies as the Boston *Herald* and *Post*, Hartford *Times*, Brooklyn *Eagle*, Newark *News*, Philadelphia *Inquirer* and *Public Ledger*, and Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* in the East, and in other sections by the Cleveland *News*, Chicago *Daily News*, Kansas City *Star*, Oklahoma City *Daily Oklahoman*, Denver *Post*, and Portland *Oregonian* in endorsing the President's stand. All told, concludes the New York *Times*, "the President's attitude, as he defines it, is so earnest and rational that his speech is bound to quicken and direct American thought and sentiment on this vital matter everywhere throughout the land." Says the Cleveland *Plain Dealer:* "America needs occasionally a preachment like this." The President's appeal, notes the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, goes in first instance to the press of the country as represented by the gentlemen to whom he spoke directly, and then it goes to the entire body of patriotic citizens: "Their duty to rally to an appeal reënforced by every consideration of patriotism and of concern for the moral fiber of the America that is to be, is as plain as is the backing every right-thinking man and woman owes to the Chief Executive." Says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat:*

> "May we not believe that what the President said with much the greater earnestness and depth of feeling in New York will impress on many, now indifferent and indiscriminating, the immeasurable distance between a mere economic problem and a mighty moral problem?
>
> "May we not believe that it will translate conviction into action on the part of great numbers, in whose case conviction now fails to prompt action or prompts only languid action?"

That newspapers are likely to play up criminals unduly, the Richmond *News Leader* readily admits, and it adds:

> "If one person says he will not respect the Volstead Law, how can he criticize the weakling who elects to defy the Harrison narcotic act, or the law against forgery?"

At least one paper declares its complete agreement with Mr. Hoover about the small percentage of crimes to be attributed to Prohibition. Says the Chicago *Evening Post:*

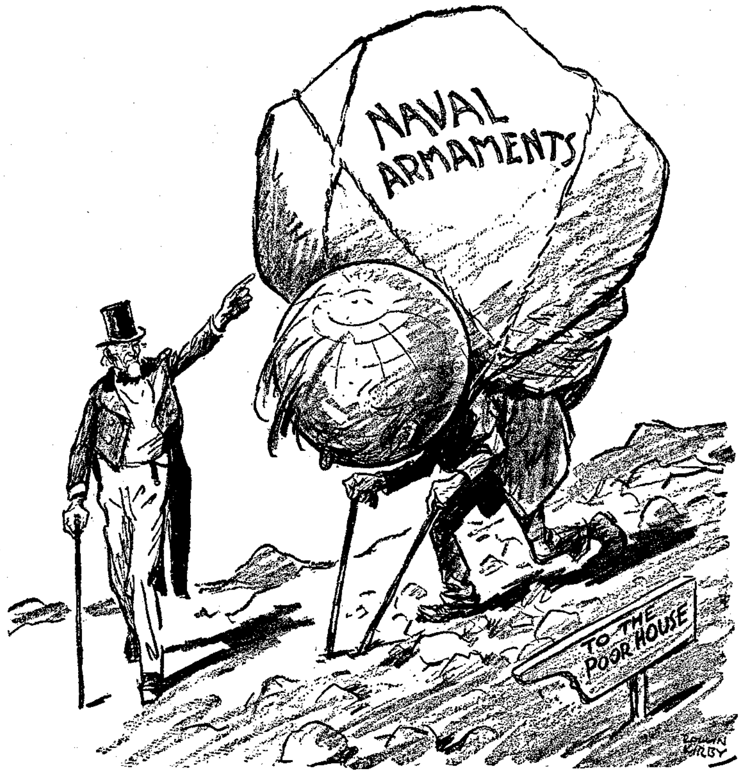
> "Newspapers committed to the wet cause have deliberately distorted the picture and befogged the vision of the public. They have magnified an incident in a great problem so as to make it appear to be the whole problem. The President does a splendid and courageous service to the country in striking this smashing blow at the structure of lies which the illusionsts have built."

Similar agreement is voiced by the Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch*, which finds the President's characterization of our lawlessness "hideously and shamefully true," a condition which it attributes in part to our "habit of so administering the criminal laws as to protect the criminal from society, rather than to protect society from the criminal." This Virginia daily feels that President Hoover in his crusade against crime has undertaken a task "far more important than the granting of temporary relief to farmers." And it seems to the Philadelphia *Record* that—

> "Drys and wets alike must agree with the President when he says if the law is wrong, enforcement is the surest way to have it modified or repealed. Any other policy is simply playing into the hands of the illicit distillers, the bootleggers, and the speakeasy proprietors."

FRIENDSHIPS INSTEAD OF WARSHIPS

THE AMERICAN OFFER TO GO THE LIMIT in naval reduction breaks the ice at the Geneva arms parley, and world-wide hopes revive that something resembling genuine disarmament is not so far away now that the United States dares to venture leadership again among the nations. Let's "scrap" the term "limitation," under cover of which armaments may actually be leveled up, says our Ambassador Gibson in substance, and let's concentrate sincerely and honestly on a general reduction of the burden of armaments, since under the Kellogg Pact to renounce war as a national policy we can act, not as probable enemies, but as friends. This is the Hoover approach to the problem, Mr. Gibson informs the jockeying non-committal delegates of the League Commission, and according to American press correspondents at Geneva Mr. Gibson's proposals worked like "verbal dynamite," a "peace bombshell" or, better still, as an electric shock, putting new life into a dilatory debating aggregation. That happened on a Monday and by Wednesday Sir Austen Chamberlain in the House of Commons declared that the British Government "shares to the full the hopes and wishes of the Government of the United States" as set forth in Ambassador Gibson's speech; "His Majesty's Government, equally with the Government of the United States, desires not merely a limitation but a reduction of naval armament," and "attaches great importance to the possibilities of greater elasticity" in "adjustments of agreed strength." In current American press vernacular, apparently "Mr. Gibson has started something."



"DROP IT!"

—Kirby in the New York *World*.

Instantly favorable European press reaction is reflected in the London *Times's* observation that "the Kellogg Pact is now the key to disarmament, as it is, for the future, the key of policy"; the authorized spokesman for President Hoover's policy "has supplied the maze of naval disarmament with a fresh starting-point." The semi-official Paris *Temps* sees "a much better prospect than ever before of obtaining an accord in principle." "The most outstanding event since the disarmament debate was set in motion," is the essence of German official comment reported by the Berlin correspondent of the New York *Times*. Naturally, of course, European praise is qualified by various nationalistic points of view, such as that of the *Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten*, which sees in the Hoover-Gibson policy "the world's greatest power" demanding disarmament on land and sea to get rid of European wars or European complications that interfere with its "commercial imperialism" advancing on Europe and determined to "conquer the world's markets."

Our news-men at Geneva pick out dramatic phases of the situation emphasizing the feat achieved by American diplomacy there. They see an official American delegation not merely "observing" but participating in the work of a League of Nations Commission. Ambassador Gibson waits until Lord Cushendun has declared that Britain would no longer insist on previous military views but would leave the solution of land and air armament problems to the continental military powers, and then, recognizing the psychological opportunity opened by that British commitment, Mr. Gibson, breaking the regular order of the day, springs his new proposal for reducing navies—the issue which has broken up all armament conferences since the Washington naval agreement of 1922. Representatives of League Powers at the present conference, however, who had sidetracked M. Litvinoff and his Soviet Russian delegation with their annoying slogan of "the way to disarm is to disarm," now sit up, take notice, even rise up to express cordial approval of the American declaration "in principle"—coming as it does from the wealthiest of nations which has "just shown what it could do by ordering fifteen cruisers."

Ambassador Gibson's plain talk was as surprizing to Washington as it was to Geneva, Washington correspondents tell us, altho they find that the text of his address had been carefully prepared in collaboration with President Hoover and Secretary of State Stimson. On the question of land armaments Mr. Gibson declares that we shall concede and defer to those countries primarily interested. "My country's defense," he points out, "is primarily a naval problem," and he continues:

> "The American Government has found no reason for modifying its view that the simplest, fairest, and most practical method is that of limitation by tonnage by categories—a method which has been given practical and satisfactory application in the Washington Treaty. While it is realized that this does not constitute an exact and scientific gage of strategic strength, we have nevertheless found that it constitutes a method which has the advantage of simplicity and of affording to each power the freedom to utilize its tonnage within the limitation of each category according to its special needs."

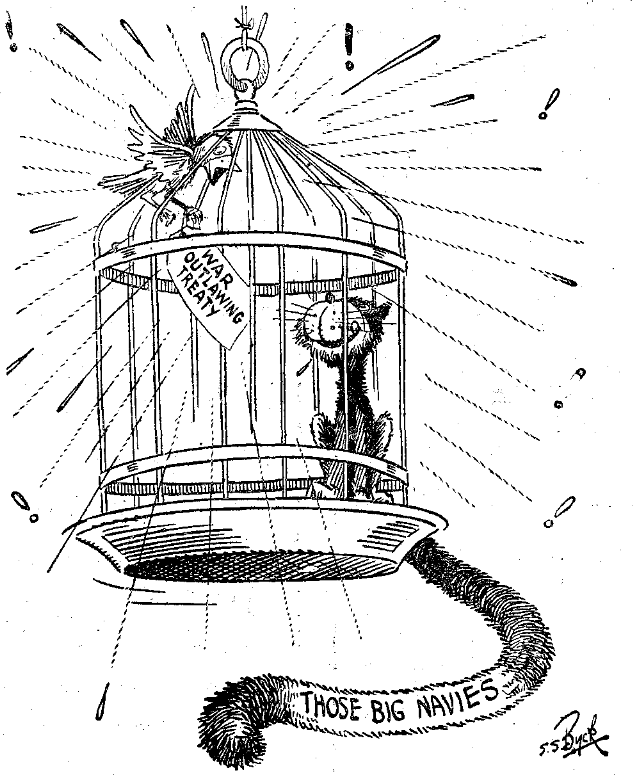
But French proposals of modification whereby a fixt total tonnage might be redistributed by transfers from one category to another, our Ambassador accepts as a basis for discussion, and he makes the new suggestion of a standard of "equivalent naval values":

> "If such a course appears desirable, my Government will be prepared to give consideration to a method of estimating equivalent naval values which takes account of other factors than displacement tonnage alone. In order to arrive at a basis of comparison in the case of categories in which there are marked variations as to unit characteristics, it might be desirable in arriving

at a formula for estimating equivalent tonnage to consider certain factors which produce these variations, such as age, unit, displacement, and caliber of guns."

A Geneva wireless dispatch to the New York *Times* sends the news that Mr. Hoover, engineer, before he became President, conceived this idea of making a standard measuring stick which the technicians could use to rate and determine equivalent values of naval units, and our naval men have worked out a mathematical formula for this "stroke of genius." Hence he is to be credited with both the technical and political approach of Ambassador Gibson's address.

"For us," declares Mr. Gibson, "the essential thing is the achievement of substantial results. Methods are of secondary importance." He argues that specific questions can be dealt with only by bearing clearly in mind recent important changes in world conditions, and then he high-points his appeal by setting up the Kellogg pact as a determining factor above the technique of war strategists, thus:



QUAINT COMPANIONS

—Byck in the Brooklyn *Times*.

> "Since our last meeting the nations of the world have bound themselves by solemn undertaking to renounce war as an instrument of national policy. We believe (and we hope that our belief is shared by the other nations) that this agreement affirming humanity's will to peace will advance the cause of disarmament by removing doubts and fears which in the past have constituted our principal obstacle. It has recently been my privilege to discuss the general problem of disarmament at considerable length with President Hoover, who has always been an ardent advocate of peace and good understanding. I am in a position to realize, perhaps as well as any one, how earnestly he feels that the pact for the renunciation of war opens to us an unprecedented opportunity for advancing the cause of disarmament, an opportunity which admits of no postponement.
>
> "Any approach to the disarmament problem on purely technical grounds is bound to be inconclusive. The technical justification of armaments is based upon the experience of past wars and upon the anticipation of future wars. So long as the approach to the problem is based upon old fears and suspicions there is little hope of disarmament. The lessons of the old strategies must be unlearned. If we are honest, if our solemn promise in the pact means anything, there is no justification for the continuation of a war-taxed peace. Great armaments are but the relic until the present deadlock is broken, and that can be accomplished only by the decision of the Powers possessing the greatest armaments to initiate measures of reduction.
>
> "We are willing to agree to any reduction, however drastic, of naval tonnage which leaves no type of war vessel unrestricted.
>
> "My government has always felt that we need no exact balance of ships and guns which can be based only upon the idea of conflict. What is really wanted is a common-sense agreement, based on the idea that we are going to be friends and settle our problems by peaceful means."

The work of the League Commission now meeting in Geneva, readers will recall, is "preparatory"—formulating principles and policies for consideration and decision by later or "final" conference. It is seeking a program of disarmament upon which national conferees can eventually get together; time only will determine whether another separate conference of the naval Powers will seem most practicable before a general convocation.

Scores of American papers approve the Hoover-Gibson declaration of policy without reservations. "As Americans we should be proud of the Kellogg anti-war pact and the Hoover drive to make it effective for peace through disarmament. May Hoover succeed!" concludes a syndicated editorial in the Scripps-Howard chain; "Hoover has voiced the cry of the people everywhere." Here is a "real disarmament move" that is more sweeping than anything brought forward since the Washington conference of 1921-1922," says the Washington *Evening Star*, which points out that in naval programs it means that "statesmanship, as opposed to seamanship, must be the controlling factor":

> "It is easy to believe the news from Geneva that this clarion blast from the western world has blown invigorating fresh air into the preparatory disarmament commission and inspired the hope that at last results seem to be in sight. No American wants this country to be bereft of power at sea to a point which would imperil national security. But if the world can come to an agreement—based on the underlying Hoover theory that it is not going to make war—then the United States and other countries can conscientiously curtail navies without jeopardizing national safety."

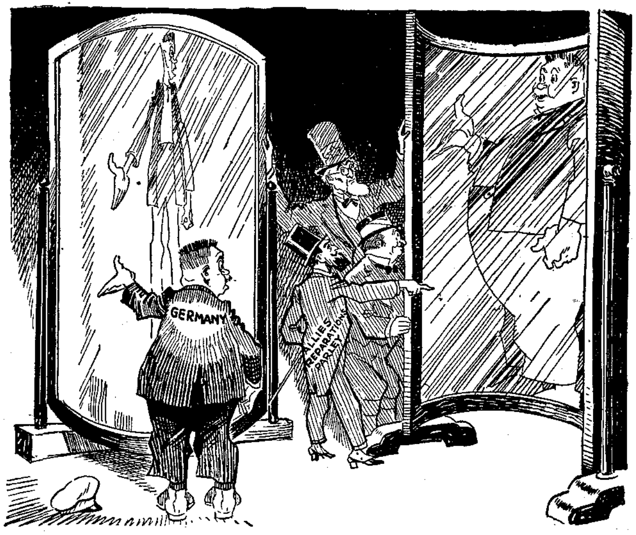
The first opposition gun in Washington is fired by Congressman Britten, chairman of the House Naval Committee, who calls the Gibson proposals "complete surrender," amounting to "another naval victory for British diplomacy" and declares "Congress will never again give its approval to a treaty which is manifestly unfair to the United States or which places the American Navy in a secondary position."

Mr. Hoover scores a "tactical victory" by throwing his proposals into the midst of the British elections campaign, forcing even the Conservative Government as well as all parties into endorsement "in principle," according to the New York *World*. *The Sun* remarks that it is entirely possible that Mr. Gibson's proposal may contain "its own death-warrant in its discussion of flexibility, of 'estimating equivalent naval values,' and the like; other negotiations at Geneva have failed, some of them immediately after they began to go into detail. But no other negotiations have begun with a great naval Power taking quite so clear and promising a stand for concession and compromise." The *Evening Post* sees every evidence that Great Britain and France are in spirit willing to cooperate, which is "a tremendous gain; but it would be rash to believe that the past obstacles to disarmament had suddenly been leveled." "Naval equivalents in efficiency will raise technical questions of the greatest difficulty, and the road to international agreement on such complicated questions is long and hard." But *The Post* concludes that "however technical such questions may be, one thing is certain: The next conference, if conference there is to be, must not be left in the control of the naval experts. Naval reduction is and will remain a problem demanding the broadest statesmanship."

THE REPARATIONS DEBACLE AT PARIS

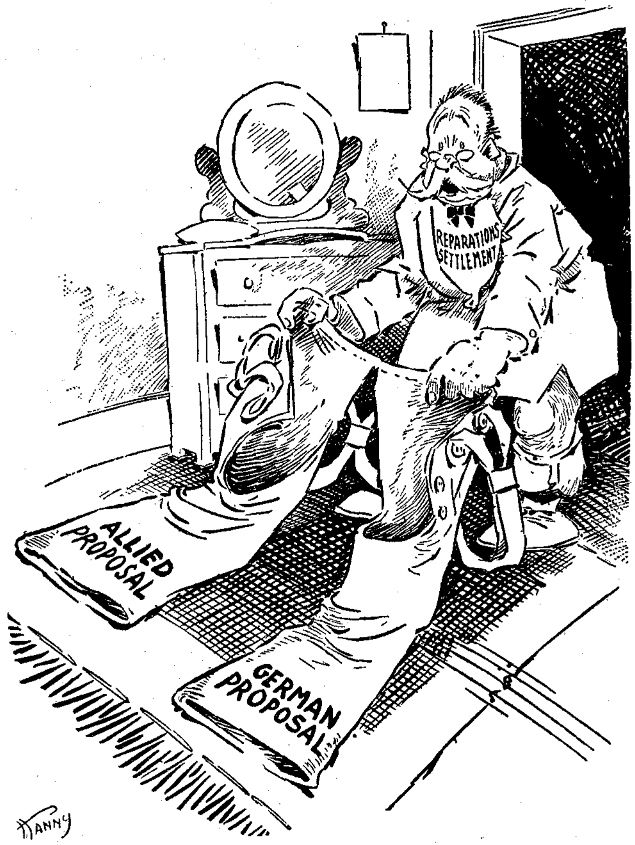
AFTER CRUISING FOR TWO MONTHS through the tortuous reparations channel, between mountains of figures, in an effort to establish a reparations bank and an agreement to fix new terms of payment on Germany's part, the committee of independent financial experts representing the creditor nations on April 23 foundered on the rock of a stiffening German resistance to Allied demands. Thus, to change the figure, the "greatest poker game in the world's history," as the Paris conference has been called, came to an end—for the time being, at least. What the results of the complete collapse of negotiations will be, no foreign correspondent of an American newspaper can predict, but a number of editorial writers, who base their conclusions on dispatches from abroad, fear that the abrupt break-up of the conference will wipe out all the gains made during the last four years toward a better understanding between Germany and her creditors. Unless and until some future conference transfers the reparations problem from the tentative footing provided by the Dawes plan to a permanent basis, says Raymond G. Carroll, Paris correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, Germany must continue to pay more, under the Dawes plan, than she would have had to pay had she come to an agreement with the financial experts. Moreover, says Mr. Carroll, "the Rhineland will be occupied indefinitely, and Europe will continue to be realined against her."

The Paris negotiations, explains Robert Sage, in a dispatch to the Chicago *Tribune*, were broken off after Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, President of the German Reichsbank and Germany's chief delegate, had refused to add a single German mark to his offer—thirty-seven annuities of $392,700,000 each, or $3,094,000,000 less than what the Allies demanded. Since the Allied representatives declared that their demands had been scaled down to less than one-third of the original reparations debt, as fixt by the Reparations Commission; and that the German offer was less than a quarter of that debt, the natural result was an impasse. Practically all American correspondents at the conference, together with Paris newspapers, place the blame for the wreck of the conference squarely upon the shoulders of Dr. Schacht, who is said to have injected political matters into what was aimed to be purely a financial settlement. This the German delegate denies.



IT DEPENDS ON YOUR POINT OF VIEW

—Doyle in the Philadelphia *Record.*



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HAS ANYBODY GOT A NEEDLE AND THREAD?

—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer.*

Before we take up the matter of blame, however, let us see what the effect of the failure to reach a reparations accord will have on Germany. On April 20, when the deadlock seemed hopeless, Paul Scott Mowrer, an experienced European observer, cabled from Paris to the Chicago *Daily News:*

> "Some of the principal results of the failure of the conference, which would affect more or less the whole world, would be:
>
> "The Rhineland would continue under occupation by the Allies, and no further political concessions would be made to Germany for the present.
>
> "The general political situation would be embittered and confused. Franco-German rapprochement would more or less be interrupted. Franco-German industrial cartels might be injured. Eventual settlement with Russia would be delayed, and Germany and Russia would tend to remain politically isolated. International peace projects like disarmament would presumably be slowed down even more than at present.
>
> "France, rather than ratify the United States and British war-debt agreements as they now stand, would doubtless, while continuing payments, attempt to reopen negotiations.
>
> "Germany's economic situation might be adversely affected. Confidence in Germany's finances might be shaken. Foreign short-term credits might be withdrawn or not renewed, and other forms of foreign investment might be interrupted to the detriment of German business and the German budget.
>
> "The Dawes plan would continue in effect. This means that Germany must continue to pay annuities of $625,000,000 and, beginning in 1931 if prosperity meanwhile increases, must pay even larger sums. If prosperity dwindled and payments were interrupted, she would face a real economic crisis."

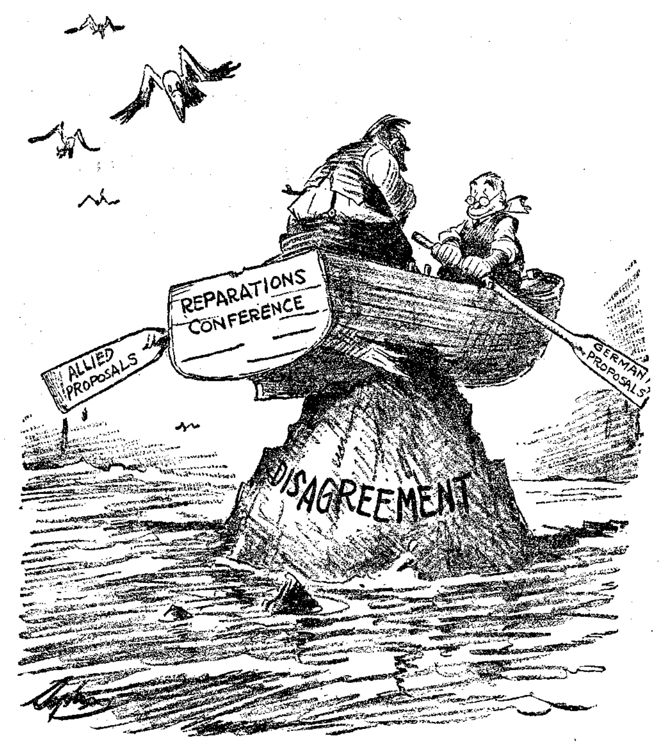
The attitude of Dr. Schacht, one gathers from Berlin and Paris dispatches, is that if Germany is to fulfil her reparations obligations, she must be given an opportunity to create independent raw materials on a basis of her own means of production, her own currency, and her own responsibility. This was interpreted by some of the Allied experts as a demand that the Saar Valley and the Danzig corridor, which shuts Germany off from East Prussia, be returned to Germany, and that the Silesian frontier be revised in her favor. In other words, they felt that the German delegate was injecting political demands into a discussion of reparations and debts. As the Baltimore *Sun* explains:

> "The greatest condemnation of the German chief delegate is based upon his attempt to interest a committee of financial experts in such political questions as the return of Germany's former colonies and readjustment of the Saar Valley and Danzig settlements. It is probable, however, that this seeming attempt to bring the political revision of the Versailles Treaty into a purely financial discussion was made for home consumption."

In Berlin, says a dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, the newspapers agree that Dr. Schacht offered a sum as great as Germany could pledge herself to pay. And Germany "is not to be blamed for refusing to make promises which it feels it would be unable to fulfil," maintains the Chicago *Daily News*. As for the political questions which Dr. Schacht is said to have raised, these are explained in Berlin dispatches as an attempt to point out that Germany can not be expected to produce wealth as rapidly under present conditions as she might if she had her colonies from which to gather raw materials, and if she had the coal of Silesia and unhindered passage to East Prussia.

On the other hand, the large majority of American newspapers condemn Germany for "torpedoing the conference," as one of them puts it. "The blame for the impasse rests squarely upon the German delegation," asserts the Providence *Journal*, and the Washington *Post* reminds us that Dr. Schacht knew that the committee of experts "were not empowered to negotiate upon territorial or other political questions." In their recent negotiations, "the Germans have shown an utter inability to comprehend the psychological reactions of other nations," believes the Boston *Herald*. However, says the New York *World:*

> "While the conference may prove a failure, so far as reparations are concerned, it would be an exaggeration to say that it has accomplished nothing at all. Dr. Schacht used it most adroitly as a means of serving notice on the world that Germany expects eventually a reopening of the Versailles Treaty and a revision of its territorial provisions of that instrument in her favor."

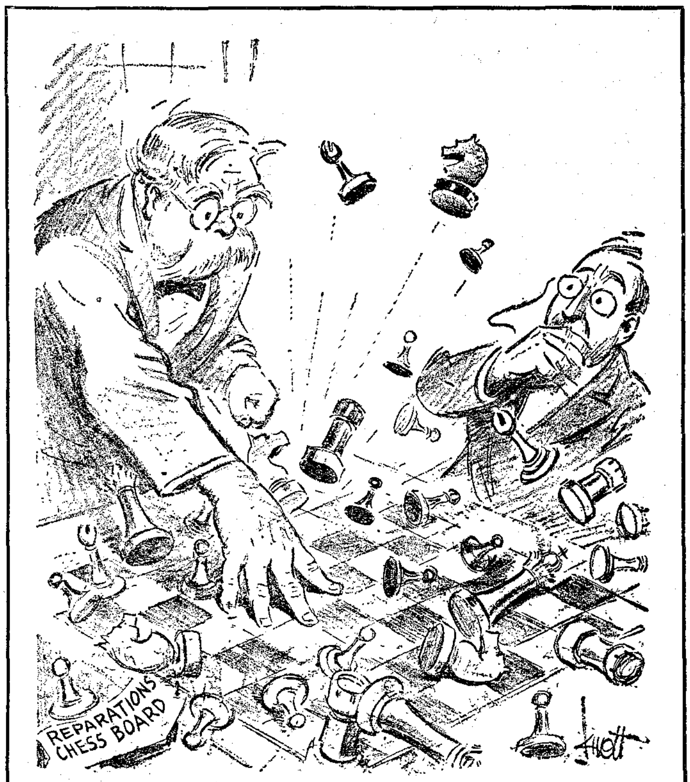


LOW TIDE ONCE AGAIN

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger.*

In the opinion of the Springfield *Union*, "the demonstrated inability of the European nations to agree upon an economic matter will destroy confidence in their ability to come together upon vastly more difficult political questions." Continues this New England daily in a summary of the entire situation:

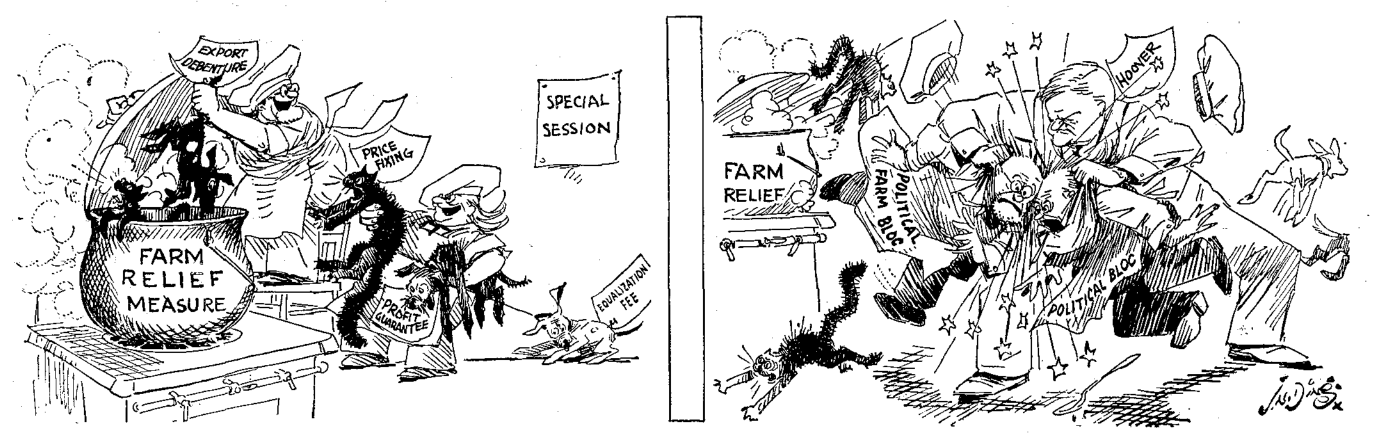
> "For the failure of the negotiations, Germany can scarcely hope to avoid being assessed with a large share of the responsibility. The settlement finally offered it by the representatives of the former Allies considerably reduced the payments which are now required under the Dawes plan, and set a definite limit to the amount of Germany's liability for the costs of the war. Inasmuch as the Agent-General of Reparations in his last report declared his belief that Germany could meet the annuities now required, small doubt can be entertained that the settlement was well within Germany's capacity to pay.



THE GERMAN MAKES A VIGOROUS MOVE

—Knott in the Dallas *News.*

> "In refusing to consider the settlement, the German representatives must have known what would be the political effect of such a refusal among the Allied nations, particularly France. They must have anticipated the disturbing effect that it would have on the nations without Europe that have lent money in large quantities for the reconstruction of German industry. They must also have known of the effect that it would have in Germany itself, for they could scarcely have undertaken to disrupt the conference without the consent of the German Government.
>
> "Under these circumstances, the willingness of the German representatives to permit the negotiations to come to an abortive issue perhaps can not be regarded as other than a manifestation of German policy. If so, it is of the greatest significance, for it seems to mark the abandonment of the policy of fulfilment and the adoption of a new policy of resistance to the Treaty of Versailles.
>
> "The demand for political concessions, such as the abolition of the Danzig corridor, the revision of the Upper Silesian boundary, the return of the Saar Valley, and the evacuation of the Rhineland, as conditions for German payment of reparations at their own figure, seems to confirm the belief that Germany is determined, not merely to compel a more favorable financial liquidation of the war, but a political settlement as well.
>
> "Germany may justify its course on the ground that its course thus far has failed to accomplish the ends that it considers essential to German progress, a justification perhaps not entirely without support. Yet it can not deny that its attitude seems to imperil much of the progress in European amity that has been made since that time. If its decision is irrevocable, the outlook in Europe is highly uncertain."



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THE FOOD INSPECTOR VISITS THE CONGRESSIONAL KITCHEN

—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

THE "DEBENTURE" RUMPUS

THAT POLITICAL DRAMA, FARM RELIEF, observes the Portland *Express*, had no sooner rung down the curtain on the McNary-Haugen equalization-fee skit than another one-act play was ready—The Export Debenture Plan. The plots of the two are substantially the same, says the Maine paper; "both contemplate making the cost of food higher to the consumer." The supporters of the debenture plan, however, declare that, if put into effect by the Federal Farm Board, it would immediately relieve the distress of the farmers, and would only raise the price of farm products in the same way that the tariff raises the cost of manufactured articles, and hence one is as fair as the other. However, the President of the United States, it seems, is withholding his patronage from the new show, and Washington correspondents are therefore predicting a short run.

Scarcely had the special session of Congress opened when President Hoover was asked by a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on Agriculture to express an opinion on the export debenture plan of farm relief, a substitute for the McNary-Haugen measure which President Coolidge twice vetoed. Under this new plan, exporters would receive a promise of the Government to pay—that is, a debenture—equal to one-half the import tariff on a bushel of wheat, for example. At the same time tariffs would be imposed to keep out foreign products. The President's reply to the subcommittee, we read in Washington dispatches, revealed that Congress and the Executive are far apart on the subject. As a result of what one paper calls Mr. Hoover's "devastating broadside," the Philadelphia *Inquirer's* correspondent at the capital expects to see a bitter fight between the Senate and House, with the export debenture plan as the main issue. It will furnish the first test of strength between the White House and the Senate.

For a non-technical definition of the export debenture plan, we turn to the Boston *Herald:*

"Assume the existence of a surplus of wheat which must be sent abroad. The exporter, whether farmer, cooperative association, stabilization corporation, or other party, receives from the United States Treasury a certificate stating the fact and the quantity of the exportation. This certificate will be known as an export debenture. This debenture will be accepted by the United States Treasury in payment of import duties on any commodity whatever, and by whomever imported. The value of the certificate will be one-half the tariff on wheat, making the debenture at the present time worth twenty-one cents for every bushel exported, and a diamond importer or an importer of raw wool could use the debenture up to its full face value in payment of the duty on any goods he brings into the country. The debentures would be good for one year. It is assumed that the exporter would easily sell them to manufacturers or other importers. The plan would operate in the same manner for any other debenturable commodity."

The President's analysis of the plan, prepared with the aid of three members of his Cabinet—Secretaries Mellon, Hyde, and Lamont—is the most devastating statement from the White House since President Coolidge vetoed the McNary-Haugen bill, says Walker S. Buel, Washington correspondent of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. To quote a summary by Carter Field, Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"The plan, Mr. Hoover declared, would be sure to result in increased taxation; it would defeat its own purpose, providing any of the hundreds of millions of dollars it would cost should trickle through to the farmers themselves, by stimulating overproduction, thus reducing world prices; it would put some $200,000,000 in the pockets of speculators the year it was placed in operation; it would enable foreign manufacturers of cotton to undersell American textiles and work the same kind of hardship on the American dairy, hog, and cattle industries by providing cheaper feed for their competitors; it would lead to manipulation because of the opportunity on some products on which the ocean freight both ways would be less than the bounties; it would be a violation, if done by any other country, of our own anti-dumping laws, and might therefore run afoul of similar laws in other countries."

Some of the objections made by the President in his letter are:

"The issue of debentures to export merchants and their redemption in payment of import duties amounts to a direct subsidy from the United States Treasury. If the plan proposed be generally applied, it would cost in excess of $200,000,000 a year, as it would decrease the Treasury receipts by such an amount.

"The first result of the plan, if put into operation, would be a gigantic gift from the Government and the public to the dealers and manufacturers and speculators in these commodities. . . .

"If the increased price did reflect to the farmer, the plan would stimulate overproduction and thereby increase world supply, which would in turn depreciate world prices and consequently decrease the price which the farmer would receive, and thereby defeat the plan. . . .

"The stimulation of production of certain commodities would disturb the whole basis of diversification in American agriculture, particularly in the cotton and wheat sections. . . .

"It is not proposed to pay the debentures to the farmers, but to the export merchants, and it seems certain that a large part of it would not be reflected back to the farmer. . . .

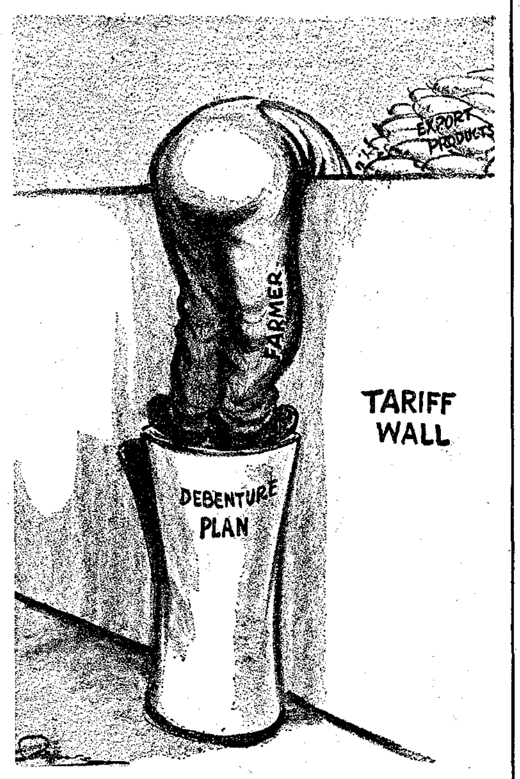
"The provision of such an export subsidy would necessitate a revision of the import tariffs. For instance, an export subsidy of two cents a pound on raw cotton would mean the foreign manufacturers would be receiving cotton at two cents a pound less than the American manufacturers, and the foreigner could ship his manufactured goods back into the American market with this advantage. . . .

"The plan would require a substantial increase in taxes, as no such expenditure or depletion of revenues as this plan implies could be paid from marginal income of the Government."

Furthermore, adds Secretary of the Treasury Mellon:

"If issued in large amounts, as they may well be, it is likely that the debentures will sell at a very considerable discount, which would not only deprive the farmer of a portion of the benefit arising from the debenture rate, but represent a bonus to importers, and would seriously dislocate the tariff schedules fixed by the Congress."

What the President has done, says David Lawrence, in one of his Consolidated Press dispatches, is to nip in the bud the fight for the export debenture plan. After the broadside from the Chief Executive, backed up by the heads of the Treasury, Agriculture, and Commerce, declares W. W. Jermane, Washington correspondent of the Seattle *Times*, "it is certain that no debenture plan can pass either house of the present Congress." In the opinion of the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, this plan "is the worst piece of political quackery in the history of the United States," and the great majority of our newspapers—Republican, Democratic, and independent—seem to agree that the plan, to quote the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, "is without merit." Among these dailies are the New York *World*, Omaha *World-Herald*, New York *Herald Tribune*, Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch*, Baltimore *Evening Sun*, Kansas City *Star*, Minneapolis *Journal*, Springfield *Union*, Philadelphia *Inquirer*, Washington *Post*, St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, Boston *Herald*, Columbus *Ohio State Journal*, Brooklyn *Eagle*, and Providence *Journal*. To *The Herald Tribune:*



SAVES LOWERING THE WALL
—James in the St. Louis *Star*.

"The most striking defect of the export debenture scheme is that it would make the exporter and speculator the principal figure in the experiment, instead of the farmer. The debenture would be given to the man who sells farm products abroad, and not to the man who grows them. It could be used only by some importer willing to purchase it in order to pay customs duties. This is too hazardous and circuitous a form of relief for the American farmer to gamble with.

"Tho the application of the debenture nostrum is left optional with the Federal Farm Board, the latter might not be able to resist pressure from farm organizations which do not think economically, and from interested dealers."

On the other hand, Senator Caraway, Democratic member of the Senate Committee on Agriculture, maintains that if the farm-relief bill is passed, and includes the debenture feature, "the bankruptcy of the farmers will be lifted overnight." As for the arguments advanced by the President and three of his official family, "most of these could be directed with just as deadly effect against the protective tariff," maintains the New York *Times*. In fact, asserts the Charleston *News and Courier*, "the reason the Republicans strangled the debenture plan before it was born is that it contained germs deadly to the protective tariff." Finally, avers Congressman Marvin Jones, of Texas:

"If we place agriculture, which is the one great independent industry of this country, on a parity with every other industry, it will not only inure to the benefit of agriculture, but to the benefit of trade in general.

"This plan simply gives the surplus farmer who can not get the benefit of the tariff an advantage which fits in with whatever tariff there may be. It is in operation in four different countries to-day—Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Germany, and Sweden.

"Of all the countries that have tried it, not one has ever pronounced it a failure."

"A FRIEND FOR THE INDIAN"

THAT A QUAKER, from the State of Quaker William Penn, who originally scored such success with the American Indian tribes, now undertakes the task of handling Indians for our Quaker President's Administration, is hailed by the press as a good omen for Secretary Wilbur's "weaning" policy. The new Commissioner of Indian Affairs is Mr. Charles James Rhoads, a prominent banker of Philadelphia and president of the Indian Rights Association, long an active Indian welfare organization. "The Quaker passion for justice should have a fine field for exercise," observes the Cincinnati *Times-Star*. His appointment is "ideal" and "must bring a thrill of realized faith in Herbert Hoover," according to the New York *Evening Post*. Out in the most populous Indian State of Oklahoma, the Muskogee *Phoenix* hopes that he "will make a first-hand study of the Indian problem before making his decisions." Among many editorials stressing the peculiarly promising fitness of "the new Quaker Indian Chief," as some papers call him, we find the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* reminding us of that famous "Friend"—and friend of the Indian—William Penn, calling up this later Pennsylvanian's interest in the red man's welfare to justify the President's confidence that "Mr. Rhoads will be a modern friend to the Indians."

Mr. Rhoads during the World War served as Chairman of the Y. M. C. A. War Prisoners Aid and Chief of the Friends Bureau of the American Red Cross for relief and reconstruction work in France. For four years he was Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia. He is a member of several scientific societies and trustee of Quaker educational institutions.

Our remaining Indian population, according to the census of 1920, is 244,437. States having more than 5,000 range as follows: Oklahoma, 57,337; Arizona, 32,989; New Mexico, 19,512; California, 17,360; South Dakota, 16,384; North Carolina, 11,824; Montana, 10,956; Wisconsin, 9,611; Washington, 9,061; Minnesota, 8,761; North Dakota, 6,254; Michigan, 5,614; New York, 5,503.

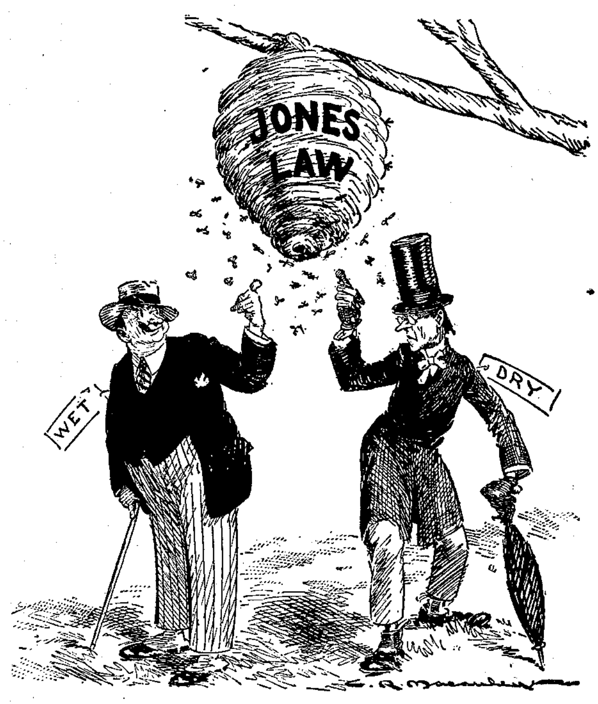
When the President nominated Mr. Rhoads, Secretary Wilbur gave to the press a concise statement of policy, which he said had also been approved by the Board of Indian Commissioners. We note that it stresses an increasing share of State responsibility for Indian progress—an important view-point of Federal bureau administration which did not enter into discussion by the press when reviewed in these pages, April 20.

Editorially the New York *Times* reminds us that Dr. Wilbur, "belonging to the new rather than to the old West, has looked on the problems of the Indians as being those of readjustment, whereas his predecessors never quite overcame the frontiersman's attitude." Long-needed overhauling of the Indian Bureau's machinery may be expected from an administrator like Mr. Rhoads, yet *The Times* warns the new régime against the danger of attempting to "do too much too quickly," under pressure from reformers:

"It is as difficult to make a white man out of an Indian overnight as it is to make a Filipino out of an American. The gap between the civilizations can not be bridged without the passing of generations."

JAIL FOR BIG LIQUOR CRIMINALS ONLY

MRS. WILLEBRANDT IS ACCUSED by the wet press of attempting to "soft pedal" the Jones Law, because she officially instructs United States district attorneys to "use wise discretion" and take up "only good cases involving commercialism" for a fair test of liquor crimes, under that Prohibition enforcement law. A few of the editorial headlines which represent bombardment by the wets are: "Discretion After Folly," "Madame Sees Some Light," "Forgiving the Joneses," "Uncle Sam Backs Up," "To Dodge the Jones Law," "Cautious Law Enforcement," and "Mabel for Discretion." Yet the militant Assistant Attorney-General's policy does not lack press defenders, who declare that "the wets have nothing to crow about," "the Jones Law becomes stronger by the department's interpretation of it," and "all fair-minded observers admit that Mrs. Willebrandt is an exceedingly competent lawyer and a woman of more than average shrewdness and discernment." Senator Jones, father of the law which provides for maximum penalties of five years' imprisonment and $10,000 fines, reminds everybody that Congress declared its intent in the text of the act that courts "should discriminate between casual and slight violation and habitual sales of intoxicating liquors or attempts to commercialize violation of the law." Mrs. Willebrandt, in keeping with Administration policy and what the law instructs enforcement agencies to do, according to Senator Jones, is to be praised for carrying out the original purpose of the new enforcing act which was "to provide a weapon for crushing the commercial violators and wholesale bootleggers"—to get the "big fellows." "There are enough laws to get the small violator," he adds.



"YOU POKE IT!"

—Macauley in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

The letter of instructions to United States district attorneys given out by the Department of Justice, to which transfer of enforcement from the Treasury is in prospect, concludes:

> "In order that this new legislation may be given a fair test, it is suggested that you use a wise discretion as to the character of the cases in which you seek indictment for violations coming within its purview. Only good strong cases involving commercialism should be made the basis of these initial tests. Isolated violations, cases in which the evidence renders conviction doubtful, and cases in which the offense is of such a minor character as does not in your judgment warrant more than a twelve months' sentence, should, if practicable, be prosecuted by criminal information upon a charge of possession, common nuisance, or other misdemeanor charge under the national Prohibition Law. Your discretion in these matters should, however, be carefully exercised with a view to the best interests of justice and the creation in the public mind of a confidence in the effectiveness of the new law as an enforcement measure."

Most of the Washington correspondents report "soft pedaling" or "caution" as the meat of Mrs. Willebrandt's warning to official prosecutors. A Universal Service staff man even says that the Department of Justice "has yanked most of the teeth out of the 'five-and-ten' law as a weapon to destroy bootlegging." David Lawrence, however, sees the beginning of a steady Administration drive on the commercial side of the liquor traffic—the purpose for which the Jones Law "was originally intended"—a drive which has a "double significance":

> "First, it means that the Federal Government is not going to risk a series of jury trials and acquittals on admittedly weak cases, and second, it is taking note of an aroused public sentiment in wet centers, which thus far has failed to distinguish clearly between the efforts of the Federal Government to get the bootlegger and gangster guilty of felonies and the prosecution of minor offenders."

Anti-Prohibition press guns seem to open fire from every conceivable angle. "The law, setting penalties out of all proportion with the popular concept of the gravity of the crime, is defeating itself," according to the Milwaukee *Journal*. "Mrs. Willebrandt says 'go easy,' while somewhat heavier penalties are being given by certain judges, juries are showing a tendency to refuse to convict, and grand juries are failing to indict in more and more cases." Similarly the view of many papers is exprest by the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger* thus:

> "Manifestly, what the drys in Congress and the State legislatures need at present is a clear perspective of public opinion as a whole on the Prohibition issue. They go ahead and enact new and more stringent laws to enforce Prohibition in the belief that these laws will be self-enforcing. No law enforces itself, nor can it. To violate the liquor laws may be as heinous a crime as some of the drys allege. But when countless juries refuse to convict violators—even when the penalty would be a mere fine—it is evident that a very large cross-section of American public opinion is based on an entirely different view of the matter.
>
> "So long as this wide difference of view-points exists, any further 'stiffening' of legal penalties is bound to be more or less futile."

The New York *Evening Post*, another paper of the Curtis group, draws a satirical editorial picture of "Judge Willebrandt," practically rewriting the Jones Law, usurping the discretion the law gives to judges, and "as she is already an administrator she is combining in herself all three functions of our Government—executive, legislative, and judicial."

From the militant dry standpoint, however, a quite different Willebrandt picture is presented by the Binghamton (N. Y.) *Press*. Mrs. Willebrandt's "wise discretion" is "the better part of valor," as we read:

> "The law is to be employed only when the case is 'strong,' which means 'open and shut' as far as the government evidence is concerned, and particularly is it to be employed only in cases of rank commercialism. It is not to be applied—just yet—to the minor violators, the hip-pocketeers, and the alleged maintainers of common nuisances. In this move Mrs. Willebrandt demonstrates why the drys at large have confidence in her as their champion of law enforcement. In addition to being brilliant, she is canny. A great many persons may not agree with her methods or her ideas, but by and large she is one of the smartest individuals in the government service at Washington."

The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* represents more moderate comment in saying that Mrs. Willebrandt "writes a rule of reason into the Jones Law, and by her action the law becomes more enforceable and therefore more effective for the purpose intended."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

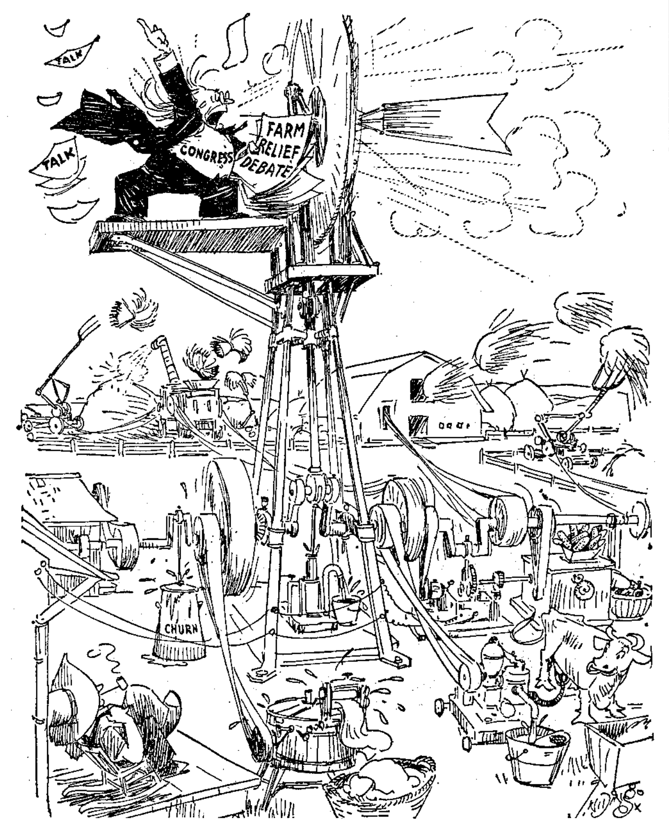
It might have been better if *I'm Alone* had been left alone. —*Asheville Times.*

Congress is now engaged in framing a new tariff bill, but we know who will be framed.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

How is Mr. Coolidge these days? a correspondent wants to know. Why, he's all write.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

The statement by a biologist that man is older than the ape should cause both to feel greatly relieved.—*Louisville Times.*

In future, Congressmen who are inclined that way ought to take the precaution to have their trunks zinc-lined.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*



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IF WE COULD ONLY HARNESS IT, WE'D HAVE HAD FARM RELIEF LONG AGO

—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

The farm-relievers' problem is to fix it so that a bumper crop won't bump the farmer. —*Arkansas Gazette.*

Making a fool of yourself isn't such a serious mistake, if you have sense enough to know who did it.—*Kay Features.*

This is the season when it is very difficult to sympathize with the man who is out of work.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

A Georgia man said there would be money in cotton if they could sic the boll-weevil on the silk-worm.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

In the old days a criminal used to try to find a hole in a wall; now he tries to find one in a statute.—*American Lumberman (Chicago).*

The new Chinese Government promises justice for aliens, but there is no reason to believe the aliens will stand for it.—*Wooster Record.*

June is coming, and one habit Colonel Lindbergh has got to get out of before long is refusing to tell anybody where he's been.—*Ohio State Journal.*

The Literary Digest says plants make a noise while growing. No wonder a merciful nature provides shucks for the ears of corn.—*North Adams (Mass.) Herald.*

It's a great thing that Charlie Dawes is going to London. At last we shall hear the London fogs properly described.—*Kay Features.*

Dispatches from Washington concerning where Mrs. Gann is to sit, indicate that other people, too, have parking problems. —*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*

The verdicts in a number of recent cases leave us with the impression that Justice, besides being blind, is extraordinarily dumb.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Papers found in Genoa show that the famous Columbus trip cost six thousand dollars. You couldn't start that much trouble to-day for twice the money.—*The New Yorker.*

President Hoover has taken up tossing the medicine-ball instead of golf playing, but that may be just another economy move, it being pretty difficult to lose a medicine-ball.—*New York Evening Post.*

An eminent statistician announces that there are now more chemists in this country than there are of any other kind of scientists, and we told you Prohibition was bringing results.—*Ohio State Journal.*

War is much worse than the modern hell.—*Boston Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Students Charged With Stealing Oil.—Head-line. It was car oil, tho; not lamp oil.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Evidently the oil industry must take into account both the law and the profits.—*American Lumberman (Chicago).*

The most discomforting thing about dodging an auto is the dirty look the driver gives you for escaping.—*Kay Features.*

Emily Post says it doesn't make any difference which fork you take. Maybe not at the table, but it certainly does on a road. —*Louisville Times.*

It is now proposed to name a forest for Einstein. Why not an impenetrable jungle?—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Manufacturers of cigarets have taken out the bite and the cough—everything, in fact, except the boloney.—*Muskogee Phoenix.*

The average life expectancy of an undented fender in this prosperous center of population is three days.—*Ohio State Journal.*

To the average person it appears as tho the courts elected to punish Harry Sinclair for his least offense.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

The five-cent-fare decision gives Jimmy Walker a clear road to renomination — with Hylan riding in the grumble seat.—*The New Yorker.*

Harry Sinclair, a bright young oil man, went in for politics and was so successful he's to serve a term at Washington. —*Council Bluffs Nonpareil.*

We don't know what has become of the old-fashioned girl. Years ago she was seen entering a beauty parlor, and she never came out.—*Kay Features.*

The ancient Ojibway word for "woman" was "equa." The suffrage amendment put the "l" in it.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Interested parties are descending upon Washington by the hundreds in search of tariff favors. There's gold in them thar bills.—*The New Yorker.*

What is the aim of the Mexican revolutionists? asks an inquiring subscriber. Awful poor, the casualties indicate.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

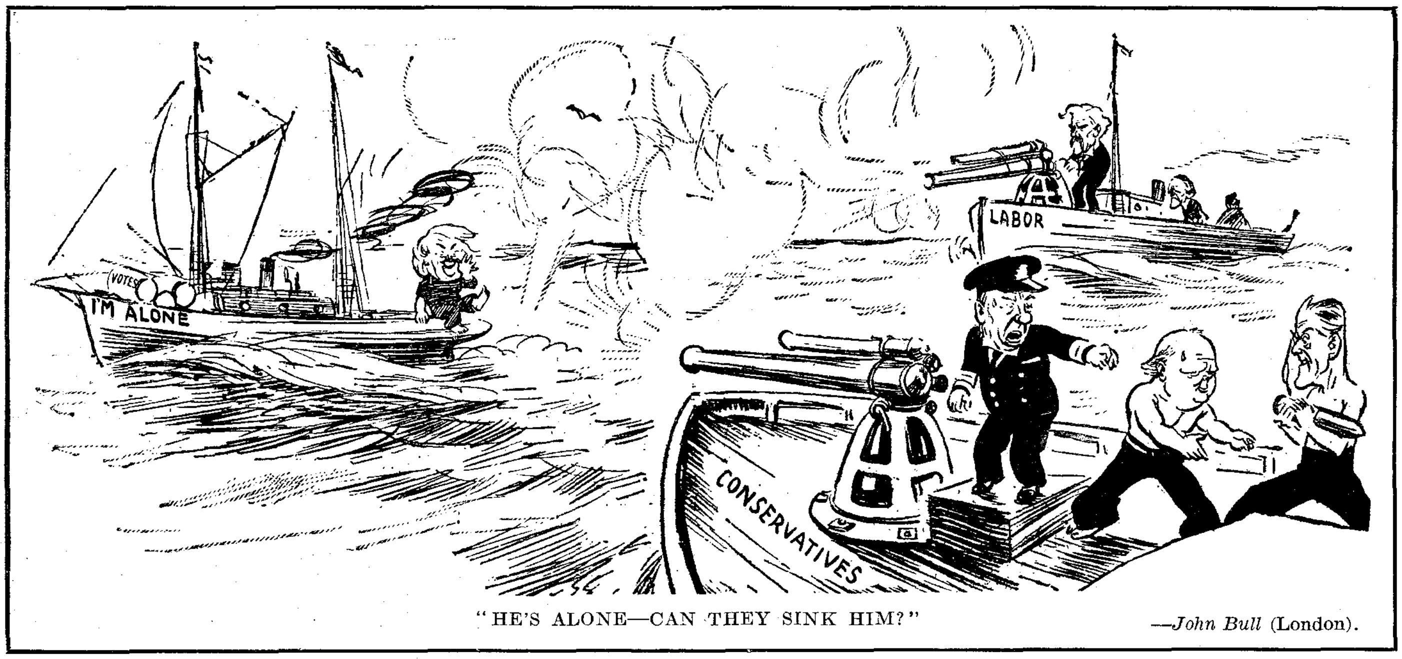
The Europeans are said to hate Americans because our tourists have so much money. The Europeans would just love us stay-at-homes.—*Kay Features.*

As we understand the World Court situation, Elihu Root has devised a formula that will be accepted with pleasure by the entire human race and rejected by the United States Senate.—*The New Yorker.*

A director of the New York Life Insurance Company gets $50 every time he attends a meeting, and Director Coolidge impresses us as a man who would be faithful to every duty.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Ho-hum! With Mrs. Gann seated and Tex Guinan acquitted, all we have to worry about now is the overflowing of the Great Lakes, the Mississippi floods, the Mid-West tornadoes, the Mexican revolt, and world naval rivalry.—*Chicago Daily News.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT



"HE'S ALONE—CAN THEY SINK HIM?" —*John Bull* (London).

GREAT BRITAIN'S GENERAL ELECTION FEVER

THE ELECTION EXCITEMENT that we experienced last fall is now rocking Great Britain, but in a shorter and sharper campaign that comes to an end with the voting on May 30. Three British personalities of world-wide fame head the cohorts of the contending Conservative, Liberal, and Labor parties, namely, Premier Stanley Baldwin, the former war-time Premier David Lloyd George, and the former Labor Premier J. Ramsay MacDonald. The guess of the brokers of the London Stock Exchange, we learn from press dispatches, is that the Conservative party, now in office, will elect 275 members, the Socialist party 260, and the Liberal party 80. The latest *Statesman's Year Book* (1928) gives the following figures as in 1928: Conservatives 411; Labor 156; Liberals 42; Independents 6; Total 615. Those fond of prophecy will be interested in the prediction that the Conservative party will be kept in power by a very small majority, and the Socialist party will make great gains. But there is always the tremendous personality of Lloyd George, as chief spokesman of the Liberal party, to be reckoned with, we are told, and his championship of the problem of Britain's unemployed gives it an emphasis, it would seem, that it fully deserves. There are 27,000,000 voters in Great Britain, and most of them are women. What is more, there are 5,250,000 young women voters who have never voted before—constituting the so-called "flapper voter"—and they are said to have the power to decide the election. These new voters receive the franchise from the Conservative party, but the forecast is made that "most of them will vote for the Socialist candidates."

In the judgment of the London *Daily Express* (Ind. Cons.), "unemployment and the cure for unemployment is the one policy which will determine the composition of the next Parliament." Something like 1,400,000 are now reported idle. The Conservatives need not tremble at the truth, thinks this daily, because "the unemployment crisis not only gives them a wonderful chance to serve the State, but also to strengthen their hand irresistibly in the constituencies." But no matter how much fun may be poked at the policy of Mr. Lloyd George, says an important Canadian observer, the Winnipeg *Manitoba Free Press*, his plan to wipe out the British unemployment situation by inaugurating an extensive program of national works, such as road building, bridge building, drainage, reclamation of waste lands, etc., will appeal to a great many, because "when money is given to persons to keep them when they are unemployed, and therefore are rendering no useful service to the community, there is a terrific economic loss to the State." Incidentally, it is noted by the London *Star* that the general election will probably cost the candidates more than $7,500,000, and the spending of this large sum means work and wages for thousands of men and women. Actually, this newspaper informs us, even more money is put into circulation at election time, for a hundred organizations from Primrose League to Free Trade bodies all join in the fray, and the cost of counting the votes and making the returns means an additional outlay of $3,750,000, which comes from the Treasury.

The key-note of the Conservative party in defense and in attack on its opponents, it appears, may be described as "returning prosperity and sound finance," as indicated in the budget speech in the House of Commons of Winston Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Summarizing Mr. Churchill's declaration, Harold E. Scarborough, London correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, notes that he estimated a surplus of $20,000,000 for the coming year, and continues:

"Mr. Churchill announced, obviously as an electioneering move, a complete repeal on April 22 of the import duties on tea, which have been in effect since the time of Queen Elizabeth, a relief of four pence a pound to the consumer, estimated to aggregate $30,500,000; and as a bid to hold the farmer vote in line he revealed that local-tax remissions to agriculturists will be granted immediately instead of next October. Admitting that the betting tax as applied to horse-racing has proved a complete failure, he proposed to discard it forthwith and to replace it by a tax of one-half of 1 per cent. on the takings of the pari-mutuels which soon will be installed here."

How "Labor's Titan," Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald, looks upon the various promises and claims of the Liberals and the Conservatives may be gathered from his statement that Mr. Lloyd George's unemployment scheme is a "stunt":

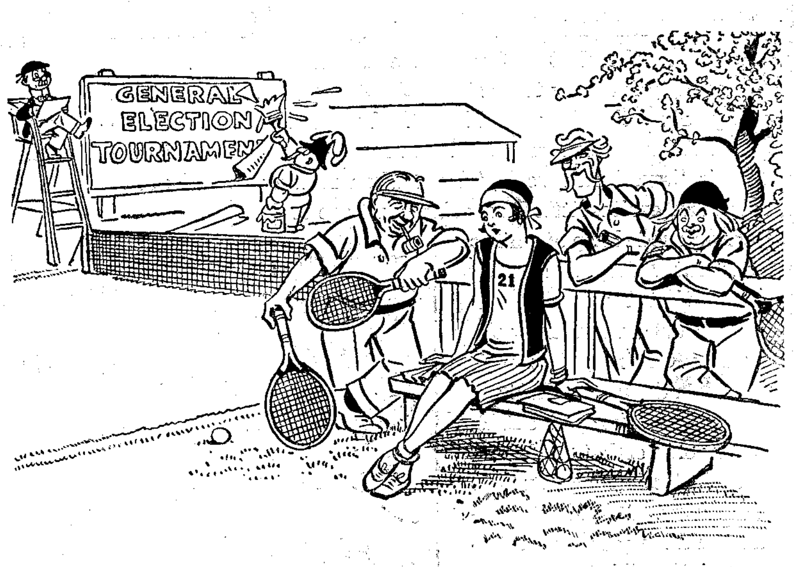
"You know what happens when a circus comes to town. Out comes the lady with the beautiful bronze hair and tights, who rides on horseback, the big trombone and all the other paraphernalia appear.

"My friends, the General Election has called out a circus, and the circus is heralded by a blaring of trumpets recklessly blown with no attention to music. It is just improvised jazz.

"I object strongly to the woes and troubles of the unemployed being exploited for election purposes.

"When anybody comes and says he is going to reduce the 1,400,000 unemployed within twelve months to the normal limit, and that he is going to do this without asking the taxpayers or ratepayers for a single penny, he has got more courage to make a statement than he has wisdom to consider it."

In a speech at Manchester, described by *The Guardian* (Lib.) of that city "as a lively reply to his critics," Mr. Lloyd George said on the subject of unemployment: "As I am here to answer such questions as there are, I would like any Conservative or Labor man to point out to me a single idea, a single plan, or a single scheme initiated by either of their governments that had not been started by me in 1921." Amid cheers and interruptions, which he is reported to be so clever in meeting deftly, Mr. Lloyd George continued:



THE PARTY GAME

THE "PROS." (together): "Would you like to be my partner in this tournament?"
THE FLAPPER: "But I'm only a beginner."
THE "PROS." (together): "Excellent! The very partner I'm looking for."

—*The Daily Express* (London).

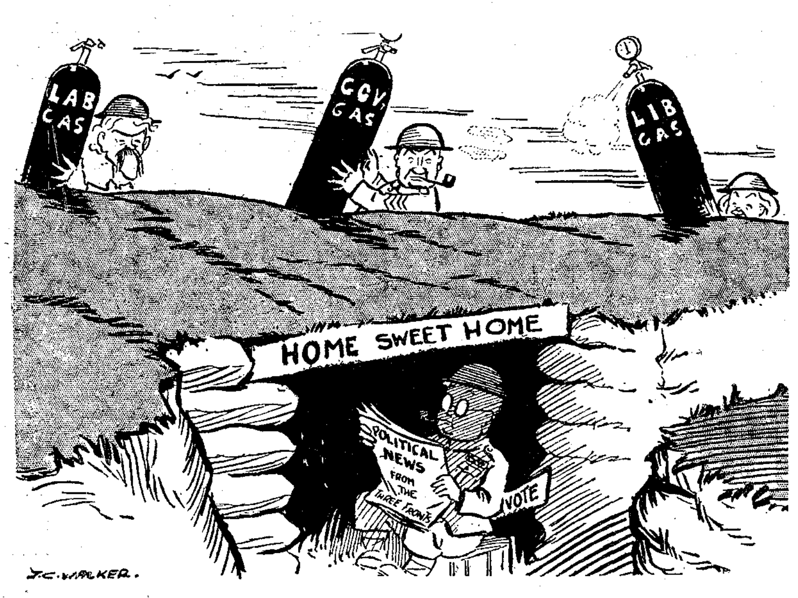
"And they are furious, and, being furious and having nothing rational or even coherent to say, they abuse me. That is always the natural thing to do. The only alternative is to abuse the weather, and that is not a party leader yet. Let Mr. Thomas, instead of resorting to these abusive epithets, point out in what particular our plans fail. But before they do it I think they must read it. If Mr. Thomas gave as much time to reading it as he does to delivering a single speech to denounce it, he will know that he is denouncing something that I never said. He said that I said I could cure unemployment in twelve months. I said you can reduce unemployment to normal proportions in twelve months. A cure is a longer process. Our plans will help toward the cure, but there is a great deal that will have to be done. Therefore you will have to establish peace and firmer foundations in the world."

In contrast to the pleas of the London *Daily Mail* for a Conservative-Liberal pact to keep Socialism "from victory," the declaration is offered by *The Sunday Times* (Ind.) that this suggestion presupposes two things, both of which are highly contentious—

"First, that Conservatives can not do this effectively on their own—a 'defeatist' attitude if ever there was one; secondly, that the Liberals really would be a bulwark against Socialism. As against this second argument we shall do well to remember 1923, when the Liberals installed a Socialist Government in office and helped to maintain it there. Many Liberals, it is well known, are at least as ready to go Left as to go Right. But if it be indeed the fact that Liberals are a genuine safeguard against Socialism, then clearly they would be equally effective in that rôle with a Socialist Administration in office. Indeed, they might be even more so, since in that event their responsibility would be heavier. To say, then, that a preelection pact is the only barrier to Socialism is to say what is plainly fallacious."

Justifying the Conservative Government's procedure with unemployment, the London *Times* (Ind.) says that criticism against the Lloyd George and Socialist doctrine "does not proceed from either callousness, torpor, or avarice, but from common sense," and it proceeds:

"There has never been any reluctance in any quarter to spend money on fruitful palliatives for unemployment. As a matter of fact the taxpayer will have to find this year some £58,000,000 to be spent on the very items specified in the Lloyd George program. The whole point is whether one-fourteenth of the total national expenditure is or is not the limit which can be spent in this way without lessening the capacity of industry to give employment. The danger of the Lloyd George plan is that it may destroy the benefits which a policy of deflation, carried out through many years of discomfort, is at last beginning to confer. The hypertrophy of one section of our industrial system may produce, as it did in 1845, a financial crisis, which will menace the stability of prices and the value of wages, and disproportionately increase the cost of the debt-services. As one of our correspondents recently observed, it would be futile to expand the means of transport without also taking steps to increase the amount of goods requiring transport; and if the Lloyd George scheme threatens, as it does, to drain the resources of industry, then it is no irrelevant criticism to point out that its author bases its whole claim to be really constructive upon the occurrence of an industrial revival which it may actively prevent. No one has ever sought to deny the evil of paying out £1,000,000 a week for the mere maintenance of the unemployed. The excuse that it is, upon a purely cash basis, the cheapest way of meeting the problem, is of no value when it is remembered how idleness saps human skill and vitality. But it is doubtful, to say the least of it, whether an enormous expansion of temporary work would not in practise lessen the chance of the unemployed to find permanent work."

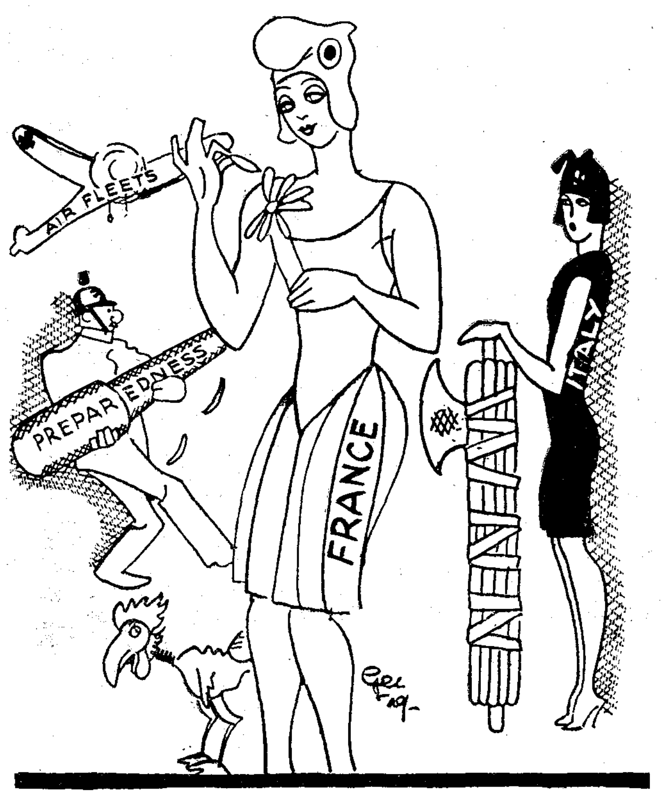


"PREPAREDNESS FOR THE GAS ATTACKS OF CAMPAIGN SPEECHES"

—*The Weekly Mail* (Cardiff).

FRANCO-ITALIAN NAVAL RIVALRY

IF MUSSOLINI HAD SPOKEN as Italy's King spoke in opening the first "Corporative Parliament" about the necessity for Italy to be strong tho peaceful, it is thought in some quarters that he would have had many European statesmen on the verge of hysteria. But somehow, King Victor Emmanuel's "small still voice," even when released in a Fascist Parliament, excites little if any alarm, we are told, altho what he said awakened sharp attention throughout Europe. It may be true that his speech was viséed or even written by the Mussolini Cabinet, but it is well known that when the Duce wishes to make Europe tremble, he thunders forth the threats himself instead of leaving it to mere royalty. "In what direction should Italy be apprehensive of friction?" is the question asked, as various observers turn their eyes first toward the Balkan region of traditional ominous possibilities, and then, with an interest of curiosity rather than of concern, they look toward France, because of the long months of negotiations over colonial points at issue between the French and the Italians. Division arises, it seems, over the subject of rectifying the boundary line between Libya and French colonial possessions, as well as over the status of Italians in Tunis. These parleys, it is recalled by the Paris correspondent of the *Journal de Genève*, began as long ago as January, 1928, and developed very slowly until at the end of the year France made certain precise propositions to Italy. This informant, who presents the strictly French view, continues:



AN ITALIAN SLAM

FRANCE: "Italy loves me not, she loves me, she loves me not! She does or she—but I'm prepared for whatever comes to pass."

—*Il 420* (Florence).

"The outcome of these laborious conferences is still uncertain. If an agreement should be reached it would certainly have a beneficial effect on Franco-Italian relations. But even, supposing such an eventuality, probable or not, it may be affirmed that feeling between the two countries would then become definitely satisfactory, and the skies would be thenceforward clear of all clouds. Yet the truth is that the essential problem, which was never taken up in the course of the official parleys, would not be solved. This problem is the naval and political rivalry of the two Powers in the Mediterranean—and local adjustment would not be sufficient to eliminate it."

The reality of possible naval conflict in the Mediterranean, according to this Swiss Paris correspondent, was first discust in a French Parliamentary debate after a decision of the Italian Government made in January. The latter, we are told, decided to construct two cruisers of 10,000 tons, and two "explorers" of 5,200 tons, whereas this year's French program provided this year for only one cruiser. As to the "explorers," this informant points out, the French Navy does not possess any unit of this type, and the destroyers which it possesses, or will possess, are of a tonnage much less that of the "explorers," and they would not be capable of standing up against the "explorers." We read:

"This Italian decision was immediately regarded as a very serious one, because it obliges France either to leave its possessions to the mercy of Fascist Italy in the near future, or to increase its naval program. As much was said sharply by the Secretary and the President of the Senate Naval Commission, Messrs. Lémery and de Kerguézec. They showed that the situation was the more delicate, because Germany has put under way a first-class armored cruiser which is more powerful than any existing, and whose characteristics will revolutionize navies. So France will be obliged to increase her naval forces in the north. Here is a particularly interesting passage from the speech of Mr. Lémery:

"'The freedom of the sea in the Mediterranean is not compatible with the Italian idea of world-wide equal tonnage. In truth we must divide our fleet and range it on several sea fronts. The temptation is great, perhaps irresistible, for a Power that should dominate the Mediterranean, to make use of its naval superiority at a given moment for pressure upon us, to insist that we pay the price of its right of way. The price would be one of our colonies or one of our protectorates. In the Mediterranean we must have the same—I shall not say, greater—naval strength than the entire naval strength of Italy. So the Government should reply to the Italian decree of January 25, 1929, by immediately starting to build new units outside its program. Also, I believe that we must have in the Atlantic a force exceeding the 40,000 tons that Germany has under way.'"

In the judgment of the Paris correspondent of this important Swiss newspaper, if France and Italy do not arrive at an understanding in this matter, the naval rivalry between them, which he claims is obvious from the recent decisions of the Italian Government, will oblige the French Government to organize an additional program of naval construction. The French could not act otherwise, this informant maintains, because, as nothing is done by sleight-of-hand in naval matters, the Government would be undertaking a heavy responsibility if they did not do what is necessary in order that France remain master of the lines of communication between the French shores and those of northern Africa. He adds that all colonizing States which have neglected their Navy have finally lost their overseas possessions, and this is "a record which is not forgotten."

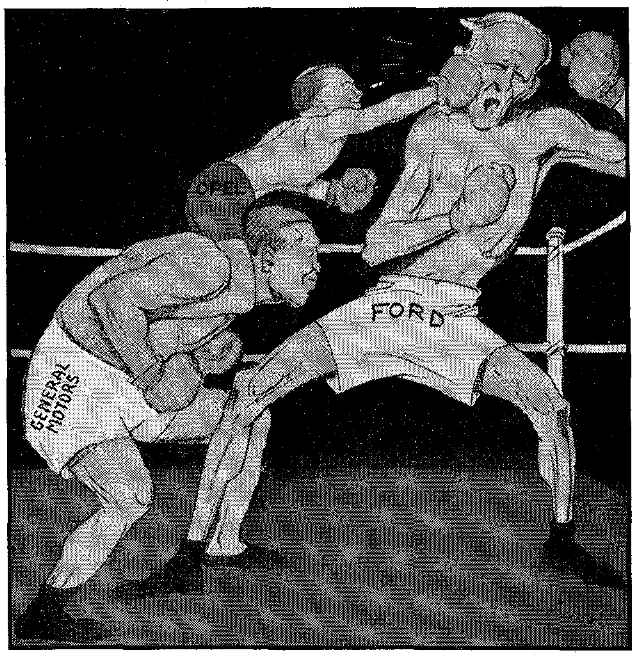
Such a revelation of Franco-Italian rivalry in the Mediterranean is considered in some quarters to give particular point to the speech from the throne of King Victor Emmanuel when he opened Parliament. As quoted in Rome press dispatches, he asserted that "one disarmament conference has followed another these last few years" and, he proceeded:

"Noble enterprises in this direction have been attempted. Men skilled in this matter have met to discuss, but disarmament has remained to this day merely a generous aspiration, contradicted by continuous armaments on land, on the sea, and in the air. My Government already has måde clear through the words of the Minister of Foreign Affairs what the Italian view-point is in the matter of disarmament, but since the attempts so far made have had no success, it follows that the duty of the Government is to provide in time for the defense of the country.

"This legislature will collaborate in the future, as previous legislatures have done in the past, to secure the application of all measures suggested by my Government to render our armed forces ever more efficient."

UNCLE SAM "VASSALIZING" EUROPE

REPEATED ATTEMPTS TO AROUSE Europeans in all stations of life to the growing menace of America's gigantic industrial invasion seem to be met with so little concern that some European editors begin to despair. They are especially pessimistic, they confess, when a great American encroachment in the European field takes place almost unnoticed, and the particular enterprise they have in mind is the purchase by the General Motors Company of the great German factories in which Opel automobiles are made. American control of the greatest German manufacturing organization of automobiles, which was obtained by the outlay of 120,000,000 marks, or about $28,800,000, is a sensational indication to the Paris *Progrès Civique* that Europe is on the way to become "vassalized" by American industry. But if the French press are disturbed by the purchase of the Opel organization, in Germany the editorial reaction is a mixture of alarm at an event "far more political than financial or commercial," with a certain contempt for the "Opel family," because the millions offered by the Americans proved irresistible to them. That Germany is being converted into a "vassalized" American province is the statement given out in France and in Germany, but as exprest in Germany it is underlined with hopelessness. The American diplomat, the American financier, the American business man, and the American missionary, all profess to act in complete independence of each other, but, as the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* sees into the future darkly—



"WAITING FOR THE KNOCK-AUTO BLOW"

As a German cartoonist sees the General Motors-Opel team attacking Ford Motors in the German automobile ring.

—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

"Through a peculiarity of American political diplomacy, the balance of world politics in the immediate future will not be set forth in the political pages of the newspapers. It will have to be sought in the pages devoted to commercial and financial news, and in the smaller paragraphs at that. The greatest and best organized German automobile plant has, in consequence of a deal with the Americans, passed into the hands of General Motors."

Nevertheless we find that in some quarters of Germany a feeling of satisfaction that the Opel works under General Motors direction will set up a stiff competition with Ford automobile production, and the accompanying cartoon from the Berlin *Kladderadatsch* indicates a German sporting interest as to whether the Ford concern is to suffer what this German comic organ calls a "knock-auto blow." In Austria the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* wonders what harm it can do Germany, or all Europe, to have as many automobiles per head as have Americans. This economic event may be called a prelude to a revolution, but it is a glorious revolution in the view of this famous daily, which continues:

"The advantages in German economic life are obvious. A quadrupling of production can now take place—quite different from what was possible in the most favorable circumstances to any combination of German manufacturers.

"The fact that at just this time the Americans choose to come to Germany, and that the men of the General Motors concern decide to put their great continental European plant in Germany, is certainly a proof of their faith and confidence—evidence of belief in an improvement of German conditions.

"But the episode shows above all how powerful America has become and how small we seem beside her. It shows how great America has become through her blessing of an unrestricted region and the free development permitted within it. It shows how petty we are through the catastrophe of self-immolation, through the insanity of Continental tariffs, through our parochial policies and our petty nations. The comparison and the contrast thus shown might be a solemn warning if Europe would but listen to warnings."

In some German dailies it would seem that the onset of the General Motors Company is taken more tragically than the French occupation of the Rhineland, and a characteristic journalistic wail is that of the *Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten*, which complains:

"Why did Opel sell? Because he could not find enough money in Germany to rebuild the plant, to develop it, as was necessary in the face of the competition with American production on a vast scale, with Ford and with General Motors. Why could not Germany let him have the capital so readily, on terms so favorable that the enlargement of the plant might yield the increased income needed? For we have had in Germany for some years past a stable exchange, a solid currency, but as yet no adequate increase in our supply of capital. There has certainly been no increase in proportion to our needs. Whatever in Germany is now produced beyond our most primitive needs is devoured by the yawning maw of the never-fed, never-full reparations monster, to which we devote annually sums for a debt of which we do not even know the size."

While in the ordinary day's work there may not be much journalistic sympathy wasted in Germany for the French, or in France for the Germans, in the Opel automobile matter there is evident a decided concord of feeling, as may be gathered from the Paris *Causons*, which is surprized that anybody should question the immediate interest of the average Frenchman in this commercial transaction. What he should worry about, according to this weekly, is the fact that:

"The American market is completely saturated with automobiles. One in five Americans, it may be said, has a car. For this to happen it was necessary that the automobile industry in the United States should have been enormously developed. For ten years the demand exceeded the supply. Then, as is natural, the demand began to slow down. So a crisis threatens American makers, and in order to soften the blow there is only one thing to be done, namely, to shift the surplus of their production into foreign lands."

The most interesting market for this purpose, *Causons* goes on to say, is Europe, where the demand for cars grows day by day, and the great automobile manufacturers are remarkably prosperous. Naturally, American interests would like to get into this market, but, we are told, two very considerable obstacles stand in their way: The first is prohibitive tariff duties, and the other is the depreciation of European exchange as compared to the dollar. Nevertheless, "the Yankees being men of resource," and finding that they can not make an attack from without, decide they would do better if they try to establish themselves inside these barriers, and it is said:

"Instead of obstinately trying to compete with European makes of cars in their own market, the Americans simply and solely decided to buy these very makes. When one has at disposal so mighty a lever as the dollar, this is a thing relatively easy to do. The proof of this statement lies in the purchase of the Opel factories by General Motors. Thanks to this transaction the Americans have got one foot into the automobile industry, and if they are not watched they will soon have their whole body there.

"But what difference will it make, some say, whether European factories are under the direction of Americans or not. They will still be in Europe and will still be employing European workers. So nothing untoward is to be feared. On the contrary, the Yankees, who are shrewder than our manufacturers, will find a way to give the automobile industry of this old continent such a development as will soon make it possible, as it is in the United States, that every family has its automobile.

"This is true, of course, but the profits will cross the Atlantic to add to the already colossal fortune of the mighty American Republic. And after the automobile industry some other industry will fall under the control of Uncle Sam. And then another, and another, until the day comes when the United States, already master of the finance of the world, will be master also of world industry and of commerce. When that day comes, we shall perhaps be still politically independent. But not a single Prime Minister in Europe could lift his little finger without the authorization of the tenant of the White House. Now wouldn't that be funny?"

COMMUNIZING RUSSIA'S COLLEGES

NOT STUDENTS, BUT THE GOVERNMENT in Soviet Russia are out to paint all college towns "red," it would seem, in a new important educational reform under which student committees will pronounce whether their professors are fit to teach. To understand this innovation, we must remember, say Russian editors, that to the Communist authorities of the country, universities are not "temples of knowledge, but schools of Communism," and therefore all that is taught in them must coordinate with "the theory of Marxism and Leninism," so that their product will be not doctors, engineers, jurists, and others, but "red doctors, red engineers, and red jurists." Toward this end, it appears, the old pre-revolution organization of the universities has been subjected to radical changes during recent years.

A number of branches of knowledge have been banished as being "counter-revolutionary," and one such, we are told, is "psychology," because the soul is something that, according to the materialist Lenin idea, does not exist. A system has been devised, we learn further, under which only young men of "proletarian" extraction, that is to say, sons and daughters of peasants and workmen, are admitted to university courses, while the children of the former so-called "bourgeois elements" have hardly any opportunity of obtaining the higher education. But making the universities in this wise "red" seems not to have been sufficient to Soviet aspirations. And that is why there has been introduced the student-examining reform which is summarized by *Rul*, a liberal Russian daily published in Berlin, as follows:

> "The Soviet Government have decided to submit to a public examination all the university professors who became professors before the revolution, or who have reached the age of sixty-five. Those of the professors who fail to win the confidence of the Communists will be dismissed. Very shortly two hundred professors will be thus examined. They will be examined by committees composed of students, and they will have to tell these committees of their scientific and public work during the past ten years. Every professor will have to explain why he regards himself as fit to continue in his position.
>
> "The examining committee of students will decide by a simple majority of votes whether a professor is to keep his job or to lose it.
>
> "The Under-Secretary of Commissariat of Education, Mr. Gokrovsky, has declared that, as the result of this measure, a great many professors are expected to be dismissed."

Thus, we are told, professors are made dependent upon their pupils. The idea of this measure is clear, namely, that the Soviet Government regard the old-time professors as not sufficiently "revolutionary." For instance, in speaking about the educational institutions of Leningrad, *Krassnaya Gazeta*, a Communist daily published in that city, remarks:

> "In the universities, reelections of professors are as urgent a necessity as in high technical institutes. It is true that in the universities the political color of the professors is a little different than in technical institutions. Among the professors of the humane sciences there is a comparatively high per cent. of Communists; but in the chemical section, out of forty-six professors and assistant professors, there is but one Communist. In the biological school, all seventy-six professors are non-Communists.
>
> "These old-time professors are pursuing a decidedly reactionary policy. Even in their scientific works they often display extreme reactionism. For instance, Prof. A. Zhizhilenko tries to prove in his last work on the origins of crime and punishment that 'evolutionary development of political life' breeds less crime than 'brisk changes'—that is to say, revolutionary epochs. Still more often professors display counter-revolutionary thought in their daily relations and conversations with their students. Thus, some of the professors still abide by the old, pre-revolutionary spelling, not complying with the reforms introduced. . . . Talking of the revolution, they often permit themselves to refer to it as to 'disorders.'"

The fact that among these professors there are eminent scientists whom it will be extremely difficult to replace does not frighten the *Krassnaya Gazeta*, for "soon the proletariat will produce a sufficient number of scientists of equally high merit." Of what quality are Russian students of to-day, who are going to choose their professors?

The answer to this question is afforded by I. Ilyinsky, a Soviet journalist, who writes in *Novy Mir*, a monthly published in Moscow, the following:

> "One can see right away by the manners, behavior, and ways of thinking of the students of younger age, to what social class they belong. Every detail shows it. To begin with, the shabby workman's cap they wear is worn as boastfully as old-time students used to wear their blue uniform caps. They crush the fire of a cigaret on the palm of their hand. The bourgeois students certainly could not do that. . . . The Soviet educational level is very low."

Krassniy Student (The Red Student), a monthly published in Moscow, tells us that about 60 per cent. of the students are Communists, and they are organized in so-called Professional Unions of Students, under control of the Communist majority. The purpose of these unions is not only to contribute to the welfare of the students, but also "to influence professors by directing them toward Communistic channels of thought." This publication also draws our attention to the fact that these "red" leaders of such unions often abuse their power. Cases of a "leader" having "five wives, girl students," are noted as well as cases when such leaders address a girl student with the demand: "Give yourself to me, or you will have to leave the University."

In many cities, this periodical points out, drinking and debauchery are rampant. *Vechernyaya Moskva*, a daily published in Moscow, describes the ways of Communist university youths living in students' homes:

> "It is in such homes that a student spends most of his time. Here, among unmade beds, piles of dirty pillows and bedsheets, he works, studies. Sometimes he has to work beside a group of comrades noisily playing cards in the same room. Sometimes hideous scenes take place in such homes. In Odessa, a crowd of such drunken students began to throw empty bottles from the windows of their room at the passers-by."

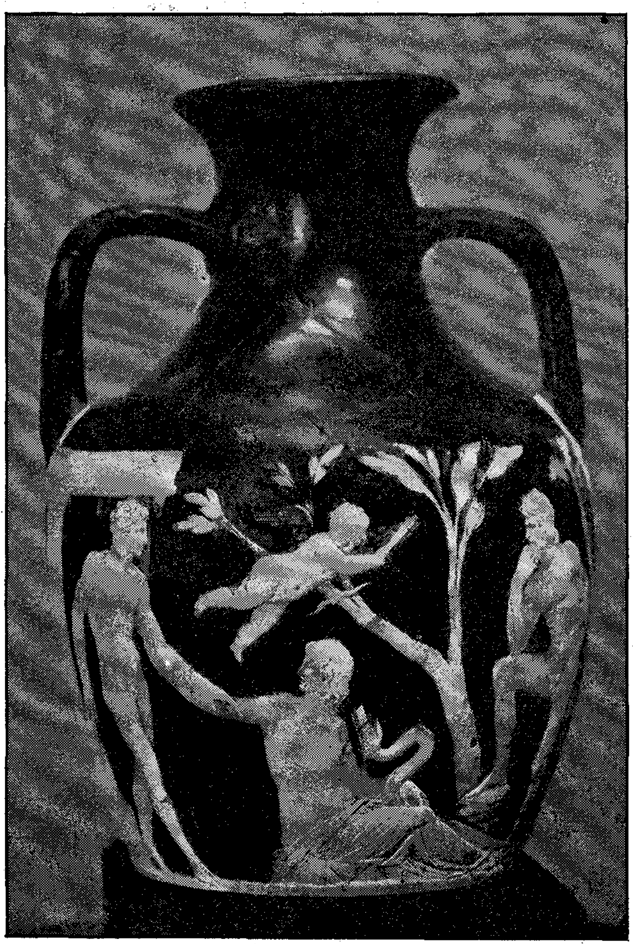
These, this journal adds, are, of course, exceptional cases, and what is perhaps still more serious, is the poverty of students. Tattered and underfed, it is related, they often can not study properly, even if they wish to.

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

THE FAMOUS PORTLAND VASE ON THE AUCTION BLOCK

A TALL, DELICATE YOUNG MAN picked up a fragment of Babylonian stone in the British Museum and hurled it through the glass case containing the world-famous Portland vase. The most precious object of art in Great Britain was shattered into countless bits of deep-blue glass and opaque white fragments. The vandal was seized by the museum authorities. Sullen and reserved, he refused to give his name. Was he drunk, a vandal, or a mere lunatic? His motive still remains a mystery. In 1845, when this outrage occurred, there was no law adequate to cope with it, and the young man, said to be a student from Dublin, escaped with a fine of only three pounds. Josiah Wedgwood, luckily, had copied the famous amphora in jasper; and John Doubleday, a faithful employee of the museum, undertook the difficult task of reconstructing the urn that was long reputed to have contained the ashes of the Roman Emperor Alexander Severus and his mother Mammea, and which had been dug up by the order of Pope Barberini (Urban VIII) between the years 1632 and 1644.



Courtesy of International Studio

PELEUS WOOS THETIS

Each group of the white figures on the Portland vase represents some aspect of the myth of antiquity. The cracks caused by the smashing of the vase show plainly, despite the skilful reconstruction.

The smashing of the Portland vase in 1845 is but one incident in the amazing history of this object of art, the latest of which is its sale, at auction, this Thursday (May 2) at Christie's in King Street, St. James's Square, after one hundred and eighteen years in the British Museum. The possibility that this celebrated treasure may be acquired by an American collector is regarded by a certain section of the British press as a piece of vandalism scarcely less deplorable than that of the so-called William Lloyd who threw the first stone. "The rapacity of the British tax-collector and the enormous wealth of the American millionaire," comments the London *Daily Mail*, "are two influences which make for the export of similar objects. . . . Picture after picture, manuscript after manuscript, is leaving our shores. Our very buildings are being torn down and exported." The sale of the vase has been authorized by His Grace the Duke of Portland, K.G., G.C.V.O., P.C., according to a writer in the Boston *Evening Transcript*, in order to rehabilitate the family fortune, depleted by post-war finance and high taxes. The London *Times* summarizes the history of this beautiful relic of Roman glassmaking after its rediscovery:

"The vase was at one time in the possession of the family of Pope Barberini, or Urban VIII, and it remained in the Barberini Palace until about 1776, when the circumstances of the family were such that they were compelled to part with some of their treasures. The vase ultimately came into the possession of Sir William Hamilton, from whom the Dowager Duchess of Portland, a famous collector, acquired it. After her death the whole of the 'Portland Museum,' as it was called, was dispersed at auction on the premises by Messrs. Skinner and Company in April, May, and June, 1786.

"At the auction sale on Wednesday, June 7, 1786, it was knocked down for 980 guineas, but apparently it did not reach the reserve, and so was not sold. And at this point of the story there is an interesting and apparently hitherto unrecorded fact to be related. In one of the catalogs now before us of this famous sale there is written in the margin, probably by the auctioneer Skinner himself: 'Sold June 7, '86 to his Grace ye duke of Marlborough for N i d£ J.S.' From this it may be assumed that the Duke of Marlborough made some offer to purchase the vase at a price which can not now be decided from the auctioneer's private figures, but which may have been close on the bought-in price.

"In 1810 the vase was deposited in the British Museum by the fourth Duke of Portland; and here it has remained ever since, so that it is reasonably certain that the Duke of Marlborough's negotiations for the purchase came to nothing."

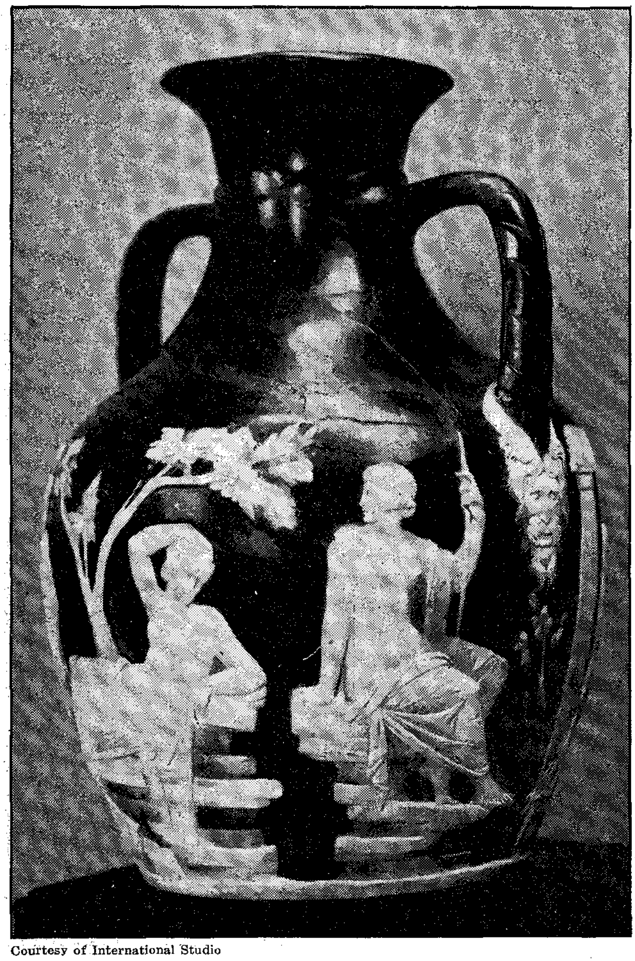
For two centuries or more experts had sought to discover of what mysterious material this amphora was wrought. However deplorable the vandalism of "William Lloyd" in 1845, it cleared up this question once and for all time. As recounted in the London *Times:*

"The smashing of the vase at least settled one long-disputed point as to the material of which it was composed. Breval in 1738 called it 'the famous vase of chalcedony,' Bartoli described it as sardonyx, De La Chaussée as agate, and Montfaucon as a precious stone. Count Caylus was apparently the first to describe it as glass. It is in fact formed of glass of a dark rich blue tint, and may be described as an amphora about ten inches high. The theory long held that the sarcophagus in which it was found was the tomb of Alexander Severus and his mother, and that the figures on the vase commemorate these two personages, has since been proved inaccurate. In 1756 Winckelmann not only rejected the Alexander Severus theory, but was the first to suggest that the subject of the vase was the marriage of Peleus and Thetis, and this theory has, in the main, been accepted by various scholars and is maintained by Dr. H. B. Walters, the Keeper of the Greek and Roman antiquities in the

British Museum, in his elaborate 'Catalogue of the Engraved Gems,' etc., in that department.

"In an exhaustive and learned essay on 'The Portland Vase,' which Mr. W. Watkiss Lloyd contributed to *The Classical Museum*, 1848, he stated that 'the artist of the glass vase proves himself a true successor of the ancient Greek manufacturers and painters of fictile vases.' The bibliography of the Portland vase is perhaps almost as extensive as that of the Venus de Milo. It has been copied by Wedgwood and others, and innumerable engravings have been made and photos published of it during the last two or three centuries.

"The greatest question of all remains to be settled—its future ownership. The word 'priceless' is often carelessly applied to pictures and other objects of art. But we may well ask what is this, one of the greatest and most beautiful specimens of ancient art, going to fetch under the hammer? Nothing comparable to it is ever likely to come up again for public sale. Estimates will be freely exchanged, but if the vase does come up for sale, its purchase by an American seems a foregone conclusion."



Courtesy of International Studio

UNIQUE AND ALMOST PRICELESS

The Portland vase, says the London *Times*, "is one of the very few surviving specimens of a kind of glass work which was brought to a high pitch of perfection in the first century of the Roman Empire."

Roger Hinks of the British Museum has contributed to *The International Studio* (New York) an interesting study of the latest conclusions of experts concerning the vase, and correlating it with the splendid copy made by the English ceramist, Josiah Wedgwood. *The Morning Post* (London) also notes the debt of John Doubleday to Wedgwood in his remarkable task of reconstructing the vase from its shattered remnants:

"The wonderful work of Mr. Doubleday in reconstructing the Portland vase from the fragments into which it had been shattered—a drawing of the pieces hangs in the Gem Room of the British Museum—was only rendered possible by the fact that copies by Josiah Wedgwood were in existence.

"When the vase came into the possession of the Duke of Portland, Wedgwood borrowed it, and it was in his keeping for many months. He made a limited number of copies in jasperware of the kind which has made his name famous, and these were sold at £50 apiece. The last time that one of these copies came into the market it fetched £500.

"If the vase itself should eventually leave the country, all we should have to remind us of a treasure that the nation had almost come to regard as its own would be Wedgwood's work, which, faithful as it is, lacks the beautiful quality of the original material."

This disappearance of the Portland vase from its familiar pedestal in the British Museum is of a significance that alarms the editor of the London *Times*. There are pictures in British galleries, he points out, of a tenure equally precarious. The public is unthinkingly apt to regard its privileges of access and usufruct as perpetual. Moreover:

"It is possible that a similar dismay was felt by the Barberini family and their friends, when in the eighteenth century the vase passed into English ownership. But hardly to the same extent; for tho the vase was famous and had adorned the library of a Pope, modern knowledge is able to appraise its rare qualities more accurately, just as an incident within the walls of the Museum has contributed to its reputation. Not until it was broken into a hundred pieces by a miscreant in 1845 was it discovered that it was made of glass."

SPEED RECORDS IN WRITING PLAYS

A FRIEND TELEPHONED to Edgar Wallace, the English playwright whose facility in turning out successful plays is the envy of his colleagues. "Mr. Wallace is just beginning a new play," answered the servant, "and can not come to the telephone." "Oh! very well," retorted his friend, "I'll hold the wire until he has finished." This is but one of many jokes about this rapid-fire author, who, like sundry others, can solve any number of imaginary crime-mysteries, but not the real ones. To John Shand, of the London *Daily Telegraph*, the fertility of Wallace suggests other speed records in writing plays. The elder Dumas, Mr. Shand thinks, still holds the speed record, altho—

"Among English playwrights it would be hard to beat the example set by Sheridan. In the three volumes of his plays recently published by Basil Blackwell, edited very carefully by Mr. R. Crompton Rhodes, we are told how Sheridan wrote 'Pizarro,' which brought £30,000 into the box-office at Drury Lane. At the dress rehearsal the author had still to finish the play, and on the first night he was still scribbling parts of the last act—which Kemble and Mrs. Siddons had to speak—while the audience was entering the theater. No wonder the actors were a little uncertain of their lines for that performance!

"Few successful plays can have been written in less time than it took Alexandre Dumas to write 'Romulus.' In his brilliant book of reminiscences, 'My Odyssey,' he tells how he was stranded one evening in a small town. Never being able to sleep for more than three or four hours, he wondered how to pass the time until morning. He decided to write a play that he had had in mind for some time. He bought paper and pens at a general store and went to an inn, where he was provided with plenty of candles and a pile of wood by the fireside. He started to write at eleven o'clock; by seven in the morning he was writing 'finis'—'that lovely word which to me is only the beginning of the next volume!'

"It was Dumas also who 'read' a five-act comedy to the actors who were to play in it before he had written it, and had it accepted on those terms. One day he went round to the Théâtre Français to ask for a reading. 'What is the play?' they asked. 'A comedy.' 'Good. And is it finished?' 'Yes. It is quite ready.' 'Have you the manuscript?' 'No. I have not written the play yet. But when a piece is all planned out in my head it is finished. It will be written before next Saturday.' 'What a boaster you are!' 'Nonsense. If you will count it as a reading, I will give you every word of the five acts now.'

"For the fun of the thing, and to try the boast, his offer was accepted, and Dumas 'read' the whole play, which was received with great applause by the assembled company. I should imagine that no play has ever before or since been accepted on such terms."

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

SLANG OF THE BROADWAY BATTLE-FIELDS

EVERY THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE is a matter of internecine warfare, a warfare waged under the very eyes of the audience, and in the restricted areas of dialog, action, and scene. Bernard Sobel makes this astonishing revelation in *The Bookman* (New York). An acute and privileged observer of the Broadway battle-fields, since he has acted as general press representative for Messrs. Ziegfeld, Dillingham, and other entrepreneurs of high-priced entertainment, Mr. Sobel has discovered that the stage is the most personalized of all professions, and that "each player all the while that he is working for the general success of the play and co-operating with his fellow players, must, by the very nature of conditions, work paradoxically against them, in order to bring himself forward as prominently as possible." This warfare behind the footlight trenches has given birth to a vernacular that is incomprehensible, except to those who share in the unending warfare of personalities. As interpreted by Mr. Sobel:

"The ruthlessness of the struggle is nowhere better indicated than in the use of the term 'kill it!' which the stage seems to have appropriated for itself. One electrician takes pride in having coined the expression and getting laughs on 'Kill yourself' which merely means 'black out' and 'work on your own.'

"The actor's devices for curbing, obscuring and 'killing' his fellow players are many, most of them definitely indicated in stage argot. The actor, for instance, who backs up continually while playing, in order to keep his own face to the audience, while pushing his associate in the background, is often told to 'come into America,' that is, 'stand still and keep within bounds.'

"An actor who distracts the attention of the audience by fumbling with his clothes, while some one else is trying to get a laugh, is 'catching flies.' 'Cue-biting' means snapping off the lines of the preceding speech in order to destroy their efficacy. A star can avail himself of this device to 'step on' his laughs. The actor who maneuvers for the center of the stage is a 'stage hog' or 'spotlight hunter.' 'To dry a man up' is to give him the wrong cue; to crab the lines, 'laying the skids.' Forgetting the lines entirely is 'to balloon' or 'make an ascension,' and thus 'stick' or 'corpse' the other player. 'Milking the audience' is to overplay for applause. A sweetheart in the flies who keeps shouting, 'Take another bow, dearie,' is called a 'bow-teller.'

"'A plant' is a person stationed in the audience who works with the actor on the stage. 'Ad-libbing' is improvising. 'When Jones got lost back-stage I had to ad-lib all over the place until he came on.'"

Success in this hand-to-hand warfare often makes the victor overjubilant, and he has his own vocabulary of victory. According to Mr. Sobel, he "wows 'em," "panics," or "gooles 'em." This lexicographer of the theater gives additional examples of its secret lingo:

"Such argot is both compact and expressive. 'The road' is the general term for towns outside New York, and the traveling players are 'barnstormers.' Smaller towns and villages are 'sticks.' 'Simon Legree' means stage-manager; 'pirating,' stealing a 'script' and playing it often under another name; 'playing to the gas,' giving a performance before an audience not worth lighting up for; 'blowing the show,' running away from an engagement.

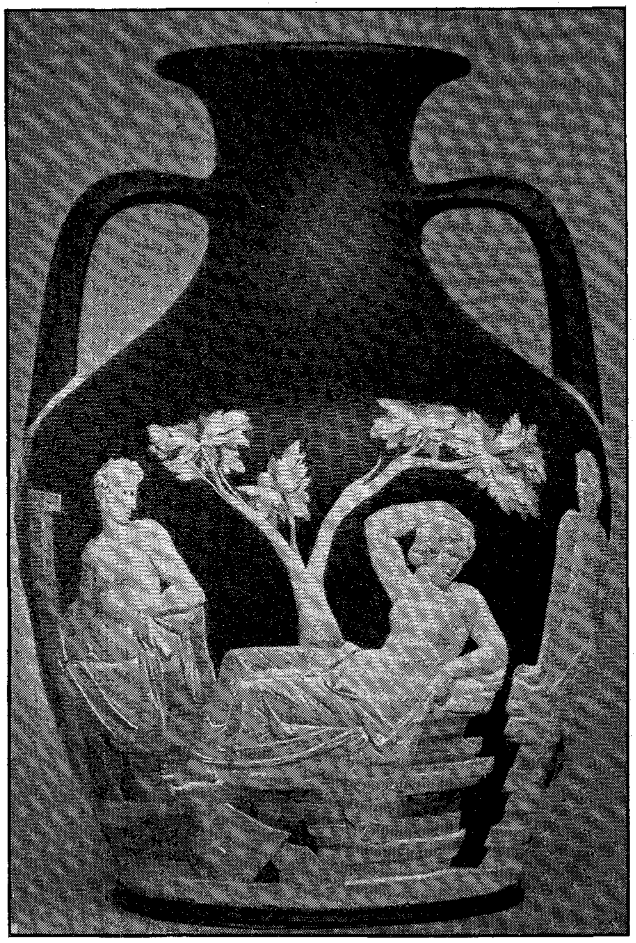
"When a manager has made his bookings without the consent of the New York office, he 'wildcatted.' Ernest Hemingway gives a tense picture of the rascality of managers in 'A Pursuit Race.'

"A man in search of an 'angel' is a 'sugar-chaser.' A producer who stalls off an actor is giving him the 'merry-go-round' or 'run-around.' A fifty-week tour is now known as the 'Lindbergh trail.'

"The box-office always is a place of embattlement. Here the argot has to do with the secret facts about the play and the players and trafficking with speculators, 'the forty thieves.' The argot here resembles a secret code, the terms including 'what's the B. O.' for what's the box-office price of tickets; 'deadwood' are tickets unsold; 'hard-wood,' tickets for standing room or tickets given in exchange for higher-priced tickets; 'eat 'em,' brokers stuck with tickets who can't dispose of them: 'digging,' accomplices who buy tickets at box-office prices for 'spec'; 'dumps,' tickets returned unsold; 'dressing the house,' distributing a small audience so that the house seems well-filled; and 'Leblanging,' placing tickets out at cut rates.

"In contrast with almost every other department of theatrical life, the argot of the stage-hands definitely represents a phase of their history. The early American stage-hand was often an ex-seaman, and much of his slang harks back to maritime sources. Stage-hands are 'grips' or 'deck-hands'; 'pipe down,' be quiet; 'foul,' a tangled rope.

"Many recent terms of approbation or the opposite may be attributed to the late Jack Conway, slang genius, whose work appeared in *Variety* and included such terms as 'belly laughs' and 'S. A.' (sex appeal)."



Courtesy of *International Studio*

AS COPIED BY JOSIAH WEDGWOOD

This copy of the Portland vase, made by Josiah Wedgwood at the end of the eighteenth century, rendered possible the reconstruction of the Portland vase after it had been wilfully smashed by a miscreant.

THE COVER—The painting reproduced on the cover this week is a typical specimen of the English school of painting of the Victorian period. It was painted by Joseph Clark, and is now treasured in the Wakefield Art Gallery in Yorkshire, England. Sir John Millais, the centenary of whose birth is being honored in Great Britain this year, was the father of the type of painting, in which Joseph Clark reveals himself so adept a master. In "Mother's Darling" is illustrated the predilection of the English painter for sentiment and human interest rather than technical innovations or purely pictorial achievements. Maternal tenderness and childish wistfulness are depicted by the English artist by the careful consideration of pose and gesture and by the elimination of all distracting detail.

Born in Dorsetshire on July 4, 1834, Joseph Clark began to exhibit at the Royal Academy in London as early as 1857. Two of his pictures were bought by the Chantrey Bequest and are now in the possession of the Tate Gallery. In the work of this painter we find in complete expression the ideals of the British Royal Academy of the latter half of the last century.

A PARACHUTE DESCENT FROM THE OPERATIC SKY

TO MAINTAIN ONE'S PLACE among the stars of the opera, talent, youth, and beauty alone are evidently insufficient. One must be driven by some secret demon that differentiates one's personality from that of the normal human being. Stars of the opera-house must be born for this career—they can not be manufactured by publicity and advertising. Such, at any rate, seem to be the conclusions drawn by American editors from the announcement of Marion Talley's decision to abandon, at the age of twenty-three, her operatic career, and to take up farming instead. Most of the dailies commend her decision as sensible and wise. Editorial comment from coast to coast demonstrates the affectionate interest the American public has taken in the career of this Kansas City girl, who made her début at the Metropolitan at the age of eighteen—a veritable comet in the musical world, and who now, less than five years later, is making a rapid and yet self-directed descent from the operatic firmament. "Good, sturdy, well-poised Marion!" exclaims the Cleveland *Plain Dealer;* "contemplation of her is as refreshing as a dish of wild strawberries or a draft from an icy forest spring!" "We hear so much of young and earnest people devoting their lives to their 'art.' The great mass of ordinary burden-carrying humanity sometimes feels like saying 'oh, piffle!' but usually refrains from uttering sentiments which would be double-riveted proofs of ordinariness."

Acme Newspicture

THEY'RE BOTH FOR FARM RELIEF

"Hoover called up Congress to aid farm relief," says Will Rogers. "I am sorry Marion Talley didn't wait a few days until she had read that message. I hope it's not too late even now to reconsider."

If the inner artistic compulsion be lacking, questions the Albany *Knickerbocker Press,* "is artistic fame a false fire that gives no substantial warmth to the spirit?" The Albany daily compares the coming retirement of Marion Talley with that of the famous actress, Mary Anderson. "They have lived in the spotlight, but that is not enough—as it would not be for any real woman. Neither has taken the final vows of devotion to a career, so one left it for a domestic life, and the other leaves it for farming. Fame was not sustaining enough for either." The late Enrico Caruso once said that even if he were never paid a cent for it, he would be compelled to keep on singing. So, suggests the Schenectady *Union Star,* spoke the born singer. To Marion Talley, the same paper frankly declares, singing has probably been a drudgery. She was a "synthetic" soprano:

> "If the truth were known, she has never cared for the music she has been forced to sing. It has been just hard work, she admits—plain drudgery; she is not like Caruso. Probably, too, she has been hurt by criticism and a little embittered by the thought that it should have come to her after she had sacrificed her childhood for something that gave her no personal satisfaction. It would seem certain that she has suffered some crushing disappointment.
>
> "Somewhere back where she lost her childhood she spent four blissful months on her uncle's farm. May it not be that this was the only real childhood she had, and that it is the recollection of it now that has made her determined for once to do what she wants to do, and not what others want her to do.
>
> "Marion Talley's farewell is unprecedented and as surprizing as was her début. There is tragedy in it. Yet she has chosen what for her must be the only path to contentment. And she is wise in realizing that without contentment all the plaudits of the fashionable world and the wealth of the Metropolitan's diamond horseshoe can not make life worth living."

Lacking the dynamic spark that fires ambition, mere talent can never take a singer far, the Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch* comments in outspoken fashion, suggesting that Miss Talley is infinitely wiser than many singers, in acting upon her "hunch" to retire—"for the actual and unpalatable truth is that it is about time for Miss Talley to retire." The Virginia editor explains why this seems a wise decision:

> "The little Miss Talley's success was in truth as wholly manufactured and artificial as is the reputation of many an incompetent movie star who has been forced—in the juggler's sense—on the public by adroit publicity directed by some producer who needed a movie star of that particular type at that particular moment. Even the august Metropolitan Opera is not always above adopting the methods of the sideshow barker who ballyhooes on the midway of country fairs. Nobody in the world knows better the actual equipment of an embryonic or arrived opera star than Gatti-Casazza; but even Mr. Gatti sometimes stoops to sheer showmanship. And that is precisely what he did in the case of the little Miss Talley.
>
> "She has never had a phenomenal voice. It is, or was a nice voice, even a lovely voice; but there are thousands of choir singers all over the United States whose voices are quite as nice, quite as lovely as Marion Talley's ever was or ever could be made to be. So she hadn't much voice to start with. And she has never known much about what to do with it, to go on, or end with. If she had had a marvelous voice, her lack of skill in the use of it might not have prevented her from earning a legitimate place in opera and concert—for a time anyhow. If she had had remarkable skill in the use of such little voice as she had, that skill would have made her worth listening to—as was true of Blanche Marchesi years ago. But she never has had much of either voice or skill. Nor has she ever revealed, in her singing, the slightest idea of what it was all about. If she has even a glimmer of the artistic instinct, she has never displayed it in her singing: to the contrary, she sang like a little tinkling music box."

The mystery of personality lies at the bottom of all exceptional careers; to be "merely a pleasant American girl with a talent somewhat above the ordinary," warns the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* is not sufficient, and young American singers who sigh for the Metropolitan should not forget it. So the Albany *Evening News* emphasizes: "It is hard work. It is trying work. It is nerve-testing work. Art is a hard taskmaster. The fame of to-day may be followed by obscurity next year." One final piece of advice is given by the New Haven *Journal-Courier:* "She will be one of the greatest stories of the age so long as she stays unbitten by the bug that has tarnished the glories of so many others—the attempted comeback." Marion Talley will sing her "swan" song, in Cleveland, this Saturday evening.

CURRENT POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned

UNDER the pseudonym of "Woodbine Willie," the late Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy published two books of verse, "Rough Rimes of a Padre," and "More Rough Rimes." This padre won the affection of the British troops during the war, and possest a gift of expressing his love of God and man in these "rough rimes" touched with pathos and humor. His recent death has inspired the London *Bookman* to reprint "Woodbine Willie's" little homily:

HUMILITY

BY "WOODBINE WILLIE"

I know. It is not easy to explain.
Why should there be such agony to bear?
Why should the whole wide world be full of pain?
But then, why should her hair
Be like the sudden sunshine after rain?

Turn cynic if you will. Curse God and die.
You've ample reason for it. There's enough
Of bitterness, God knows, to answer why.
The road of life is rough,
But then, there is the glory of the sky

FOR one American poet, at least, the machine is the symbol of rhythm, splendor and power. Turbines, power-houses, balance wheels, and reciprocating engines have inspired MacKnight Black to a new lyricism. In "Machinery" (Horace Liveright, New York), we find this typical example:

FLY-WHEEL

BY MACKNIGHT BLACK

The steel repeats,
The steel repeats itself;
The wheel-arc's flight,
The curving journey,
Has my heart's persistency.
The same, the clear
Perfection follows close
Upon perfection;
Pulse and swirl,
And stillness broken;
Waves of steel and thrusts of blood,
Like generations on the earth,
Sons and fathers, fathers, sons;
Peace of motion like a seed
That comes to see again.

WHAT may be described as the "new landscape"—created by motor-cars and the mania for movement—is sharply evoked in this sonnet from *JAPM* (Atlantic City, N. J.):

BY AUTOMOBILE

BY JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY

Long asphalt snake confined by long cold wires,
Why are you whipped across the flank of hills
Alien to your urge? What hand conspires
To lay upon the land your touch, that chills
The glad green miles to shudder and to shrink?
Are you the city, thrusting for a soul
Into the fields, where once more it may drink
From the brimmed cup of the sky, and be made
whole?
Desert the long black line, and wander off
Where a brown country road has caught the swell
High toward heaven, and let wonder doff
Your blind impatience; loll, hear wild birds sing,
See wanton leaps of water in a dell,
Breathe flaunting crests of daisies mad with spring.

DIRECTNESS, intensity and authenticity of emotion inform this lyric, which is featured by *Musical America* (New York):

MEETING

BY SCUDDER MIDDLETON

This meeting now with you, this face-to-face,
After so many sun-ups and moon-journeys,
After so many changes in the town of flesh
Where silent towers rose on toppled towers
And fell beneath small hammers in the breast—
This meeting is like coming back in quest
Of lost, inanimate things that marked the hours
It is like going back to some old street
Remembered for its sounds and loveliness
Through desperate years, to find it alien,
With every habit lost, with meanings gone—
Ground into dust and rutted by the wheels
Of change, so there's nothing left at all
But a street with houses made of thought and
brain,
In a city walled and circled by the skull.

I look at you, but you I can not see—
You, the white tree in the glowering wood
With birds of many colors on your hands;
You, the fearless flame in haunted air,
The queen-birch standing in the brooding pines.
For you I made festoons of early moss,
And pulled the starry trillium out of gloom.
Still like a tree you are, but not that tree
Whose roots and boughs grow nowhere but in me!

You look at me, but me you can not find—
Me, the shining Paladin of the wood,
The rider always followed by the sun,
Who paused between two wars to touch your hair,
The warrior with a dream before his eyes,
And strength to catch and hold the spinning
world.
That champion of the sun rides nowhere now
But in the silent lands behind your brow!

THE authoress of the following has effectively used a homely image to accentuate an unusual truth. We find these lines in *The Harp* (Larned, Kansas), a poetry magazine published by Leslie Wallace:

APRIL'S MIRROR

BY KATE RANDLE MENEFEE

Two blades lay open on my window sill,
A pair of scissors sober, inert things
To fashion garments with, or sever strings.
An errant wind that wandered from the hill
Pushed through the drowsy curtains; suddenly
The flashing glint of sunlight caught each blade
And left reflected there, as in a sea,
Ornate designs that April's fancy made.
Steel had become bright silver to retain
Upon that narrow ledge before my eyes
Enamel of the garden's whole domain—
Its rich-toned flowers, and blue transparent skies.

In this hard age, utility must be
The mirror for perfection's ecstacy.

AMONG the people in our country who care enough about poetry to quarrel about it, writes Lewis Galantière in *The Nation* (New York), a few are upset by Archibald MacLeish. "The Hamlet of A. MacLeish" (Houghton Mifflin) has created wide discussion, and had led Mr. Galantière to acclaim its author as "the finest craftsman in verse now writing in English." The reader may decide this question for himself by a consideration of the following lines published by *The New Republic* (New York):

HISTORY OF THE WORLD

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

Ships have been wrecked on our coast from beyond
the sea
And skulls are still found of a foreign nation
Tufted with lank hair on the crown and the chin
bone
From such as these we have learned the naming
of days
And the moon's name and the divination by sheep
guts
From these too we have learned of the other
country
Whether this land is far we do not know
We have seen a shaking of green leaves as after
Withdrawn arms and the old dogs growl in the
sunlight
Our fathers sit all day by the warm coals
Staring at things not there. We have always said
Some day we would make a voyage of discovery
Some day we would find this other country
Our expeditions however are not successful
Nothing is seen. The lonely alone have sighted
Far out in the sea what may be an island
Or east in the wooded land a cloud like the vapor
At evening over the cities of our own kind

IN the latest translation of Dante's "Inferno," published in London, S. Fowler Wright has sought to rewrite this section from "the greatest epic poem of the Christian era in Western Europe" as Dante would have written it had he thought in English. His success may be judged by his recreation of two celebrated passages from the "Inferno." The first is the inscription over the gate of Hell, the second is part of Francesca's speech:

INSCRIPTION

BY DANTE

(Translated by S. Fowler Wright)

"The gateway to the city of Doom. Through me
The entrance to the Everlasting Pain.
The Gateway of the Lost. The Eternal Three
Justice impelled to build me. Here ye see
Wisdom Supreme at Work, and Primal Power,
And Love Supernal in their dawnless day.
Ere from their thought creation rose in flower,
Eternal first were all things fixed as they.
Of Increate Power infinite formed am I
That deathless as themselves I do not die.
Justice divine has weighed: the doom is clear.
All hope renounce, ye lost, who enter here."

FRANCESCA'S SPEECH

BY DANTE

(Translated by S. Fowler Wright)

"One day, and for delight in idleness—
Alone were we, without suspicion—
We read together, and chanced the page to turn
Where Galahad tells the tale of Lancelot,
How love constrained him. Oft our meeting eyes
Confessed the theme, and conscious cheeks were
hot,
Reading, but only when that instant came
Where the surrendering lips were kissed, no less
Desire beat in us, and whom, for all this pain,
No hell shall sever (so great at least our gain),
Trembling, he kissed my mouth, and all forgot,
We read no more."

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

THE EXIT OF THE DEVIL

HELL AND THE DEVIL do not exist for a large number of our ministers, according to a recent questionnaire, which shows, too, that tho all who reply believe in the existence of God, some of them do not believe in the omnipotence of God, the Virgin Birth, the Resurrection, the Ascension, the final Judgment Day, the Holy Ghost, the resurrection of the body and life everlasting. In short, a minority of those replying could not recite the Apostles' Creed even with mental reservations. Religion remains, but creeds are changing.

The questionnaire was sent out to about 1,500 Protestant ministers by George Herbert Betts (Methodist), Professor of Religious Education in Northwestern University. Seven hundred replies were received, 500 being from ministers in charge of churches, and 200 from students in five theological schools. A tabulation of the answers, with accompanying text, is published in a volume, "The Beliefs of 700 Ministers," issued by the Abingdon Press (Methodist) of New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. To the average layman, tho he has been more or less prepared by the disavowals by some of the leading Protestant Liberals of belief in the cardinal doctrines subscribed to by their forefathers, the replies of some of these 700 clergy may be a shock, showing, as the replies do, that the Modernist sappers have made some headway in undermining orthodox belief. The revulsion from orthodoxy is noticeable chiefly among the student respondents, which is so far below the average of the ordained ministers that Professor Betts writes: "It is also evident that for guidance in what particular belief we should teach our children we can go to this group as a whole even less than to the older ministers, for they differ so widely that, as a group, they offer no norm." Yet the majority of the ministers in active service still cling to the cardinal doctrines, so that the creed it would be possible to teach on their authority is not profoundly different from that ordinarily taught in the Protestant Sunday-school.

The ministers in active service who replied to the questionnaire represent, we are told, twenty denominations in Chicago and the area thirty or forty miles outside. The five theological schools represent three large denominations and are widely separated in location. Some of the theological students were also serving pulpits. No names of those who replied are made public. Some of the questions and the percentages in belief, uncertainty, and disbelief of the 700 who responded follow. The numbers in italics represent the percentages of the 500 ministers; those in roman type the percentages of the 200 students:

DO YOU BELIEVE—	*Belief Per Cent.*	*Uncertainty Per Cent.*	*Disbelief Per Cent.*
That God exists?	*100* 100	*0* 0	*0* 0
That God is three distinct persons in one?	*80* 44	*7* 21	*13* 35
That God is omnipotent?	*87* 64	*4* 7	*9* 29
That the relation of God to man is best exprest in the word "Father"?	*98* 98	*1* 2	*1* 0
That the idea of evolution is consistent with belief in God as Creator?	*61* 94	*6* 4	*33* 2
That the creation of the world occurred in the manner and time recorded in Genesis?	*47* 5	*5* 6	*48* 89
That God leaves the universe wholly to the control of law without controlling it in person?	*10* 13	*6* 11	*84* 76
That the Devil exists as an actual being?	*60* 9	*7* 9	*33* 82
That God is a being with personal attributes, complete and perfect in all moral qualities?	*95* 77	*1* 10	*4* 13
That the New Testament is, and always will remain, the final revelation of the will of God to men?	*66* 18	*10* 13	*24* 69
That Jesus was born of a virgin without a human father?	*71* 25	*10* 24	*19* 51
That Jesus, while upon earth, was as truly subject to temptation as were other men?	*97* 97	*1* 0	*2* 3
That in his life upon earth Jesus met all his problems and difficulties using only those powers and resources available to other men?	*74* 81	*6* 10	*20* 9
That Jesus lived a life wholly blameless and without sin or wrongdoing?	*92* 75	*4* 16	*4* 9
That while upon earth Jesus possest and used the power to restore the dead to life?	*82* 45	*9* 28	*9* 27
That Jesus' death on the cross was the one act which made possible the remission of man's sins?	*70* 29	*6* 10	*24* 61
That after Jesus was dead and buried he actually rose from the dead, leaving the tomb empty?	*84* 42	*4* 27	*12* 31
That after a period had elapsed following his death and resurrection Jesus was seen by his disciples and friends ascending into heaven?	*84* 45	*6* 23	*10* 32
That heaven exists as an actual place or location?	*57* 11	*15* 20	*28* 69
That hell exists as an actual place or location?	*53* 11	*13* 13	*34* 76
That there is a continuance of life after death?	*97* 89	*2* 7	*1* 4
In the resurrection of the body?	*62* 18	*5* 13	*33* 69
That there will be one final day of judgment for all who have lived upon earth?	*60* 17	*8* 16	*32* 77
In a visible bodily second coming of Jesus to establish a reign of righteousness on earth?	*40* 8	*11* 17	*49* 75
That forgiveness of sin is essential and required for one to be in right relationship to God?	*98* 92	*1* 4	*1* 4
That prayer has the power to change conditions in nature—such as drought?	*64* 21	*11* 22	*25* 57
That God now acts upon, or operates in, human lives through the agency and person of the Holy Spirit?	*94* 82	*1* 11	*5* 7

The degree to which unity of belief exists within the individual denominations as represented by the ministers in active service is shown thus: Out of 56 items the Lutherans agree on 44; the Episcopalians, on 25; the Evangelicans, on 21; the Presbyterians, on 19; the Baptists, on 16; the Congregationalists, on 14; the Methodists, on 11. This makes it evident, says Professor Betts, that Lutherans, as represented in this study, show the greatest unity of belief and Methodists least.

From this one conclusion can be reached: "No denomination, except perhaps the Lutherans, has any right to demand that fixt creeds shall be taught the young. For the clergy of any denomination themselves do not subscribe to a common creed beyond belief in the existence of a God." On the basis of complete agreement among the 700 replying only one belief could be taught, points out Professor Betts: "There is a supreme being; God exists." On the authority of three out of four of the 700 ministers only eleven items out of the original fifty-six could be taught:

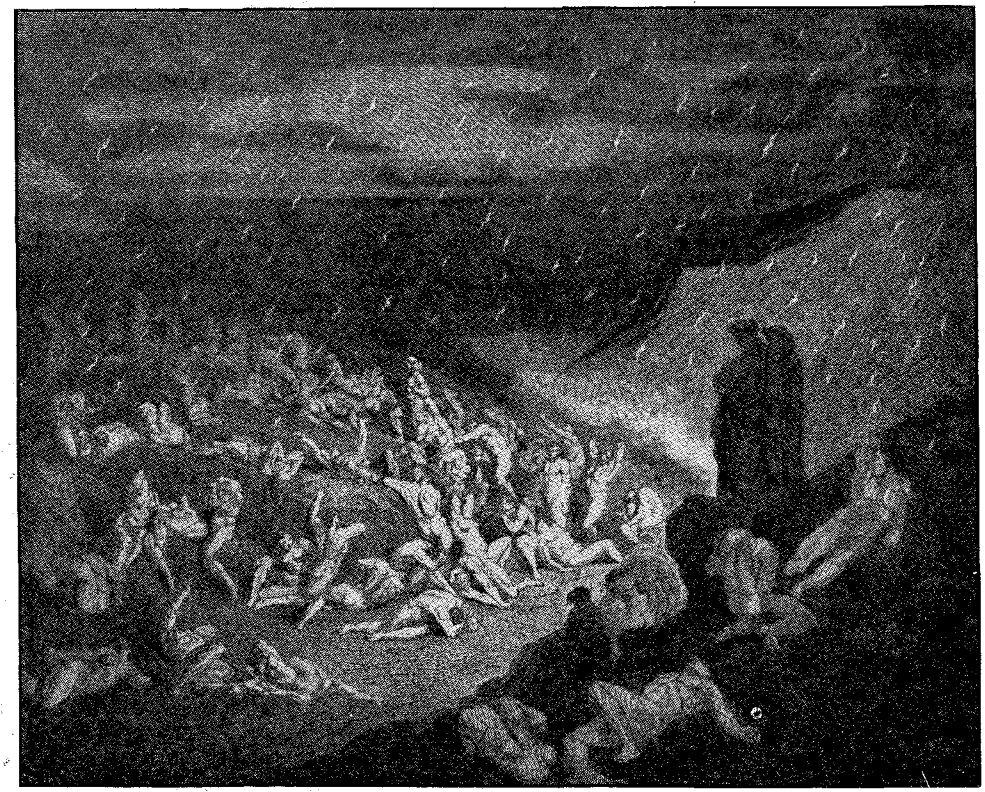
> "There is a supreme being; God exists (100 per cent.).
>
> "God is omnipotent (80 per cent.).
>
> "God's relation to man is that of Father (98 per cent.).
>
> "God controls the universe through His personal presence and power (82 per cent.).
>
> "God is a being with personal attributes, complete and perfect in all moral qualities (90 per cent.).
>
> "Jesus while on earth was subject to temptation as are other men (97 per cent.).
>
> "Jesus met His problems and difficulties using only those powers and resources available to all men (76 per cent.).
>
> "Jesus lived a life on earth without sin (87 per cent.).
>
> "Life continues after death (95 per cent.).
>
> "Forgiveness of sin is essential to a right relationship with God (96 per cent.).
>
> "God operates on human lives through the agency and person of the Holy Spirit (91 per cent.)."

"The list is not so bad," comments Professor Betts. "It gives us God, the Father, omnipotent. From the psychological point of view, the concept making God's presence in human lives depend on the intermediary of the Holy Spirit is a difficult one to grasp and use. The list gives us Jesus living a human life on earth, using only the powers and resources available to all, yet without sin. It provides for a future life for man, and declares the necessity for forgiveness of sin. It gives us a universe with God personally at work in it." In conclusion, Professor Betts recommends:

> "It is time that the Christian forces should give practical proof of their desire for closer unity by having a commission of scholars formulate anew the minimum essentials of belief. With the sectarian tensions strong as they still are it may seem an idle dream to state it, but nevertheless the creed formulated should ignore all denominational interests, all claims of various schools of doctrine, all traditional lines of emphasis, and seek only to determine what religious beliefs represent the common elements growing out of universal human experience, proved knowledge and reasoned conclusion."

NEGATIVE PULPITS NOT WANTED

"MOST PREACHERS," said a group of students to Dr. Bernard Iddings Bell, Warden of St. Stephen's College, "assume that we know the fundamentals of the Christian religion—which we don't—or else they tell us everlastingly about doubts and how to deal with them." "Aren't you interested in doubts?" Dr. Bell asked them. "No," they answered, "who is?" These students, says Dr. Bell, had asked that all college preachers be requested to speak upon one subject: "Things I Live By." Beginning with this little story as a preface, *The Reformed Church Messenger* says that it can hardly be questioned that young folks, as well as old, want to hear an expression of faith rather than of fears. "The world," comments *The Messenger*, "is full of folks who do not know the way, and only those who are in some degree qualified to point out the right road have any commission to preach." And here *The Messenger* quotes an appropriate paragraph from *The Christian-Evangelist* (Disciples of Christ):



By M. Gustave Doré. From the Doré Dante, published by Cassel & Company

"Unceasing was the play of wretched hands,
Now this, now that way glancing, to shake off
The heat, still falling fresh."
Canto XIV., lines 37-39.

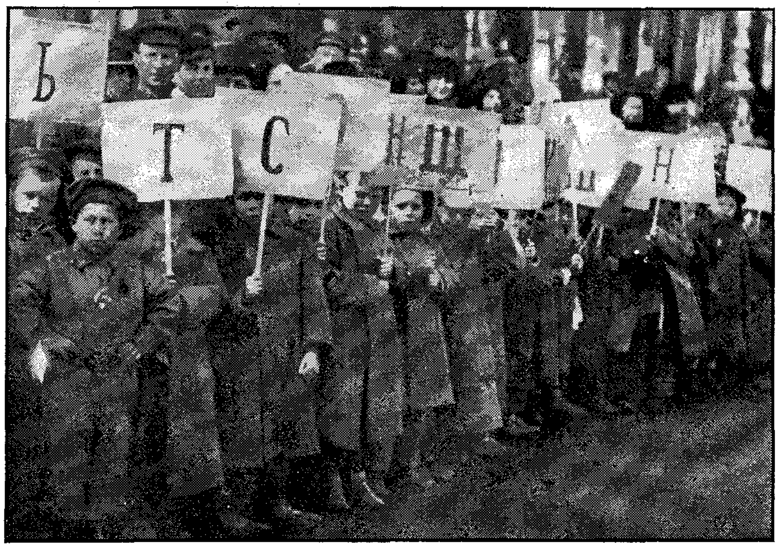
A DORÉ DANTE VISION OF HELL

But 34 per cent. of 500 ministers and 76 per cent. of 200 theological students answering a questionnaire do not believe that hell exists as an actual place or location.

> "A negative pulpit is one of the most pitiable objects in the world. Professing to have vision and a message, such a pulpit denies both and betrays its own leanness and helplessness in a world which so sorely needs the redemption and guidance of the Gospel. Doubt is generally limitation of personality; if not that, it is at least confusion of personality, and young and old alike are wise to refuse to follow those who do not know where they are going. We like to hear the minister who can say truly, 'I know Him whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that He is able to guard that which I have committed unto Him against that day.'"

Commenting on this, *The Messenger* says: "Those who are attentively studying the signs of the times can not help feeling that there is a genuine yearning for the strong meat of Christian doctrine."

RELIGION THRIVING ON ATHEISM IN RUSSIA



International Newsreel photograph

"FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN"

But these little Russian children, some of them not long out of the cradle, are being raised to believe that there is no Father in Heaven. The photograph is of a children's anti-religious demonstration in Moscow.

WAR STILL RAGES on the "religious front" in Russia, we read, tho the Communist Government does not resort to the drastic methods it used during the first years of the revolution, when priests and bishops, as well as rabbis, mollahs, etc., were executed or banished by the score. Now, we are assured, such things have become exceptional. The Soviet Government gave up these methods because millions of believers were only antagonized, and faith, excited by the long list of "martyrs," in many cases only became stronger. Instead, it is stated, the Soviet Government is now employing chiefly peaceful methods of anti-religious propaganda. It publishes a series of special atheistic papers, of which *Bezcozhnik* (The Godless) is the principal one; finances atheistic societies, prints thousands of pamphlets ridiculing all religion, etc. Yet, we are told further, the Soviet Government admits that this form of warfare also has its disadvantages. Soviet papers complain of the fact that now, after violent persecutions have been given up, both the Greek Catholic Church (which embraces a great majority of Russia's population) and various other churches and sects have become stronger, and that churchmen openly carry on their propaganda. Thus the fight goes on. Yet, we read, the Communist rulers are firmly decided to win it in the long run, and to "kill religion," which they hold irreconcilable with Communistic principles and practises. Writing in *Novy Mir*, a Moscow monthly, A. Marinsky, a noted Soviet journalist, tells us:

> "Churchmen understand the new situation, and the Church is now doing its best to win over the proletarian masses. It displays a remarkable flexibility and skill in adapting itself to the Soviet conditions and is quickly changing, whenever necessary, the forms and methods of its propaganda. It understands that to struggle successfully one must learn to use the enemy's weapons.
>
> "In Leningrad, Moscow, Kharkov, Minsk, and other cities, exist special theological academies (in Leningrad are five of them), in which scores and hundreds of men study not only theological scholastics and catechism, but also foreign languages, the 'ethics of socialism,' 'the ethics of Christianity,' etc. . . . These men are the future staff officers of religious propaganda."

Whereas, this writer tells us, in the first years of the Revolution Russian clergymen spoke vehemently against Communism and Socialism, now they have changed their tactics. He continues:

> "Priests often appear at meetings in workmen's sections in Leningrad to prove that religion is not at all opposed to Socialism, and that, on the contrary, Socialism can not exist without a religious foundation. In the Donietz coal region priests usually adorn street corners with posters to call working masses to churches, asserting that 'Christ was the first champion of the workers.'"

This work reaps its fruit, Mr. Marinsky adds indignantly. In spite of the strict prohibition of religious education in Soviet schools, there are districts in Russia where as high as 90 per cent. of the school children belong to the Church. Among the adults, he asserts, the number of believers also increases rather than decreases.

An equally great danger is seen by Mr. Marinsky in the rapid growth of the number of Baptists in Russia. Before the war, he tells us, their number was negligible; now they count hundreds of thousands, or even millions. He writes:

> "Baptists understand very well what our uneducated men need. They need pleasant hours of rest, quiet conversation, homelike atmosphere. For this reason, Baptists organize conferences on various subjects, of course with religion injected into them; moving-picture shows, free concerts, free theater presentations, tea parties, suppers, and various other amusements. They attract people also by forming sporting societies. To show their would-be pro-Sovietism they often sing their religious songs to the tune of our revolutionary songs—of 'The Internationale,' for instance."

Mr. Marinsky concludes by asserting that religion is still powerful in Russia, and is still a serious enemy of Communism. In a special issue devoted to the religious question, the Communist satirical weekly, *Krokodil* (The Crocodile), says:

> "Our anti-religious campaign has smoked itself out like a cigaret. Profiting by that, the 'holy' bandits, the clergymen, have not only succeeded in saving their skins, but are also succeeding in stuffing themselves with grease and honey and in getting fat and obnoxious. . . .
>
> "And we, what are we doing? Are we taking measures against their successes in luring people into the Church? No, our anti-religious campaign is practically dead, as are so many of our other campaigns. The atheistic societies are dying one after the other, because they are not obtaining sufficient subsidies, good atheistic literature, and experienced propagandists. Twice a year or so our atheists become ashamed of themselves; they organize a theatrical performance and invite the masses. But what do the poor spectators see? A drunken priest, a rabbi and a mollah dance and sing 'comical songs.' All have seen that kind of 'witty' propaganda hundreds of times, and are sick and tired of it.
>
> "We must find a more effective anti-religious propaganda, and we must succeed in killing the propaganda carried on by the churches."

In spite of the improvement in the situation of the Church in Russia, *Vozrozhdienye*, a Paris anti-Bolshevist Russian daily, tells us it still remains very gloomy. This paper reminds us that hundreds of priests are still in exile and in prisons, and says:

> "Metropolitan Peter Krutitsky, who, after the death of Patriarch Tikhon, was appointed the 'keeper of the Patriarch's throne,' is also still under arrest. Besides, the Soviet authorities will not permit the convocation of the all-Russian conclave, without which no new Patriarch can be elected. Thus the Church remains without necessary leadership. Yet the believers retain their solidarity, and their conduct is firm. They abide by the principles bequeathed to them by Patriarch Tikhon, and they follow the lead of men who are now, in the interim, keeping his place.
>
> "The Church ever finds a way to grow and develop."

PROTESTANT REUNION SPEEDING UP

PROTESTANT REUNION IS PROCEEDING more rapidly than, perhaps, is generally realized, and it may not be amiss now to review what has already been accomplished out of all the talk that long preceded achievement, and to see what is on the program. Canada, of course, led the way, with the organic union of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational Churches in 1925. Now, in Scotland, Presbyterianism will be practically united in one Church of Scotland in 1929, writes Dr. R. J. Wilson in *The New Outlook* (Toronto); and in England, Methodism, divided for more than a century, will likely become united in 1931. A conference between the Presbyterian Church of England and the Congregational Churches of England has been broached, and Dr. Wilson thinks it will certainly be held.

In the United States this year, notes Dr. Wilson, the Congregationalist and Christian Churches, with a membership of 1,100,000, have become united administratively at the top, and congregations are free to make local unions during the next four years. A union of the Evangelical Synod of North America, the Reformed Church in the United States and the Church of the United Brethren in Christ is also in prospect. We are familiar with the movement, now in progress, to unite the northern branches of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Presbyterian Church. On the very same day that the Methodists and Presbyterians were meeting in one part of Pittsburgh to consider reunion, Dr. Wilson recalls, the Disciples of Christ and the Northern Baptists were in a similar gathering two blocks away, each gathering unaware that the other had been called. The Protestant Episcopal Church has proposed a consultation among five leading churches, looking to organic union, and, says Dr. Wilson, "there is little doubt that a meeting of representatives will be arranged." Indeed, writes this enthusiastic minister, "there is hardly a Christian Church in the world that is not praying for and looking, sometimes longingly, sometimes doubtingly, sometimes hesitatingly, toward the inevitability of Protestant reunion."

Perhaps in advance of the Western Churches in the matter of union are the new national Christian Churches of the Orient, for, as Dr. Wilson tells us:

"The Church of Christ in China is already organized. It includes representatives from Swedish Evangelical, United Brethren in Christ, London Missionary Society, nine Presbyterian bodies, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the English Baptist and the United Church of Canada. The Methodist Churches, as such, are not represented in the union, and in China are seeking a Federal or connectionalist type of church, rather than a United Church. 'At the moment,' the editor of *The Chinese Recorder* informs us, 'the promotion of Christian unity has, therefore, generally speaking, reached a point of rest, while at the same time denominational momentum tends to speed up.'

"However, it must not be forgotten that the Foreign Mission Boards in China began by recommending a Federal union, and the Chinese representatives 'exprest so keenly the desirability of organic rather than Federal union that the committee felt constrained to prepare a plan providing for organic union.' The Chinese National Christian Conference exprest itself to the effect 'that it is only the United Church that can save China,' and called upon the missionaries and representatives of the West through sacrificial devotion to our Lord to remove all obstacles to effect speedy realization of corporate unity.

"In India two unions are taking place, the United Church of North India, which includes the United Church, the Irish Presbyterian, the United Free Church of Scotland, the American Presbyterian, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions and the Welsh Calvinistic (the English Baptist and the Wesleyan Methodist Churches are also negotiating). The United Church of South India is not yet consummated. Even the most casual and disinterested observer will discover that the movement toward Protestant reunion throughout the world has advanced more and been more talked about in the last five years than in any fifty years before that time. It will either rapidly become dominant in the thinking of the churches or will give place to a tightening of denominational lines and aggressive competition. If the latter, then only for a relatively brief period, for if the ideal once fastens itself upon the imagination of the Churches, it will recur again and again."

THE KISS OF GOD

By the late Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, M. C.
("Woodbine Willie")

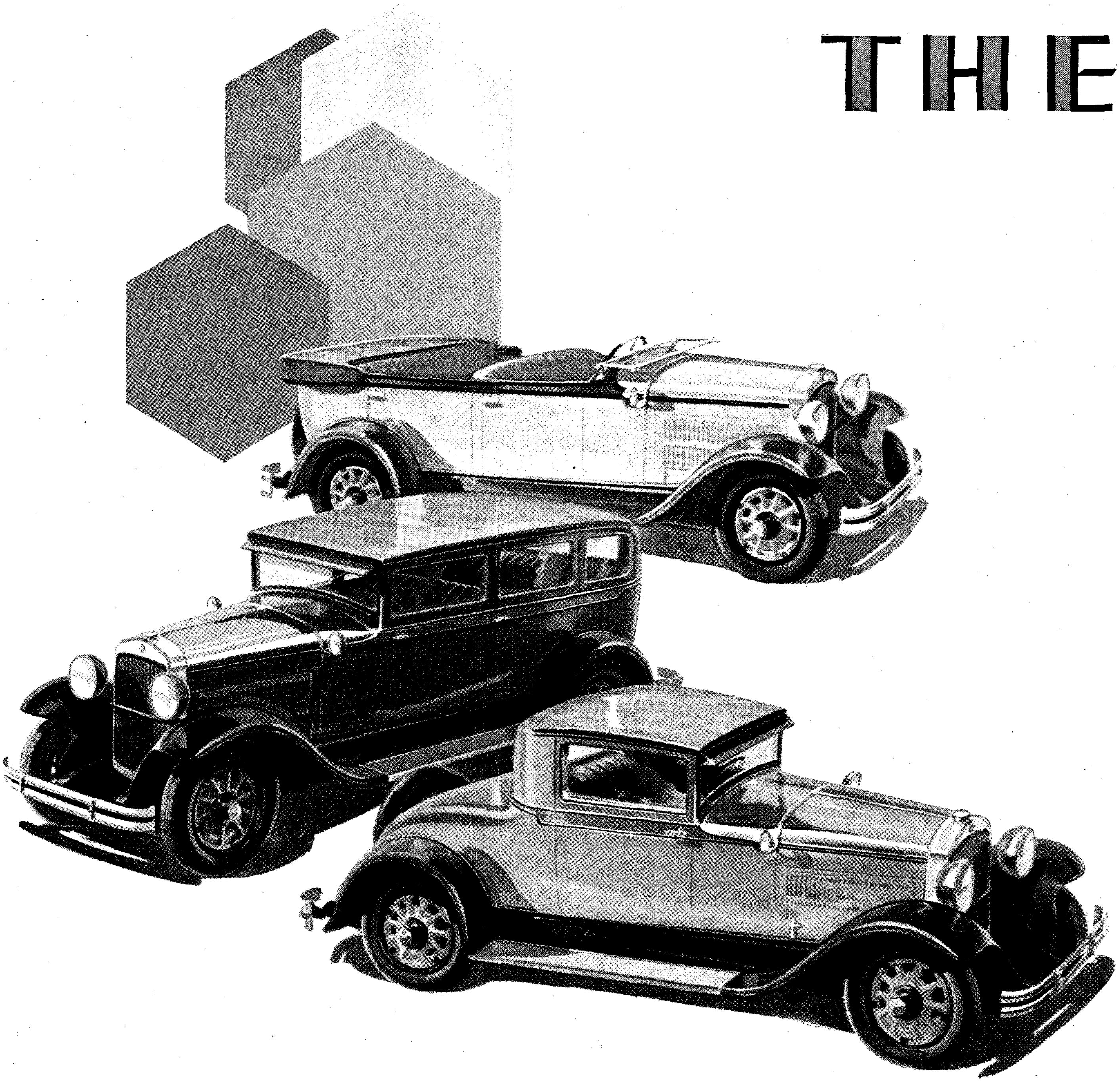
The Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy was, probably, the most famous and best-beloved "padre" of the British Army during the World War. He achieved his quaint nickname by delivering packets of Woodbine cigarets to the British soldiers, often on the front line and under fire. "I gave away a little preaching with the cigarets," he used to say. The Military Cross was awarded to him for bravery under fire. After the war he was appointed Chaplain to the King, and occasionally preached at Buckingham Palace, the King making it a point to hear him at least once a year. He lent a brave and powerful voice to the causes of labor and of youth, and was famed for his frank utterance. He was the author of "Rough Rhymes of a Padre," "The Hardest Part," "Lies," "Food for the Fed-Up," "The Wicket Gate," "The Word and the Work," and "The Warrior, the Woman and the Christ." He lectured and preached in this country in 1923, 1924, 1926 and 1927. He was gassed during the war and died of influenza in Liverpool March 8, aged forty-six.

The poem was sent to *The Morning Post* by the Rev. F. Vivian Dodgson, Honorary Chaplain to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, to whom it was given by Mr. Studdert-Kennedy a few years ago, just after it was written.

It was not death to me,
Nor aught the least like falling into sleep.
It was nothing to joy upon
Nor yet to weep.
It was an infinitely perfect peace
Wherein the world entrancéd
Stood quite still
Outside of time and space:
And like a changeless, ever-changing face
Looked kindly on me
As I lay
And waited on His will.
It was not night
Nor day—
But bright with rainbow colours
Of an everlasting dawn
Down from the golden glory light
That shone in His great eyes.
The mysteries of earth
Lay open like a book,
And I could read
But slowly, as a small child reads
With an often upward look
That pleads
For help—still doubtful of the truth
Until he sees it mirrored
In the answering eyes of Love.
So I looked up to God
And while I held my breath,
I saw Him slowly nod,
And knew—as I had never known aught else,
With certainty sublime and passionate,
Shot through and through
With sheer unutterable bliss.
I knew
There was no death but this
God's kiss.
And then the waking to an everlasting Love.

—*The Morning Post, London.*

ESSEX THE



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Wide Choice of Colors
at no extra cost

The Variety is so Great as to give almost Individual Selection

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Join the Big Swing to ESSEX

The buying public picks Essex the Challenger as the greatest value of 1929. They are giving it the biggest business even Essex has ever known. By thousands they are switching from past favorites. By thousands they are trading in other makes for the great Essex value. Never before has public approval been so near universal.

Essex Value Easy to See—Easy to Buy—Easy to Own

Here is a BIG, adult-size "Six"—fine to look at—roomy and comfortable—built as strongly as any car at any price. Upholstery and appointments are rich and handsome. There is such a wide variety of colors, that no matter what your choice you have almost individual distinction.

$695

AND UP - *AT FACTORY*

Coach - - - - -	$695	Standard Sedan -	$795
2-Pass. Coupe - -	695	Town Sedan - -	850
Phaeton - - - -	695	Roadster - - - -	850
Coupe (*with rumble seat*)	725	Convertible Coupe	895

A SUPER-SIX motor—70 miles an hour—60 miles an hour all day long—in get-away it challenges any car at any price—it challenges all in climbing hills. Remember, it is built by Hudson under famous Super-Six patents. That is why it is so smooth—so powerful—no one else can copy or match it.

Essex price makes it easy to buy—Essex economy makes it easy to own. For moderate driving expect 18 to 20 miles per gallon—many get more.

Hydraulic shock absorbers are standard—they do not cost one cent extra. The same with radiator shutters, air cleaner, windshield wiper, safety lock, chromium-plated bright parts. All valuable features—all features you want. Add up for yourself the extras Essex offers at no added cost and you will see above $100 in extra value in those items alone.

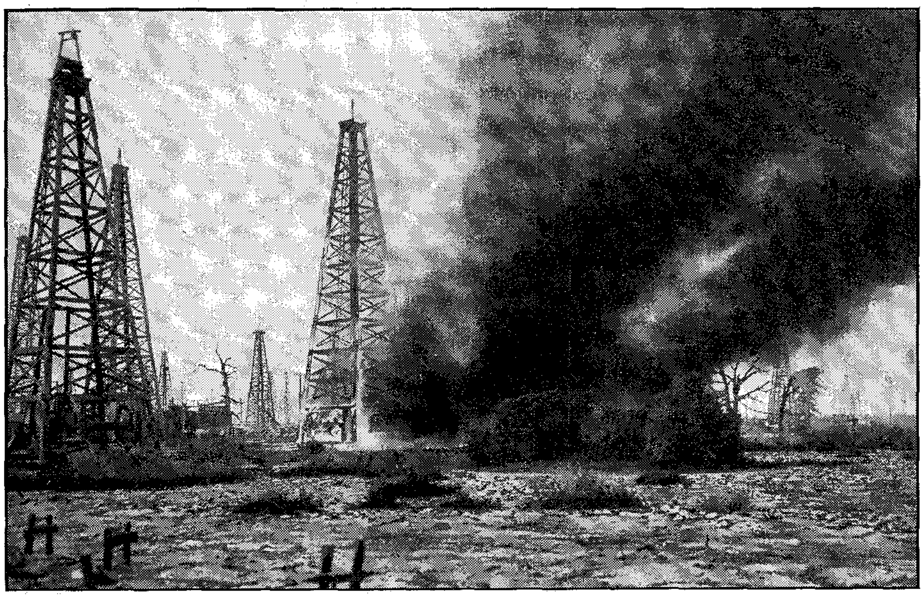
In Challenger Week, Essex the Challenger invited all cars to match its abilities. Everywhere new marks were set which no car of any price ever had reached before. Ask for a ride and WATCH THE ESSEX.

Standard Equipment includes: ***4 hydraulic shock absorbers—electric gauge for gas and oil—radiator shutters—saddle lamps—windshield wiper—glare-proof rear view mirror—electrolock—controls on steering wheel—starter on dash—all bright parts chromium-plated.***

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

UNCLE SAM'S MOVIES

THRILLING RIDES in dizzy aerial tramways, exposure to barrages of rock hurled skyward by the discharge of giant dynamite blasts, descents of more than 7,000 feet into the depths of the earth, and wearisome journeys across scores of miles of trackless desert have been undergone in the making of a library of motion-picture films prepared by the United States Government for the visualization of the mineral and allied industries of the nation. Films have been made in the almost unbearable heat of metallurgical furnaces and also in the frozen Far North. Thousands of miles have been traversed by land, air, and water. Underground mine passages where progress could be made only by crawling on hands and knees have been traversed by the camera men. Even incarceration in the prisons of remote lands has been experienced by the film-makers, we read in *Chemicals* (New York,):



Illustrations by courtesy of *Chemicals* (New York)

A COSTLY OIL DERRICK BURNED TO THE GROUND

To emphasize the fire risk in the oil industry. Illustrating "The Story of Petroleum." (The derrick was donated by the producing company.) "In producing the film 'Through the Oil Lands of Europe and Africa,' a camera man visited all the principal oil-fields of continental Europe and also penetrated the Sahara Desert. On various occasions, he was thrown into jail by suspicious officials."

"The result of all this has been the production of what is believed to be the largest collection of industrial motion-picture films in the world.

"In view of the fact that the films bear the governmental stamp of authenticity and impartiality, the mineral and allied industries of the United States have cooperated to the fullest extent. Special structures have been built, and in many instances extra mining crews have been provided, and special machinery and equipment installed.

"Quite a number of the films picturize the workings of the petroleum industry. The principal oil-fields and refineries in every oil-producing State were visited. A special pipe-line crew was employed and a pipe-line was laid across the Mississippi River for the sole purpose of picturizing the construction of an oil pipe-line.

"In producing the film 'Through the Oil Lands of Europe and Africa,' a camera man visited all the principal oil-fields of continental Europe and also penetrated the Sahara Desert. On various occasions, he was thrown into jail by suspicious officials, and was released only after intervention by the American Consul. In obtaining certain scenes, this cameraman enjoyed the experience of being shot at by sentries, and more than once his films were confiscated by customs officials.

"In another film, when it was desired to photograph the coming in of a great oil gusher, it was necessary for the camera man to remain at the crank of his camera for a period of five days to make sure of being on the job when the big gusher broke loose.

"In producing films pertaining to the iron and steel industry, it was at times necessary to use sheets of asbestos to protect the camera man and director from the intense heat. On some occasions their clothing was actually set on fire by flying sparks. The heat was at times so fierce as to melt the emulsion on the film. It was at times necessary to mount the photographic equipment in the buckets of giant steam and electric shovels.

"In photographing scenes in Alaska in the production of 'The Story of Copper,' the camera man took hair-breadth rides at dizzy heights on the aerial tramways that stretch across the yawning valleys. Some of the photography for this film was done thousands of feet underground.

"In producing the 'Story of Asbestos,' it was necessary to transport equipment on the backs of burros sixty-five miles through the mountains and deserts of Arizona. Equipment had to be lifted by rope up the sheer sides of precipices.

"In producing pictures that included the firing of tremendous blasts, special structures were built so that the camera man and director could obtain close-up scenes. On many occasions large quantities of earth and rock were thrown upon these structures by the blast.

"A wealth of information is offered regarding the manufacture of materials used in every-day life. Thus there is shown the use of sulfur in the manufacture of explosives and paper; the use of steel in the making of wire; and the use of asbestos in the manufacture of roofing and automobile brake-linings. Tho the films were for the most part made in the United States, many scenes have been taken in foreign lands, and there are shown the mining of asbestos in Quebec; the movement of oil-barges on 'the blue Danube'; and the production of nitrate of soda in Chile.

"As a contrast to modern industrial methods, many scenes depict the methods of bygone days. Thus one sees ancient devices for the utilization of falling water for power production; early methods of transportation; the discovery and first harnessing of electricity; and primitive methods of heat-treating steel. Where ordinary photography does not answer, animated photography or 'cartooning' is employed, such methods being used to illustrate the internal workings of an automobile engine; the conversion of the power of Niagara into electrical energy; and the operation of an oil-drill bit in the drill-hole far underground.

"In line with the 'safety-first' activities of the Bureau of Mines, a number of films emphasize safety in the mining and petroleum industries. One particularly dramatic four-reel film depicts a panic in the underground mine passages following an explosion, the building of a barricade by entrapt miners, and their eventual rescue by Bureau of Mines men.

"The Bureau's films have attained great popularity, and in a recent three-month period were viewed by 665,000 persons. They are used by educational institutions for instruction purposes, and are exhibited at Army posts and on board Naval vessels. They are in great demand by churches, women's clubs, miners' local unions, chambers of commerce, and other organizations. The Japanese Bureau of Social Affairs purchased four of the Bureau's safety films, to be used in the course of a general industrial safety campaign in that country. The Province of Quebec Safety League purchased copies of the film 'Carbon Monoxid—The Unseen Danger,' and arranged for the showing of the film in practically every motion-picture theater in Quebec."

RULES FOR AVOIDING GAS ACCIDENTS

THE FOLLOWING "FOURTEEN POINTS" for the prevention of accidents in using gas are contributed to *Safety Engineering* (New York) by Alexander Forward, managing director of the American Gas Association. For there are no less than fourteen things, it appears, that we either must or mustn't do. Here they are:

"1. Don't use any gas appliance that has a loose, broken or damaged part. To avoid the danger of being accidentally turned on, have the appliance mended or buy a new one.

"2. When you want to light a gas-burner, have a lighted match ready, or press the pilot-light button, before you open the gas cock. Where there is a pilot light on your gas appliance, and the pilot light fails to light the burner, turn off the gas-cock and wait until the appliance is free from gas before you again attempt to light.

"3. Too much heat will make a pot boil over. This may extinguish the flames and allow gas to escape. When boiling starts, use a flame only big enough to keep the water boiling; it saves gas and is the safer way.

"4. Don't turn the gas of burners or lights too low; an unexpected or sudden draft may blow out the flame.

"5. Don't stop up the flue outlet of any gas appliance, as it prevents the gas from being properly burned. It does not save heat nor gas, and may cause an accident. Keep the flue clean and free from any obstruction.

"6. Always use iron pipe in preference to flexible tubing for connecting gas appliances.

"7. Don't use cheap, worn-out or repaired flexible tubing; this has caused many accidents.

"8. Buy only tubing of the best quality. Never attempt to mend broken or cracked tubing. Rubber dries out in the summer time. Be sure that the tubing you bought last year or earlier does not leak.

"9. Don't place gas heaters or tubing where they can be tript over or bumped into.

"10. See that the gas appliance is not set close to any material that will burn.

"11. A gas leak should be stopt at once; it is never too small to require attention.

"12. Open doors and windows the moment you smell gas—locate the point of escape, but not with a lighted match or flame of any kind. Notify the gas company at once.

"13. A permanent repair should be made without delay. Soap or tape should only be used in an emergency to stop a gas leak.

"14. Gas or any other fuel needs air when it burns. Ventilation is necessary to your health at all times, whether gas is being used or not."

NEW LIGHT ON COLOR-BLINDNESS—A person may be partly color-blind because he sees some colors too well. This is one conclusion from experiments carried out by Prof. Frank Allen, of the University of Manitoba, at Winnipeg, some of which have been reported to the Optical Society of America. Says Dr. E. E. Free's *Week's Science* (New York):

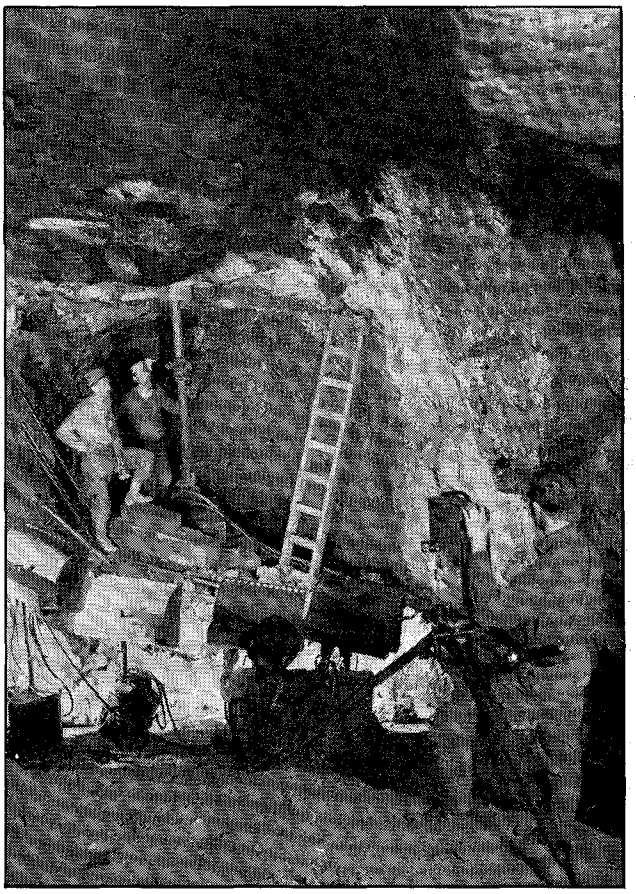
"The machinery by which a human eye sees different colors is just three times more complicated, Professor Allen believes, than has usually been imagined. In addition to the nerve messages sent to the brain from an eye which is receiving colored light, there exist, the Canadian physicist believes, two other nervous mechanisms which act in the reverse direction. One of these is a way of sending messages from the brain to the eye, increasing the sensitivity of that organ; the other sends messages decreasing that sensitivity. It is as tho an astronomer at the eye-piece of a telescope shouted up to a workman on the dome to open or close a slit through which light was entering the instrument. If very strong red or green or violet light enters the eye, the watchman in the brain sends down a message to decrease the eye's sensitivity to that kind of light, so that the bright color can still be seen without paralyzing the eye's machinery. If the light, on the other hand, is very weak, the brain orders a corresponding increase of sensitivity. In some individuals, Professor Allen believes, the proper balance of these weakening or strengthening messages gets upset; as tho the workman at the telescope slit misunderstood the orders of the astronomer. Sometimes the eye's sensitivity is decreased too much. That makes the ordinary type of color-blindness. In other eyes the sensitivity is too greatly increased. That makes another kind of false color vision, since colors to which the eye's sensitivity is not increased seem to be weaker in comparison."

STAY ALIVE: WEAR YOUR WHITE SUIT

AFTER-DARK TESTS upon a motor highway, by street-lighting specialists, have determined that pedestrians are almost invisible to motorists upon unlighted roads, even with automobile headlights playing full upon them, unless the pedestrians wear white suits. Says the New York *Times:*

"Three experiments were conducted, two of them with all highway lights extinguished. In the first a man in dark clothes stood about a hundred feet in front of an automobile, the headlights of which were shining. The man could not be seen from the car, and in the ordinary course of events he would not be discovered by the motorist until the latter was so close to him that only a very sudden stop would prevent him from being run over unless he himself got out of the way in ample time.

"In the second experiment a man wearing light-colored clothes and holding a white handkerchief stood at the same distance. The man's figure could be made out in plenty of time for the automobilist to avoid him, and the white handkerchief was particularly easy to pick out.



NOT A CLEVER STUDIO "SET"

Uncle Sam's camera men "shooting" a film in the depths of an Arizona copper mine. At other times the camera men took hair-breadth rides at dizzy heights on aerial tramways across yawning valleys. Some of the photography for this film was done thousands of feet underground.

"In the third experiment the highway lights were turned on and the pedestrian, wearing dark clothes, was vividly revealed in silhouette against the glow of the lights.

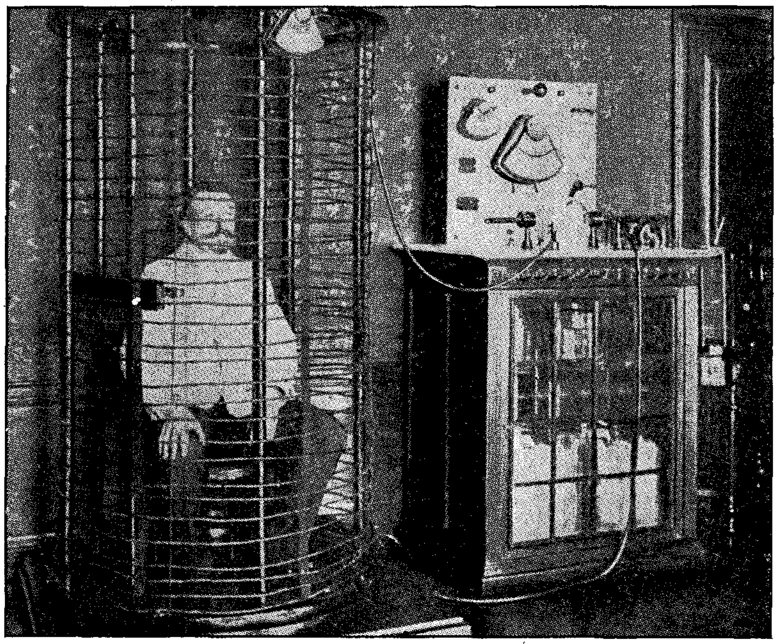
"The conclusion reached was that in only two ways can a motorist discern pedestrians upon highways at a distance after dark. They can be seen if they wear light-colored clothes, preferably all-white clothes; or if the highway has adequate highway lights.

"As it is out of the question to expect that every one who walks along the highways will dress in white, the only alternative is to properly light the roads, the investigators say. It is not sufficient to depend upon automobile headlights alone, according to this demonstration.

"Such conditions as described are to be met with principally upon public highways beyond the limits of cities and towns, where the road passes through more or less open country, without sidewalks. Such highways are always more or less used by walkers at all hours of the evening."

ELECTROCUTING DISEASE

THE SO-CALLED "DIATHERMIC" TREATMENT of certain diseases, in which heat is generated within the body itself by the action of oscillatory electric currents of high frequency, is described in *La France Illustrée* (Paris), by Jacques Boyer. Mr. Boyer tells us that this method is effective in cases of high blood-pressure, arterial hardening, gout, rheumatism, and even with violent colds in the head. He writes:



AN ELECTRIC CHAIR NOT TO END LIFE, BUT TO SAVE IT

Electric cage for treating hardening of the arteries with high-frequency currents.

"The physiological properties of high-frequency currents of damped oscillation were announced as long ago as 1892 by Professor d'Arsonval. Later, by devising a special apparatus, he made it easy for physicians to use the undamped electric oscillations. Since then their diathermic [internal-heating] applications have been innumerable. The domain of this new branch of electrical treatment is extending further and further, and its technique is becoming more perfect daily.

"Owing to the high intensity of the currents which in this form may safely traverse the human organism, we are now able to cause notable increase of temperature in the very mass of the tissues, between the electrodes of a properly arranged device. Albumens may even be coagulated at a distance. Thus, writes a competent specialist, Dr. Bordier, in his recent work, 'Diathermy and Diathermotherapy' (1928), we may even hope that certain cancers may ultimately be cured in this way. Instead of resorting to the knife, the surgeon will then use a 'diathermic knife' to remove the diseased tissues.

"While awaiting this blessed day, let us see how these remarkable currents are already able to alleviate hardening of the arteries. In a healthy person the arterial pressure is about 6 to 6½ inches of mercury, while in some diseases it rises beyond 10 inches, and in others, such as neurasthenia, it falls to 4 or 5. The physician can easily measure high blood-pressure, which is an ordinary symptom of arterial hardening, but hitherto he has been able only to recognize it without curing it.

"For several years, however, hardening of the arteries has been treated by diathermy. The patient is introduced into a huge electric coil traversed by high-frequency currents. He sits on a chair in full view, in the center of this cylindrical cage. In a glazed cabinet near by a transformer raises the tension of the alternating current to 40,000 or 50,000 volts, with 500,000 or 600,000 alternations per second. After five minutes of electrical treatment the arterial pressure falls, and with several successive 'darsonvalisations' it is brought down to normal. The lowered pressure persists, and the progress of the arterial hardening appears to be arrested."

High-frequency currents are also used to relieve gout and rheumatism. In this case the patient is not surrounded with a coil:

"Comfortably stretched out on an insulated mattress, he holds in his hands one of the extremities of the bobbin. A leaden sheet, connected with the other end, lies between the chaise longue and the mattress. Thus a condenser is formed with the patient for one armature and the metal plate for the other, the insulating mattress acting as the dielectric.

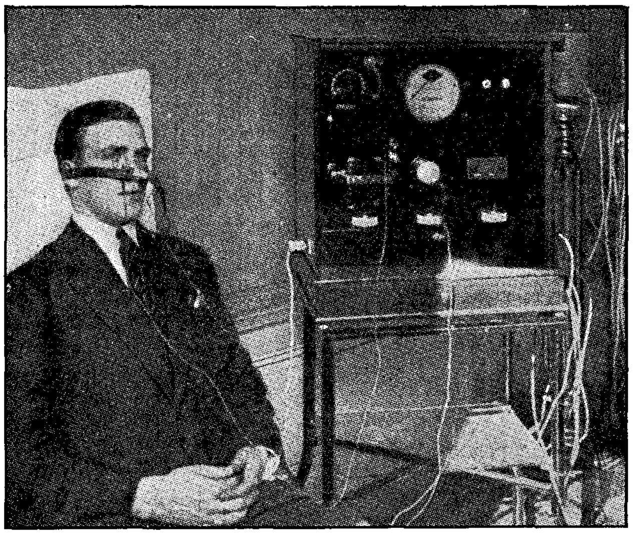
"With the low-pressure patients the same electric oscillations are applied, but in the form of radiation, along the spine. The subject, in this case, sits on an insulated stool and the operator brushes his spine with a set of metal brushes. Certain types of neurasthenics may also be treated thus.

"Diathermic treatment is also used in gynecology and urology. Dr. Bordier has been applying it lately to violent colds in the head. He uses a double valve which, acting as a bi-polar electrode, consists of two small metal plates, fastened to the flexible arms of a V-shaped insulator. A hinge at the base enables this to be applied to a nose of any size or shape. An elastic band holds the device to the patient's head. The patient sits comfortably in a chair, while the operator gradually increases the strength of the current until a sensation of heat is felt in the nose.

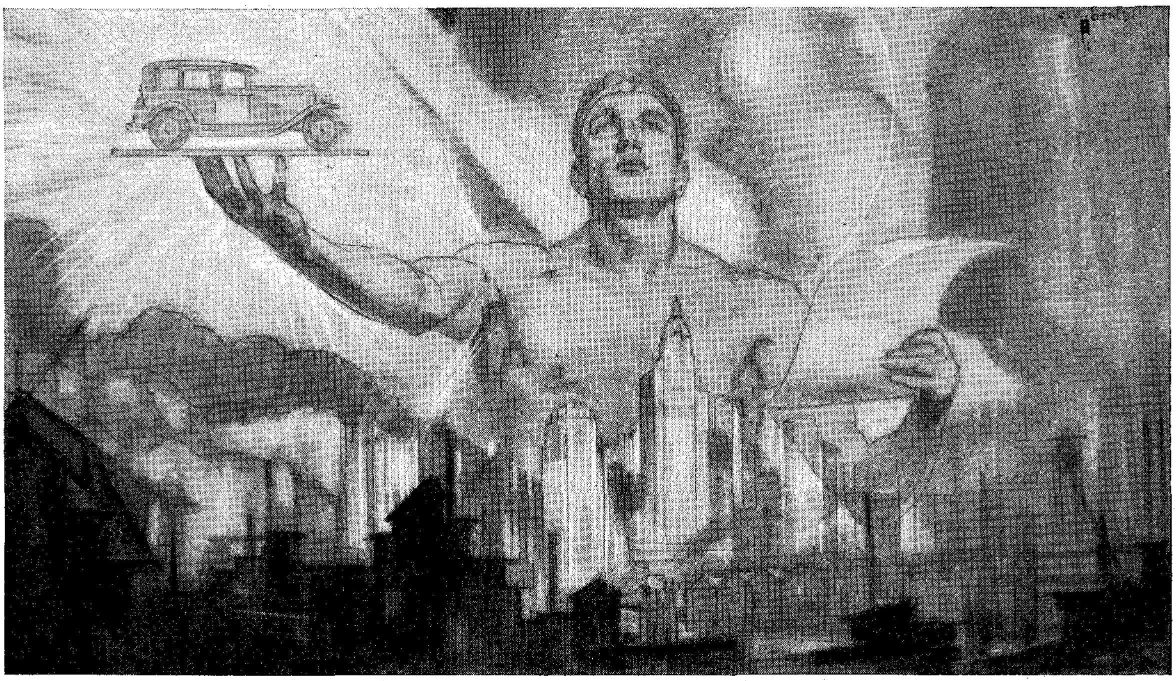
"According to figures given by Dr. Bordier, a sitting of twenty minutes, with even a feeble oscillatory current (200 to 300 milliamperes), is enough to cure the most violent cold. As soon as the electric radiation has passed through the mucous membrane, the patient breathes freely, his nose no longer runs, and he stops sneezing. He sheds no more tears, and the pain in his frontal sinus disappears little by little with the last traces of his cold—thus suddenly arrested in its course. The cure is quicker, the more violent the cold."

WOODEN FOOD—A group of German chemists, led by Dr. Frederick Bergius, has succeeded in extracting a nutritive food substance from wood—at least, this is the news from Berlin reported in *L'Ere Nouvelle* (Paris). We read:

"It has long been known that by combining wood-pulp with water it is rendered assimilable. After twelve years of study and experiment, it seems that an interesting result has been reached. Hydrochloric acid in concentrated form is used to dissolve the cellulose, and one of the most delicate problems that had to be solved was how to get rid of this acid after it had done its work. From 100 parts of dry wood, the chemists finally succeeded in obtaining 75 parts of a fodder for herbiverous animals, which seemed to be quite satisfactory to them in the course of experiments in its practical use. Successful experiments are now in progress to refine this chemical food and make it available for human consumption. Dr. Bergius asserts that by his process he can reach the same result by using straw or green twigs, and that we shall be eating them soon. This will be still another way of using up straw, which already serves to make wrapping-paper, artificial silk, photographic films, and even varnishes. We may add that not long ago French prisoners of war were fed on wood-pulp in Germany. If wood-pulp becomes popular as a food, it certainly will not be among those prisoners!"



TREATING A COLD IN THE HEAD



AS LONG AS MANKIND USES MOTOR CARS THERE WILL ALWAYS BE A BUICK

The motoring public itself has given to Buick the sinews of leadership in the shape of overwhelming demand. A quarter-century of buyer preference has brought to Buick the men, the plants and the resources that spell permanence.

So deeply has Buick woven itself into the life of America that people everywhere regard its very name as a symbol of reliability.

The builders of Buick wish to preserve this good name always. And public good will makes the task at once a duty and a pleasure.

It is a duty because demand so great that more than twice as many people purchase Buicks as any other car priced above $1200 literally inspires Buick to keep everlasting faith with owners.

It is a pleasure because this is Buick's *fondest desire*, and because public favor throughout a quarter of a century has given Buick unrivaled facilities for continued service and advancement.

The fine craftsmen of the industry — leaders in every phase of motor car manufacture — have brought their talents to Buick. Huge plants of the most modern type have risen to perpetuate Buick quality. Tremendous financial resources have followed as a matter of course.

These advantages spell stability. They attest Buick permanence. They make it possible to say that *Buick leadership is leadership that lasts.*

These are wonderful statements to be able to make about any product. Buick makes them, not boastfully, but as a definite assurance to Buick owners that they can count upon Buick always.

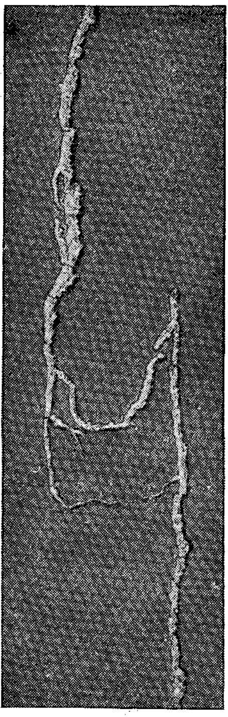
As long as mankind uses motor cars, there will always be a Buick. And as long as Buick builds motor cars, it will always build superlatively well.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation
Canadian Factory: McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, Oshawa, Ontario

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

THE LIGHTNING'S AUTOGRAPH

DESTRUCTIVE LIGHTNING leaves its trail of wreckage, but this is quickly cleared away. Even in the forest, where a shattered tree stands for years as evidence of the power of the discharge, it ultimately decays and disappears. But when lightning strikes in an open area of sandy soil, it may leave a trace that persists for centuries. Thus are produced the so-called "fulgurites," tubes of vitrified quartz, made of melted sand grains. In *Kosmos* (Stuttgart), H. Berg describes some of these "lightning tubes" that he has unearthed in Germany. First, however, about false ones:



A ZIGZAG

Very like the freakish path of the lightning flash is its autograph here in the sand.

"In some circles one still meets with the belief that the so-called 'thunderbolts' (belemnites) are produced by lightning. This opinion is so deeply rooted that frequently it is difficult to rectify it; for altho in the text-books of zoology there is the remark, 'The so-called thunderbolts are the inner shells of long-extinct cuttlefish-like animals,' this reference is usually disregarded, as one hardly can picture clearly these 'fishes,' the remains of which are found in some countries by thousands in gravel-pits. It is easy to understand why people have this false conception, as genuine lightning-traces, the fulgurites, are little known and are valued as rare objects in museums.

"Powerful discharges of atmospheric electricity may expend themselves in three directions. The best known is that of purely mechanical force. On trees, telegraph poles, buildings, etc., after a thunderbolt, more or less severe defacements may be found, which are the more evident the greater the resistance met by the lightning in its path. Gnarled oaks are shattered, while smooth pines, poplars, and beech-trees, even with wide strips of bark peeled off, show hardly visible cracks in the wood. The smooth surface of lightning-rods remains undamaged, while iron grates and angular frames and portals are twisted, pulled down, and frequently hurled a great distance. It has been authentically reported that strong walls and pillars have been removed for several feet, or have collapsed, but this is a secondary effect produced by atmospheric pressure.

"Less striking are the chemical changes wrought by lightning in organic and inorganic bodies. Iron frequently becomes magnetic, and enormous heat may be developed. Iron melts at 1500 degrees, and then not until it has been heated for some time, while the melting point of quartz is still higher. But lightning melts iron in the fraction of a second, so that it drips; the discharge solders chains, so that one may handle them like poles, and, under favorable conditions, transforms quartz sand into long glass tubes. One may discover the path of lightning in every kind of soil, but it is not always that a tube is formed. In soil filled with organic substances, only flakelike cinders are found, that greatly resemble cigar-ashes; in sandy clay the lightning leaves a chasm, the sides of which are covered more or less thickly with molten quartz grains, as if sprinkled with crystallized sugar, whereas in pure clay the trace of lightning passes without fusion in hollow spaces of alternating cross-section."

Since in the course of thousands of years an endless number of lightning discharges have darted into the earth, and since the hard, tho delicate glass-substance in dry sandy soil seems to be almost imperishable, lightning tubes ought to be found as frequently in sand-pits as the "thunderbolts" in gravelly soil. But they are little known, because the diggers pay hardly any attention to the delicate, fragile formations. We are told further:

"Pastor Hermann was the first to excavate a lightning tube, near Massel, in Silesia, in 1706. He named it *Osteocollen*, and supposed that 'this plant was a fruit of subterranean fire, by means of which this tube is generated by melting and flowing sand and certain vitreous juice.'

"Not until the year 1805 were the tubes known as traces of lightning. Hentzen, a farmer, discovered some in an Alpine pasture near Paderborn, and Dr. Fiedler succeeded in laying bare several pieces for scientific investigation. His publications caused a sensation, but the interest gradually died, and professional papers rarely described the new discoveries.

"In the last four decades I have examined more than 230 cases of lightning discharge, and have taken out twenty-two lightning tubes. In most cases trees had been struck, and only in two could open-area bolts be examined. I had at my disposal mostly beeches and oaks, because I lived for many years near a heath bordered by oaks. The comparatively small number of discovered lightning tubes may be accounted for by the fact that in trees the lightning mostly adopts the roots as the medium of its transmission, and then forms in the soil only delicate half-tubes at best. Besides, in case of strong trees, the examination is very difficult and is hardly possible without endangering the tree.

"Not until 1892 did I discover my first lightning tube by accident. In the sandhill of Niehusen, on the 'Fischland,' the wind had cut an undulation of the ground and laid bare the upper end of the fulgurite.

"The tube was lifted out in about 100 parts of various lengths, each part carefully numbered and packed. It is exhibited in a total length of three feet as the first object of its kind in the Geological Institute in Rostock. In spite of increased effort it was not until 1902 that a second tube was exposed in Luessow, near Laage. Immediately after I had seen a strong beech struck, I ascertained the formation of a splendid tube.

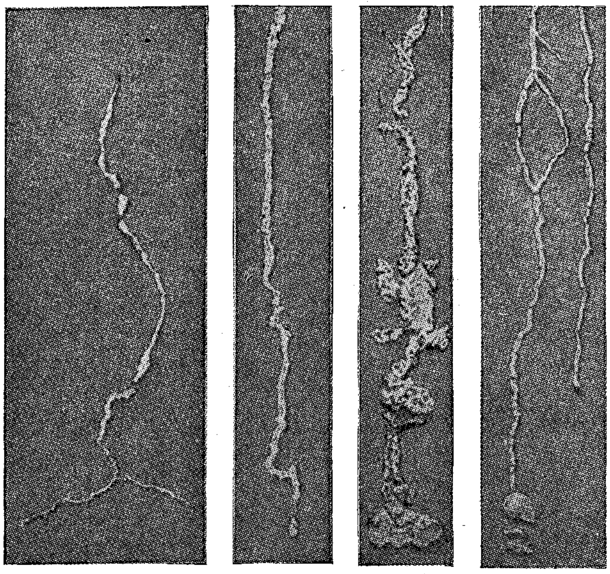
"The excavation offered an opportunity to study the effect produced by the heat of the lightning in the various kinds of soil. In the yellow fine sand a tube of 1½ inches had formed with variable cross-section and long spiral longitudinal convolutions. Below the sand, gravel was found, and below that boulder-clay.

"The tube in the gravel appeared as a coarse-grained conglomerate, while it disappeared in the clay, and a cleft five inches wide, sprinkled with molten quartz-grains, indicated the further course of the lightning.

"One of the illustrations shows a fulgurite from Krummendorf, near Rostock, that originated in white fine sand in an open area. Noteworthy in this tube is the almost rectangular bend at the lower end.

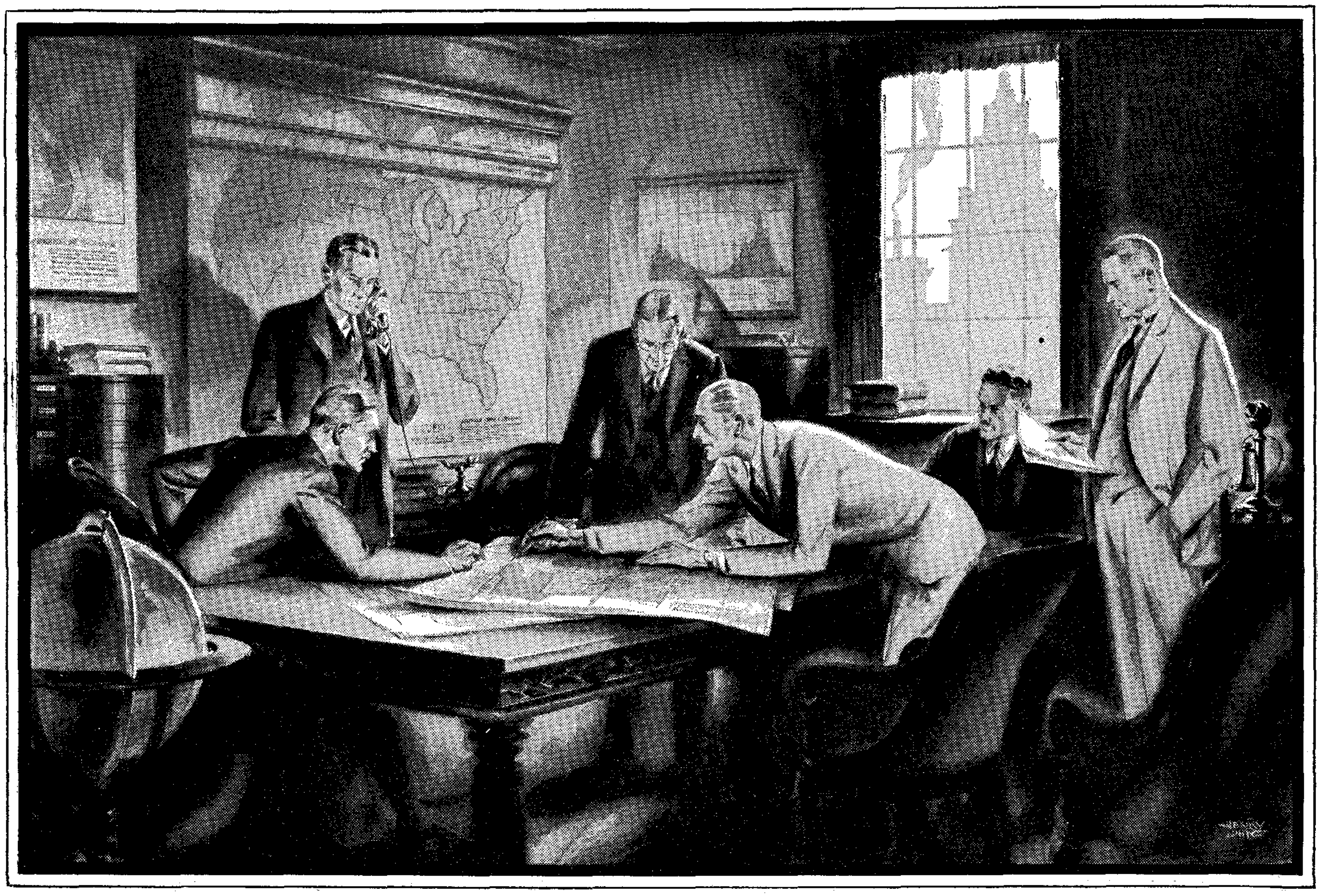
"The tubes in another illustration come from the Nossentine heath. Here again the lightning had darted into a beech, had separated while still in the trunk, and left behind it one main tube with branches, and two side tubes, of which only one could be saved.

"In the Nossentine heath I examined two trees struck by lightning, near which I had found visible traces of lightning in the ground. They offered an opportunity for instructive observations, and a fulgurite of rare strength and beauty was unearthed, from the beginning to the electrical dissipation in ground water."



PRESERVED IN A GERMAN MUSEUM

Four "very beautiful" lightning tubes, or fulgurites, exhibited in the Geological Institute at Rostock, Germany.



Planning high-speed business

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

MORE than 95% of the telephone calls from one town to another in the Bell System are now on a high-speed basis. This holds whether the call is between neighboring cities or half way across the continent.

Even if it is a long call, the operator in many cases now asks you to hold the telephone while the call is put through.

Calls from one town to another used to be handled by one operator taking your order and giving it to another group of operators to put through. You now give your call direct to the operators who put it through—and put it through fast while you are on the line. The average time for handling all toll and long-distance calls in the Bell System was further materially reduced in 1928.

A high-speed service to all parts of the country—calls from one town to another as swift, clear and easy as local calls—that is the aim of the Bell System.

This is one of the many improvements in methods and appliances which are constantly being introduced to give high-speed telephone service.

Better and better telephone service at the lowest cost is ever the goal of the Bell System.

"THE TELEPHONE BOOKS ARE THE DIRECTORY OF THE NATION"

PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

DIGGING TUNNELS UNDER THE OCEAN'S FLOOR

AN AGONIZED VOICE CAME OVER the telephone. "I'm in a very bad position, Mr. Ellsberg," cried Francis Smith. "Send some one to help!"

Joe Eiben was on the other side of the job. Commander Edward Ellsberg, United States Navy, who relates the incident in "On the Bottom" (Dodd, Mead), a Literary Guild selection, dropt Smith's phone, seized Eiben's and ordered him to leave his work and help his companion. Eiben acknowledged the order and started.

Meanwhile Commander Ellsberg was trying to figure out what had happened. The fire-hose leading over the rail was throbbing violently. Perhaps the nozle had torn itself from Smith's grasp and was thrashing him to death. He called again over Smith's phone. "Shall I turn off the water?"

The answer was almost a scream. "No! For God's sake keep it going! The tunnel has caved in behind me!"

Commander Ellsberg felt faint. Smith's predicament was worse than desperate. The men were at work raising the *S-51*, the Navy submarine which, in a collision in 1925, was sunk in 132 feet of water, fourteen miles east of Block Island, off the Rhode Island coast. In his book Commander Ellsberg tells of the terrific labor involved in raising the ship in 1925 and 1926. Part of the work was digging tunnels under the *S-51* to run chains around it. The tunnels were driven by use of fire-hose which washed away the sand and clay. Smith, in a tunnel under the hull, had been trapt by a cave-in. His only means of communication with the men of the salvage ships above was by the telephone in his diver's helmet. Reading on of the ensuing rescue:

International Newsreel photographs

SPOILS OF WAR FROM NEPTUNE

Commander Ellsberg and the bell of the *S-51*, which became a bone of good-humored contention with the diver who recovered it.

> Hastily we coupled up another fire-hose and slid it down the descending line for Eiben's use. But it had taken two weeks to drive the tunnel to where Smith lay! On deck we looked at each other helplessly. Over the telephone, I could hear Smith's labored breathing as he struggled in the darkness.
>
> No further messages came. The sailors stood silently around the deck, waiting for Eiben to arrive at the tunnel, wondering what good he could do when he got there.
>
> Eiben reached the descending line at the gun, cut loose the new hose, dragged it forward with him, and dropt over the port side to the bottom. Finally after what seemed an age, he reported himself at the tunnel mouth, said he was trying to enter.
>
> I waited; then over Smith's telephone, I heard Smith say to Eiben:
>
> "I'm all right now, Joe. Had a little accident. You go on back to your own job."
>
> Tho he could not turn round, Smith had managed to pass the nozle back between his legs, and guiding it with his feet, he had washed his way out backward through the cave-in!
>
> Eiben left. Smith sat down on the ocean floor a few minutes to rest, then picked up his hose, crawled back into the tunnel and for half an hour more continued to wash his way toward the keel.
>
> No deed ever performed in the heat of battle with the enemy, where thousands cheer you on, can compare with Francis Smith's bravery, when, in the silent depths of the ocean beneath the hulk of the *S-51*, he washed his way out of what well might have been his grave, then deliberately turned round, went back into the black hole from which he had by the grace of God escaped, and worked his way deeper and deeper into it.

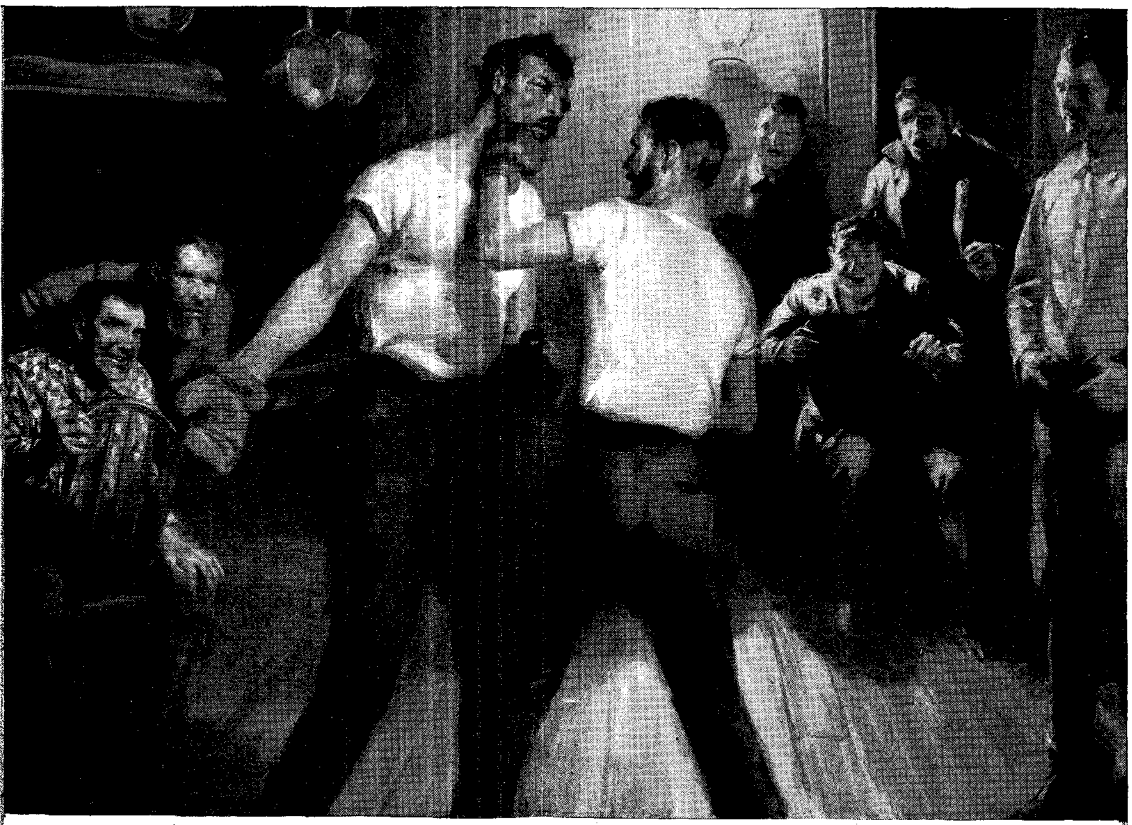
Other divers followed Smith; in a few more days they reached the keel on the port side. Then, marking the corresponding spot on the starboard side as carefully as possible, they started to drift another tunnel from that side to meet the port-side hole. Continuing, we read:

> As the boat was heeled far over on her port side, the tunnel on the starboard side was not much over half as long as on the low side. While the divers worked on the starboard side hole, we sent one or two men a day into the port tunnel to keep it cleared out.
>
> Only the most experienced of the divers managed to make any headway in the tunnels. Carr, Smith, Wilson, Eiben, Kelley, Eadie, Michels, and Bailey did practically all the work. We tried a few of the most promising of the newer divers on the job, but they never got anywhere at it. The reason was clear enough. Years of experience were necessary to develop the iron nerve and the forgetfulness of surroundings which were essential to allow the diver to concentrate on the job and ignore his situation.
>
> The job proceeded, the divers coming up sometimes singly, sometimes in pairs. Eiben and Eadie, who had been working, one in the port tunnel, the other in the starboard one, met at the gun on the submarine's forecastle, climbed on the stage at the ninety-foot mark, and, according to ritual, began their setting-up exercises while decompressing.
>
> Those two men were safely off the bottom. On the quarter-deck, we turned attention to the next diver, who, except for his helmet, was ready to go over. He was testing his telephone.
>
> A voice came from the superstructure.
>
> "Tom Eadie said something, but I couldn't make it out. I can't get him now!"
>
> Hartley tried, I tried, Gunner Tibbals tried. None of us could understand, tho it did sound as if Eadie were shouting something. Eiben was on the stage down there with Eadie. I took Eiben's telephone.
>
> "Hello, Joe! Ask Tom what he wants!"
>
> A pause, then Eiben replied:
>
> "Tom's not here! What did you pull him up for?"
>
> Surprized, I looked at Eadie's tender. He had not pulled Eadie up.
>
> "Where's Tom?" I asked him.
>
> "He's still down there, sir. I'm trying to signal him. I've given him 'One' on his line, two or three times, but he doesn't answer."
>
> A shout over the telephone from Eiben.
>
> "Eadie just fell back on the stage. His suit's nearly torn in half and he's full of water. Take him up quick!"
>
> Half a dozen bears grabbed Eadie's lines and heaved hard. The weight was tremendous, evidently Eadie's suit was wholly waterlogged. Others grasped the lines wherever they could lay hands on them and we heaved rapidly. Over the side went another stage, two men on it, dropt into the water up to their waists. Hand over hand Eadie's lines came in, then at last Eadie's helmet. The men on the stage seized it, dragged his limp form on the stage; the winchman jerked the stage up, swung it in on deck.
>
> Eadie's suit was nearly completely torn in two just below the breastplate, the leather straps over his shoulders were broken, his lead belt was hanging round his ankles. No need to take off his helmet. We cut loose his shoes, dragged him out of

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.



An epochal uppercut in the war against tuberculosis: Told at 29 that he had tuberculosis, and had only a few short months to live, Dr. Edward L. Trudeau — at 34 — accepted the challenge of a local Adirondack boxing champion and gave him a sound beating. Dramatic proof that he had learned how to arrest this dread disease! Twenty-two years later, in 1899, he helped found the National Tuberculosis Association, whose annual preventive campaign is now in progress. Dr. Trudeau lived to the age of 69.

Important facts about Tuberculosis

Tuberculosis is the progressive destruction of body tissues by germs known as *tubercle bacilli.*

Your doctor can tell you if you have tuberculosis in active form. If you have it, the sooner treatment begins the more surely its progress can be arrested — modern medical science now considers it a curable disease.

Tuberculosis is communicable, but even those living under the same roof with a tuberculous individual may be protected against infection by ordinary precautions.

Tuberculosis is preventable. Its prevention is chiefly a matter of simple hygienic rules, easily followed.

Medical science is steadily widening its knowledge of tuberculosis. For example, Parke-Davis bacteriologists and chemists are just now assisting in a nation-wide coöperative study of the chemistry of tuberculosis, under the leadership of the National Tuberculosis Association.

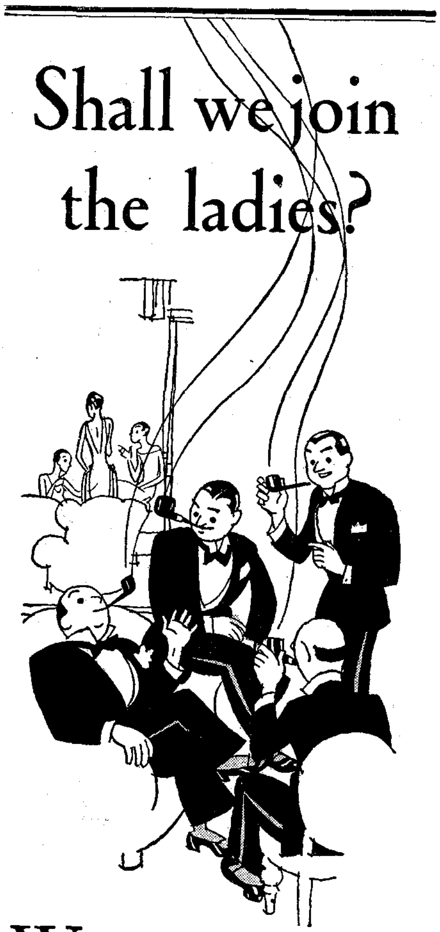
Meanwhile the fight goes on. New, powerful allies mobilizing for humanity's sake. Odds slowly but steadily increasing against this dread disease!

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

A PERSONAL NOTE

Parke, Davis & Company make a number of special products for your daily home use—with the same exacting care which marks the manufacture of Parke-Davis medicines. If you will ask your druggist about them, he will tell you that each needs no further recommendation than the simple statement: It is a Parke-Davis product.


Shall we join the ladies?

WHY NOT? The social pipe has taken on a new sociability since Sir Walter Raleigh smoking mixture came to town. It's mild. It's mellow. It's fresh and fragrant to the last pipeful — the gold foil lining keeps it so.

LIMITED OFFER
(for the United States only)
If your favorite tobacconist does not carry Sir Walter Raleigh, send us his name and address. In return for this courtesy, we'll be delighted to send *you* without charge a full-size tin of this *milder* pipe mixture.
Dept. 32, Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky

B.W PRODUCT

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Who discovered how good a pipe can be

It's milder

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

the suit through the hole around his breast.

Eadie was very pale, bleeding badly from the mouth and nose, but apparently still conscious. We did not wait to investigate. The tenders who pulled him out of the suit dragged him hurriedly to the recompression tank, thrust him in, together with Surgeon Flotte, who hastily ran the pressure up to fifty pounds.

ALL ABOARD FOR DAVY JONES'S LOCKER

Chief Torpedoman Smith being swung over the side of the salvage ship on his way to work at digging tunnels underneath the sunken submarine.

Hours later, after Eiben had come up, and Eadie was below, wrapt in blankets in his bunk, with Eiben resting in the next berth, I asked them what had happened. Eadie told me.

"Joe and I were on the stage at ninety feet, I was jumping up and down to decompress myself, and I guess Joe was doing knee stoops.

"All of a sudden my exhaust-valve jammed shut and my suit started to swell out. I tried to reach my control-valve and turn off the air, but before I could swing my arm around, my suit stiffened out from the pressure inside, and it spread-eagled me. Both my sleeves shot out straight sideways and I couldn't bend my elbows to get my hand in on the control-valve.

"By that time I was so light, I started to float up off the stage, and I yelled in the telephone to the man on deck to turn the air off on my hose. I guess he didn't understand me."

I interrupted Eadie and turned to Eiben.

"Say, Joe didn't you notice it when Eadie started up?"

Eiben looked at us sheepishly.

"Yes, I sort of saw him go, out of the corner of my face-plate, but I just thought he was taking an extra-high jump, and I went right on exercising. I wasn't thinking about Tom, and I didn't look around again for him till you called me from the deck."

Eadie went on, as we read:

"As I started to float up, I thought fast. Of course I knew if I 'blew up' without any decompression I'd probably get 'the bends,' but that wasn't what worried me most. We were hanging from the *Falcon*, and if I came up from the bottom with all that buoyancy, I'd be going as if I'd been fired from a gun by the time I hit her hull. My copper helmet would flatten out like a pancake, and that would be my finish right there.

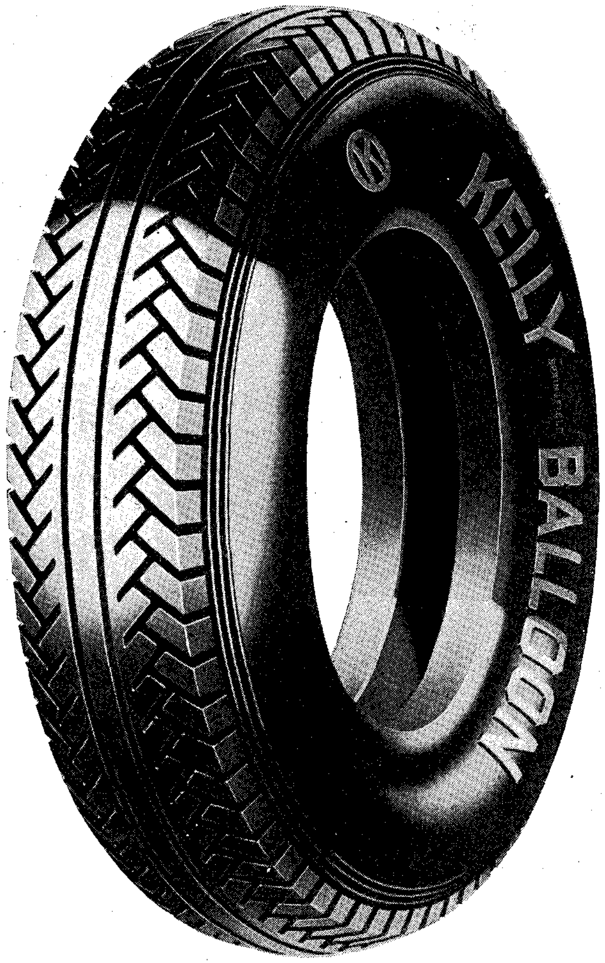
"As I shot up, I saw the top of the steel bails from which the stage was hanging flash down past my face-plate. I couldn't do anything with my hands, but as I went by, I shoved out the toes of both my shoes, and I managed to hook the brass toe caps on my diving shoes into the triangle where the bails join. That stopt me with a jerk, and there I was, hanging onto the bails with my toes and just praying that the caps wouldn't tear off the shoes!

"I tried again to pull my hands in, but I couldn't. My suit swelled out some more in a hurry, and burst the shoulder straps, holding my belt up and my helmet down. The lead belt dropt around my feet, and my helmet flew up over my head. As it went by, the breastplate hit me a lick under the chin that nearly broke my jaw, and my suit then stretched out so the helmet was nearly two feet over my head. When the straps let go and the suit stretched, that gave me still more buoyancy, and the pull on my toes was awful.

"I tried to yell in the telephone to you to have Joe climb up to me, shut off my air and open the petcock on my helmet so as to let some air out of my suit, but the telephone transmitter was up in the helmet and that was two feet over my head and I couldn't make you understand.

"Then the pressure increased with a rush

KELLY
SPRINGFIELD TIRES



IN nearly every industry you will find two manufacturers whose names stand out above the rest.

One is known for the *size* of his output.

The other is known for its *quality*.

There may be some uncertainty in the mind of the car-owning public as to who builds the *most* tires, but there is very little uncertainty as to who builds the *best*.

The great reputation of Kelly-Springfield tires and the fact that you so often find them on expensive cars have given many people an impression that Kellys must be high-priced.

Contrary to this belief, Kellys cost no more than any one of a dozen other makes.

When you buy a fairly good tire, you pay the same price you would for a Kelly-Springfield.

Why, then, not *have* a Kelly-Springfield?

Kelly-Springfield Tire Co., 1775 Broadway, New York

and nearly broke my ears, and I started to bleed from my mouth and nose. The strain on my toes was fierce, and I was wondering how much longer I could hang on, when all at once my suit tore apart under all that pressure, let out all the air, and I nearly burst as the extra pressure suddenly disappeared. My helmet sort of dropt back, my suit all filled up with water, and I fell down again on the stage.

"I felt you starting to pull me up. I tried to hold my breath, because there was no more air in the suit. Then I remembered that the lines you were hauling me with were only secured to my helmet, and I could feel that my suit was nearly torn in two just below the breastplate. I was down in the rest of the suit and I could feel my heavy shoes and that lead belt hanging round my ankles. I was afraid that what was left of the suit wouldn't stand the strain and it would tear all the way across. Then you'd pull up the helmet and I'd just sink with those lead-soled shoes and the lead belt as anchors. I thought how surprized you'd be when my helmet came up empty. I tried to kick the belt free from round my feet. No use, I couldn't get it off, so I just held my breath and prayed that the suit wouldn't rip any more. I tried hard not to swallow any water, and the next thing I knew, they were dragging me onto the stage."

NO, THIS IS NOT A MARTIAN

It is simply Chief Torpedoman Kelley holding the torch Commander Ellsberg developed for deep-sea cutting.

Altho a fire-hose was the best implement the salvagers had to cut away the sand and clay in tunneling under the *S-51*, it was far from satisfactory. The "kick" of the hose as its stream of water came out was much worse than it would have been on land, because of the wall of water which it struck. For this reason fifty or sixty pounds was the highest pressure that could be maintained, and this was not enough to cut through the hard-packed ocean floor at much more than the rate of a foot a day. But there was on the *Falcon* a machinist's mate named Waldren. He was of an inventive turn, and he spent much time thinking over the tunneling troubles. Finally he remembered that he had seen a type of hose-nozle that eliminated "kick." He said nothing, but took a heavy brass bar and set to work. Quoting further:

He busied himself for some weeks on the lathe in the engine-room, machining out a nozle which, when completed, looked like nothing any one in the salvage squadron had ever seen. In addition to a large opening which discharged water ahead, it had a number of smaller ports which discharged water at an angle astern; the whole nozle was so proportioned that the kick ahead and the kick astern practically balanced each other. I learned months afterward that this nozle had already been patented years before for other uses, but so far as we were concerned off Block Island, it was a brand-new idea.

Waldren brought out his handiwork just before we were about to start the new tunnel. It was a full-sized nozle, so we used a two-and-one-half-inch fire-hose again for the first time since the day Bailey had started the other tunnel.

Eadie went down with the new nozle, carefully spotted his position on the port side abreast the conning-tower, braced himself with the nozle pointed at the clay close to the buried hull, and sang out:

"On deck! Turn on the water!"

Slowly we opened the valve from the fire-main to his hose till the pressure rose to thirty pounds, then held it there. The hose swelled out moderately. Far below, Eadie started washing. He worked a minute, then I heard:

"On deck! More pressure on the hose!"

The valve was opened a little wider, the pressure went to fifty pounds. Shortly another call:

"More pressure!"

We had never been above sixty pounds, even with the small hose, but if Eadie could stand it, we could, so the gage went up to seventy pounds. Still not satisfied, Eadie called for more, and we opened the valve wide, gave him the full force of the pump, one hundred pounds. The hose stiffened out, became hard as iron, in a long bend swept over the rail into the sea. At the valve, a seaman stood by to close off hurriedly if the nozle tore from Eadie's hands. I listened anxiously. Another call.

"On deck! Give me some pressure!"

"You've got one hundred pounds already!"

"Give me some more then! I'm just starting to do some real digging!"

I yelled down the hatch where an engineer stood by the wrecking-pump.

"Speed up on that pump. Give her the limit!"

He opened the throttle. The needle jumped—one hundred and twenty, one hundred and thirty, one hundred and forty, one hundred and fifty pounds—the limiting pressure for which the wrecking-pump was built.

That was "a terrific pressure for any man to try to hold. But no complaint came from Eadie." The pump labored on. Quoting further:

Another call from below:

"More pressure!"

I looked down the hatch where the engineer waited.

"Shove her up till she breaks!"

The chief engineer screwed down on the safety-valve, shot more steam to the pump. Up went the pressure again. One hundred and sixty, one hundred and eighty, two hundred pounds. The gage-needle would go no farther. We paused there. The domed cast-iron head over the pump cylinder was pulsing back and forth with each stroke as if it were made of rubber, not iron. The pump was laboring far over its normal capacity. I dared go no farther. We stopt there.

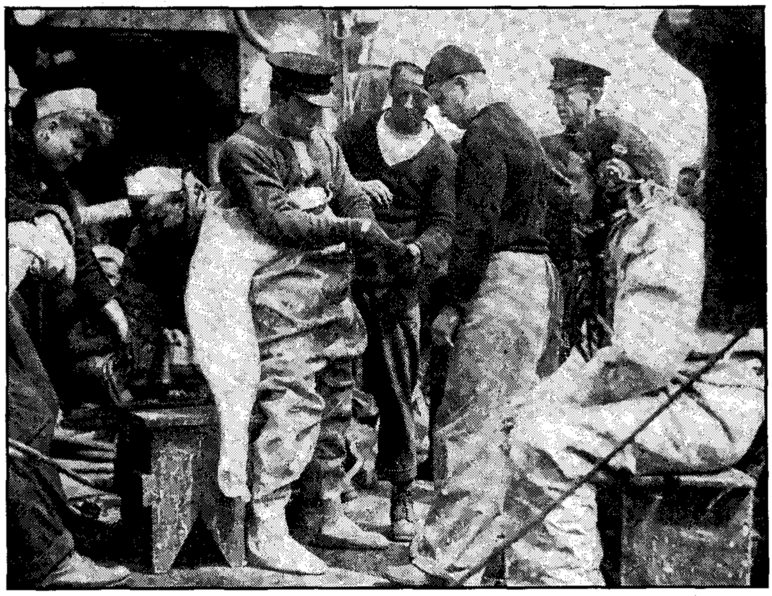
Another call from Eadie.

"On deck! Give her some more!"

"Sorry, Eadie! You'll have to get along with what you've got. If I give her another ounce, the pump will blow up. You've got two hundred pounds now!"

Eadie, handicapped by only two-hundred-pound pressure, was nevertheless making famous progress. The hose on deck was so stiff it would have been impossible to make a dent in it with a sledge-hammer. Under that pressure, a jet of water, hard as a crowbar, was shooting out of the nozle, cutting through the stiff clay easily, while the side jets shot a cone of water

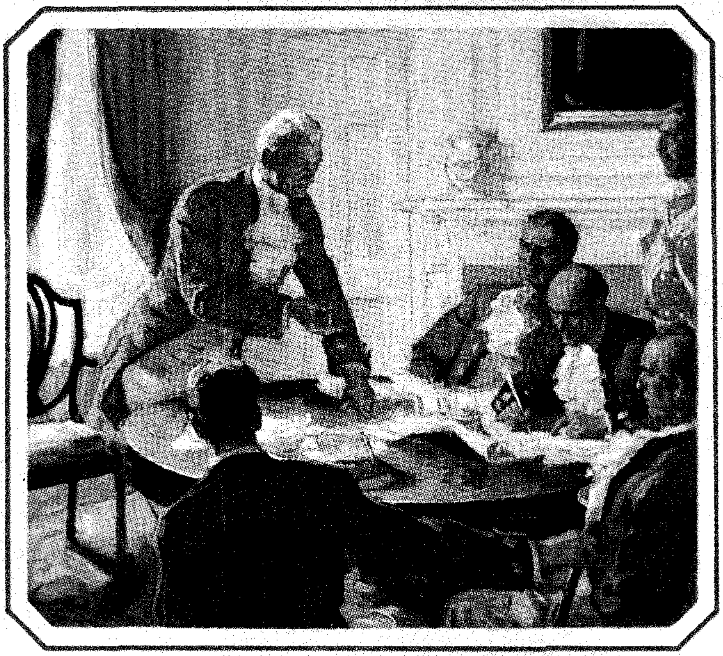
(*Continued on page 47*)



WHAT THE WELL-DREST DIVER WILL WEAR

Commander Ellsberg and Chief Torpedoman Kelley getting into diving-suits, aided by the "bears," or dressers, before going below to try the new torch.

PACKARD



James Monroe, in his famous doctrine, formulated America's lasting policy of independent action and freedom from outside interference

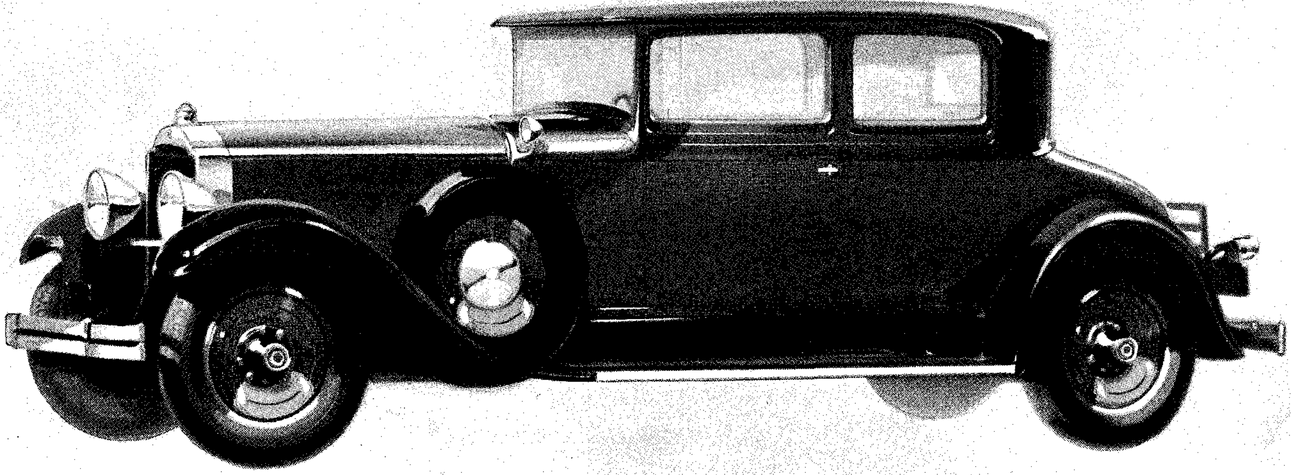
From its inception the Packard company has been independent—free to follow its own policies in seeking its chosen destiny.

In 30 years there have been no entangling alliances—there has been no interference from outside influence, no change of purpose. And Packard's world-supremacy is the result.

Packard has achieved for its product an outstanding and unchallenged leadership in the fine car field. This has been its sole aim. The beauty and originality of Packard design, the superiority of Packard engineering, the superb performance of Packard cars could only be achieved through such singleness of purpose.

That Packard independence of policy and action will continue, that Packard has the means and the intention to remain supreme, is assured by its chief executive: "We have made our own way from the beginning. We have created a position for ourselves and a reputation that is distinctive and unique. We do not intend to surrender either."

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



GOOD PERFORMANC

THE new Ford is more than a new automobile. It is the expression of an ideal—an ideal that looks to bringing the benefits of modern transportation to all the people.

Because of this purpose, the price is low and great care has been taken to insure economy of operation and up-keep. Few features are of greater importance to millions of motorists.

Figures from many sources show that the new Ford averages 20 miles per gallon of gasoline, with thousands of Ford owners reporting greater mileage on long trips. Oil consumption is also low. There is a considerable saving on tires due to the balance of the car, ease of steering and perfected wheel design.

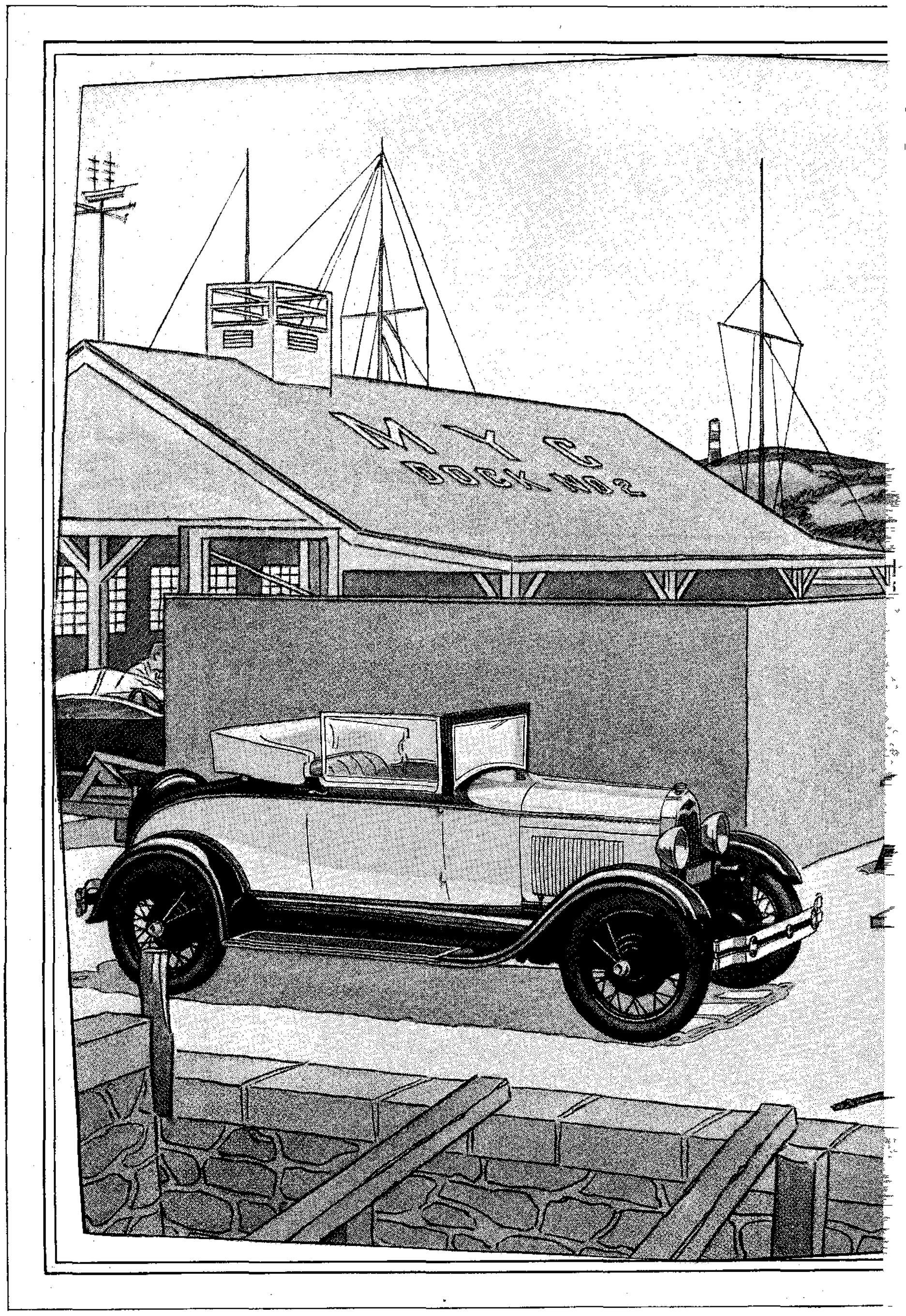
All tires used on new Ford cars and recommended for replacement are specially built by leading tire manufacturers according to specifications laid down by the Ford Motor Company.

Mechanical up-keep is low because of simplicity of design and the enduring quality that has been built into every part.

Definite evidence of the economy of the new Ford is shown in repeated and growing purchases by Federal and city governments, by police departments, and by large industrial companies which keep day-by-day cost records. The new Ford has been chosen only after exhaustive tests covering every feature of automobile value and performance.

A further advantage is the Ford policy of not making radical yearly changes. This serves to protect and maintain the investment of every Ford owner. Wherever possible, im provements in the new Ford ar made so that present owners ma take advantage of them quickl and at low cost.

The availability of Ford dealer throughout the world and clos factory supervision of all servic are additional reasons for the econ omy of the new Ford. This servic begins with proper instruction whe you buy the car and includes a fr inspection or checking-up o



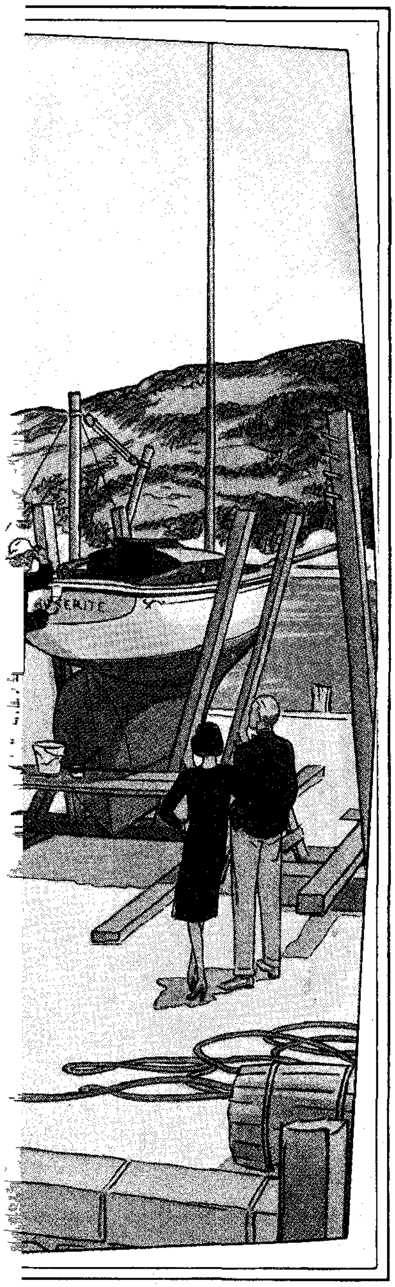
Shown here is one of the newest Ford cars—the Convertible Cabriolet. Combines the comfort of a closed car in winter and the airy freedom of a roadster in summer. A splendid all-year, all-weather car for every member of the family.

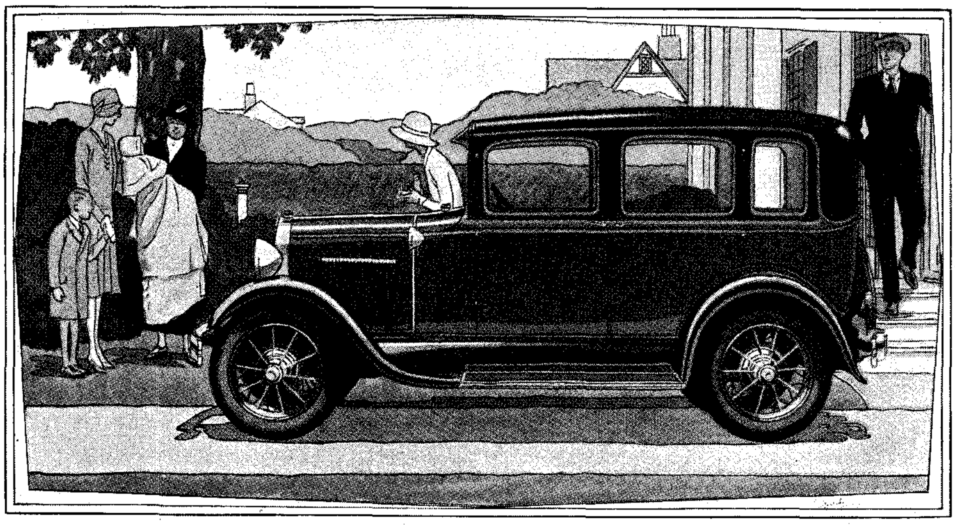
VITH ECONOMY

portant parts at 500, at 1000 and 1500 miles.

\o matter where you live or where u go, you will never be far from a rd dealer who has been specially ined and equipped to help you many thousands of miles of asant, enjoyable motoring at a nimum of trouble and expense.

'Good performance with econ-ıy" is the reason for the unusual lue that is brought to you in the w Ford.





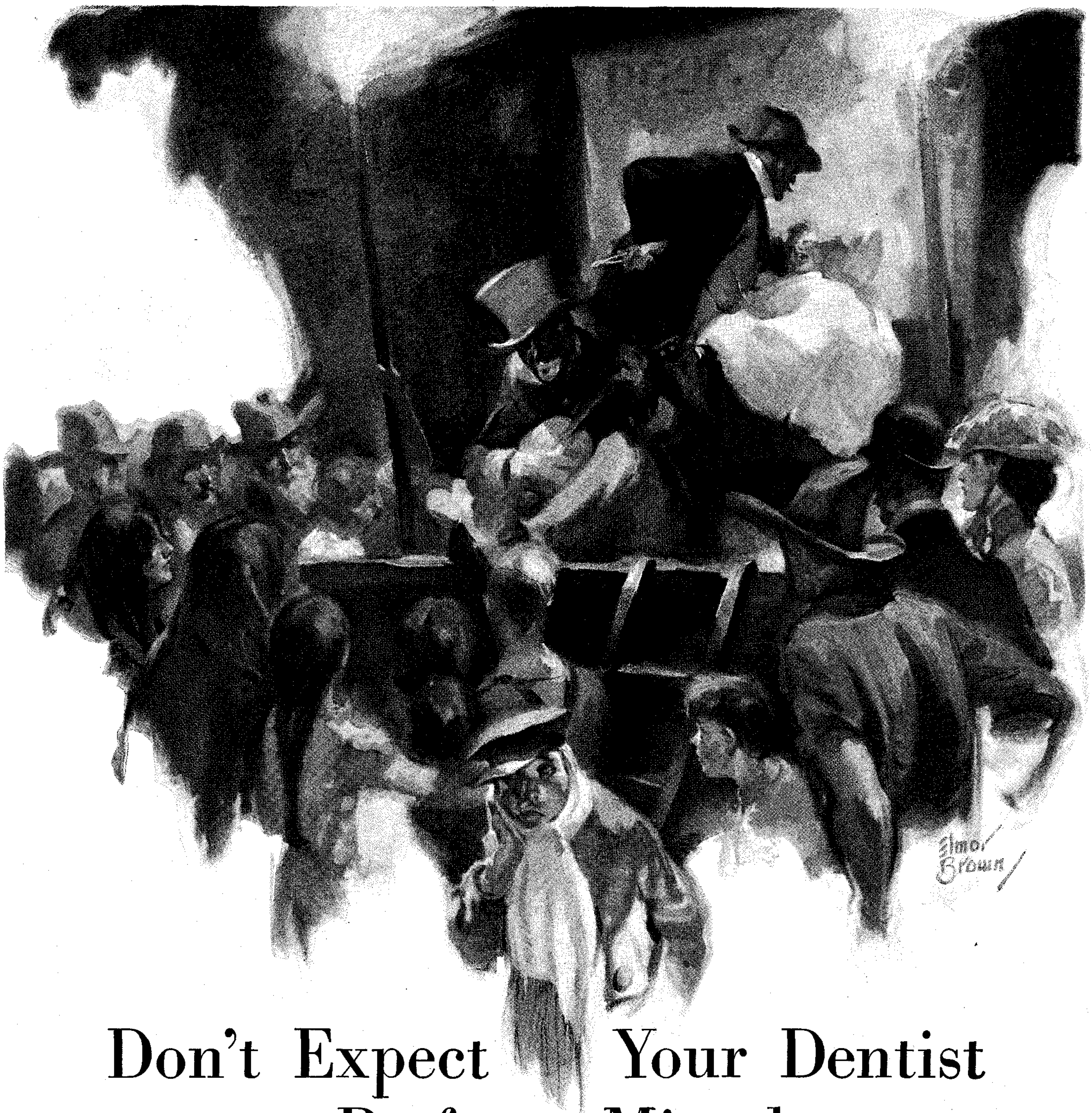
Another new Ford car is the Town Sedan. Distinguished by its roomy comfort and rich finish. Interior hardware is of satin finish nickel. Rear window and rear quarter windows have silk curtains. Driver's seat is adjustable. Folding center arm and side arm rests add to comfort of rear seat. Rear compartment also has bow light and flexible robe rail. Three side windows, large rear window, and narrow pillars give unusual vision.

SERVICE

"It has always been our belief that a sale does not complete the transaction between us and the buyer, but establishes a new obligation on us to see that his car gives him service. We are as much interested in his economical operation of the car as he is in our economical manufacture of it.

"For that reason we have installed a system of controlled service to take care of all Ford car needs in an economical and improved manner. We wish all users of Ford cars to know what they are entitled to in this respect, so that they may readily avail themselves of this service."

Henry Ford



Don't Expect Your Dentist to Perform Miracles

The itinerant charlatan who dispensed minstrelsy and "painless" malpractice has fled before law and public opinion. Yet there remains the Quack—the dentist who claims to be able to do what the reputable, ethical dentist will not... *"All Work Guaranteed for Life"... "Free Examination and Treatment"... "Cut Rate Prices."* ☙ ☙ Ask, or expect, no such inducements from the man to whom you entrust your teeth, your mouth. Protect others, your acquaintances or employees, from the menace of quackery. ☙ ☙ The honest, ethical dentist can do a great deal for you. Give him opportunity to render you and your family the valuable service for which he is fitted. Visit him regularly—as frequently as he suggests. Accept his advice, follow his instructions. Your dentist is able to contribute to your health and comfort only if you co-operate with him. Oral and general health require that you place yourself in the care of an ethical dentist and, always, "Do As Your Dentist Tells You."

LAVORIS CHEMICAL COMPANY
Minneapolis, Minn. Toronto, Ont.

This is Advertisement No. 2 of the Lavoris Reciprocation Program tendered the American Dentist in appreciation of more than 25 years' acceptance and good will

(*Continued from page 42*)

astern that widened the hole made by the main jet and at the same time carried backward the broken clay. In less than an hour, Eadie had tunneled six feet under the boat and disappeared beneath the hull.

Eadie turned over the hose to Wilson and started up. Wilson continued the job. The wrecking pump pulsated, threatened to let go at any minute, but the divers were doing so well it seemed unwise to cut the pressure. Wilson finished his hour, advanced another six feet. Eiben relieved Wilson, Kelley succeeded Eiben, Carr followed Kelley, and when darkness fell and Carr, the last diver for the day, finally started backwards out of the tunnel, he had reached the keel. Five divers in one afternoon had done what had taken weeks on the first tunnel.

The pump stopt, we pulled up the hose, admired the shiny brass nozle. Eadie explained the secret.

"There wasn't any kick at all. I could have held everything you could send. And the harder the water came, the faster the clay went. She's a wonder!"

Every one on the ship braced up. Instead of weeks of work and hours of terror, the last tunnel would go through in a few more hours. Eagerly we waited for the dawn.

Next morning, Wilson took the hose, went down to start the tunnel on the starboard side. With great care he noted the tunnel entrance on the port side, and then threw a weighted line down the starboard side of the ship, exactly opposite, to mark the location. There he braced himself, directly below the huge "5" of the "*S-51*" painted on the side of the conning-tower.

"On deck! Turn on the water!"

The valve was opened wide, the pump speeded up. The gage-needle spun round to the two-hundred mark and steadied there. The pump started to pant once more, as the fire-hose, swelled to the bursting point, carried the pulsating stream to the nozle in Wilson's hands.

Twenty minutes went by. A loud crash from the hold, a fountain of water shooting from the pump-room hatch. The fire-hose went limp. The wrecking-pump was racing like mad when the soaked engineer finally worked his way through the deluge and shut off the steam. The expected had finally happened. The cylinder-head on the pump had blown up! The cast-iron plate lay in pieces all over the fire-room.

We started several smaller pumps, put all of them on the fire-main, but could get no more than sixty pounds on the hose. Wilson worked with that a few minutes, asked for more. He learned there was no more.

"On deck! I'm coming up. I can't work without any water!" And only a few weeks before sixty pounds on a small nozle was all we had dared give the divers. Wilson came up.

We surveyed the wrecked pump. A new casting, twenty inches in diameter, to fit the cylinder, would probably take several weeks to cast and machine. We could not afford to wait. A boat raced to the *Vestal* for her repair officer and the boilermaker. Shortly they came aboard, and we pointed out what we wanted. Back again to the *Vestal*, with all hands taking the pieces of the broken head as a pattern. We found a boiler-plate one inch thick. From this the boilermaker cut a disk the size of the old cast head, and a ring liner to make up for the curvature of the broken casting. Hurriedly these were marked out, rushed to the drill-presses, while several lathes turned out a new set of longer studs to bolt up the double thickness of liner and plate. Back again on the *Falcon*, where the pump waited, the old studs removed. The new studs were screwed in. On went gasket, steel liner, gasket, steel cover plate, retaining nuts. Socket wrenches spun round, the head was tightened up. In four hours from the time the pump blew up a jury-head was on, the pump was running again. To-day, two years since, that makeshift head is still doing duty on the *Falcon's* wrecking-pump.

NO CHANCE OF A WRONG NUMBER HERE

For it's a direct telephone wire by which a diver communicates with his friends at the top. The author of "On the Bottom" is shown talking with one of his men on the veritable bottom of the sea.

Commander Ellsberg also displayed some inventiveness. One of his contributions to the work of raising the *S-51* was a high-speed under-water cutting torch, which greatly facilitated the work on the hull of the submarine. When it was finished he decided to go down himself to do the first cutting. Chief Torpedoman Kelley was to assist him. It was Commander Ellsberg's first dive. What it was like he tells us vividly thus:

I began to descend. The bright light quickly faded to a deeper blue as I sank, the air roared through my helmet. Down, down, it seemed a long way. It was early spring, the water was clearer than it would ever be again that year. I kept my gaze downward, but could see nothing. Down I slid, the light constantly getting dimmer. Would I never reach the bottom? The pressure increased. I began to breathe more rapidly, the air started to feel different, heavy. Then gradually there took shape, dimly outlined against a dark formless background, the stern of the *S-51* below me, peacefully resting. As it loomed up, magnified considerably in the water, it looked perfectly huge. My heart sank. How puny our efforts and our strength were to move such a mass!

That thought passed in a flash, to be succeeded by a thrill. At last I was seeing with my own eyes the object of our labors! With my own hands I was finally to do something to start that submarine once again to the world above!

Another moment, and my feet touched something. I was standing on top of the cylindrical pontoon. Fifteen feet away was the hull of the *S-51*. At the other end of the pontoon I could see Kelley, looking about ten feet high.

I took a step toward him, along the rounded top of the pontoon, then stopt. My head began to feel very light, queer. I braced my feet a little apart, tried to steady myself. Never in my life had I ever fainted, but now my head felt dizzy, my heart strange. I felt that it would be only a matter of seconds before I collapsed.

I staggered, grew fainter. Kelley's figure danced before my eyes, a grotesque giant. It occurred to me that as I was still conscious, I might as well do something while I could. Slowly I pushed through the water toward Kelley, came to the first chain, a few links on top of the hawsepipe, the rest hanging down the curved side of the pontoon. I knelt down, Kelley came toward me. I fumbled for the torch dangling from my left arm, lifted it in front of my face-plate. One by one, I turned on the air, the oxygen, the hydrogen, adjusted the valves. A stream of gas under high pressure hissed from the tip of the torch. I raised the electric lighter.

"Turn on the igniter!" I shouted into my telephone.

My head began to clear. Apparently I was getting a little adjusted to the pressure, and doing something was taking my mind off how queer I felt.

I held the igniter in front of the torch, prest the contacts together, let them go.

As they separated, a spark leapt across the gap. There was a sharp explosion, a ball of orange-colored flame appeared, glowing brightly in the water. It burned with a roar like the exhaust of a high-speed motor with no muffler. I adjusted the valves, shortened the flame a bit, pulled the trigger on the torch,

CHRYSLER MOTORS
STANDARDIZED QUALITY

All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality

CHRYSLER "75" CHRYSLER IMPERIAL CHRYSLER "65"
DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR DODGE BROTHERS SIX
DE SOTO SIX PLYMOUTH
DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES *and* MOTOR COACHES
FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS
CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES

All Products of Chrysler Motors

ALL FOR ONE—ONE FOR ALL

Showing an axle shaft undergoing a torsion or twisting test. Vital parts of every Chrysler Motors vehicle are tested under strains many times greater than those experienced under road and load conditions.

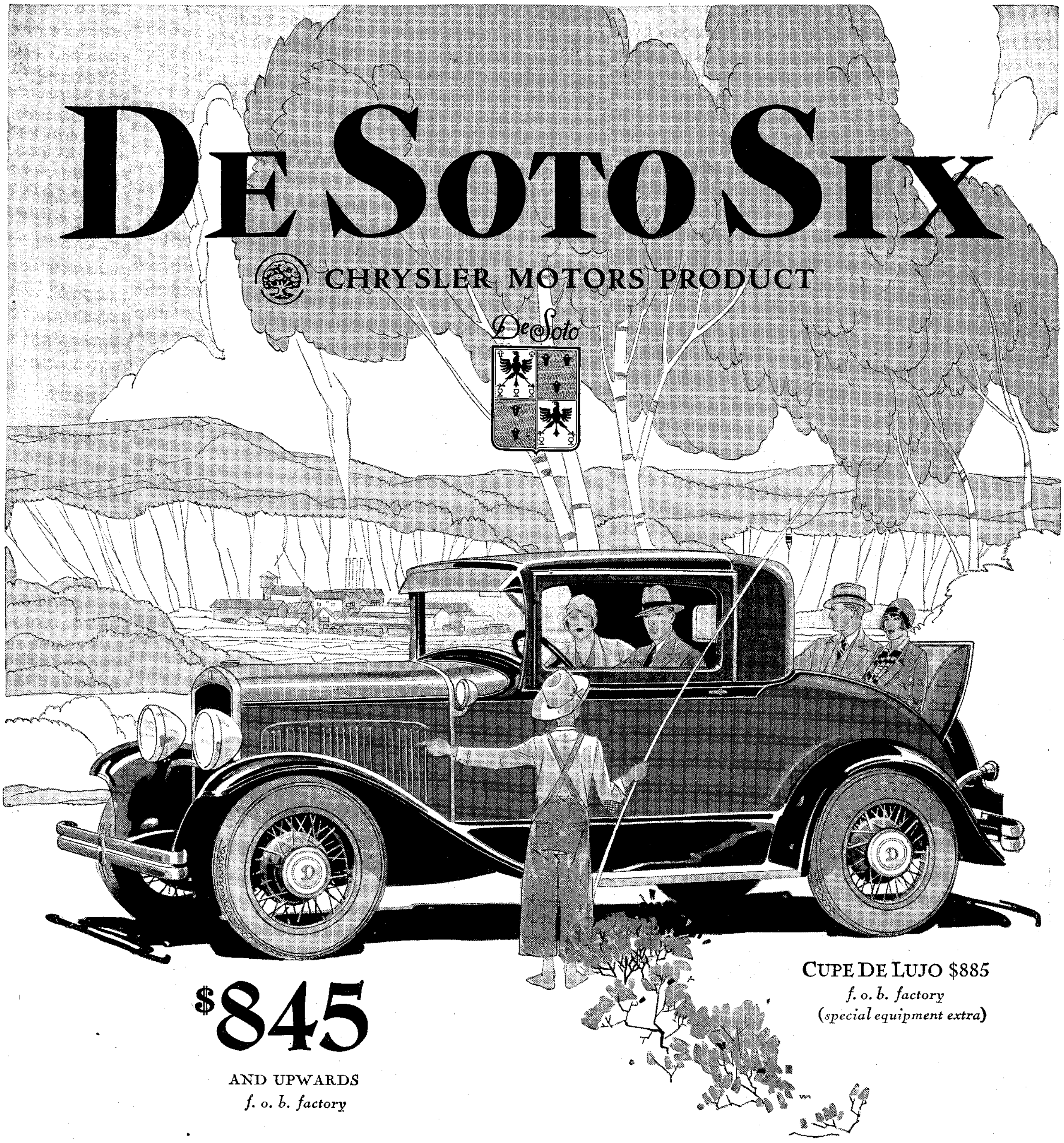
Seven great automotive plants under the personal leadership of one dynamic genius; seven great manufacturing institutions sharing the same financial, engineering, purchasing and research resources; seven great concerns, all with but one aim, one urge to serve — this is Chrysler Motors. ¶ Walter P. Chrysler's initiative, foresight and originality, his skill to guide, his gift to win warm loyalty and whole-hearted cooperation — this is Chrysler Motors' inspiration. ¶ Ceaseless endeavor toward new heights of quality in every product manufactured; unremitting devotion, in every branch of engineering science, to progress which will benefit transportation; unapproached values to the purchasers in every price class — this is Chrysler Motors' pledge.

CHRYSLER MOTORS

BETTER PUBLIC SERVICE

DE SOTO SIX

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT



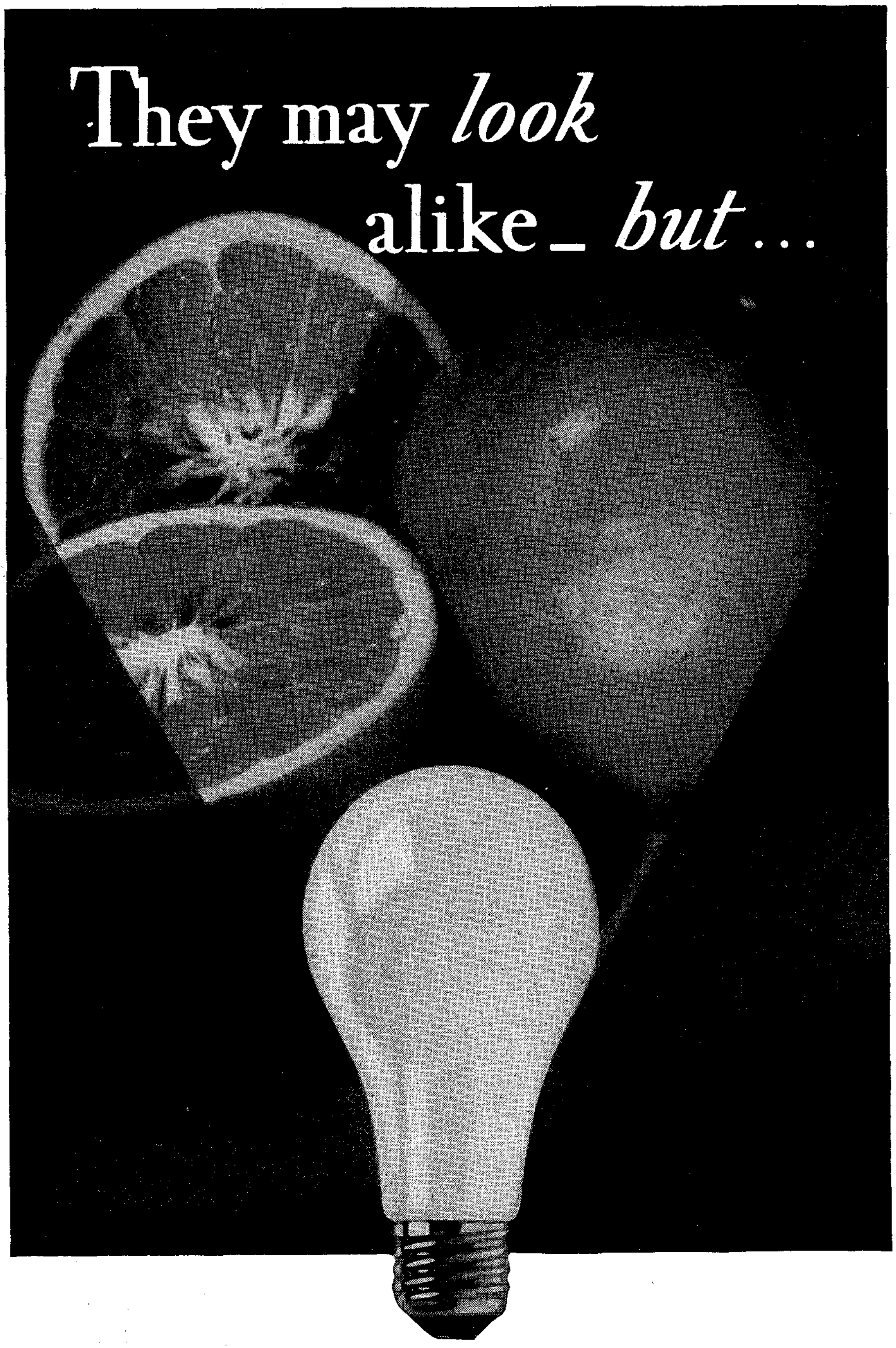
$845

AND UPWARDS
f. o. b. factory

CUPE DE LUJO $885
f. o. b. factory
(*special equipment extra*)

DESERVING ITS POPULARITY

In all that distinguishes the newer and finer, De Soto Six excels. In the field of low-priced sixes it has no equal in brilliant performance—flashing get-away—restful riding—supple ease of control and smooth operation at all speeds. ¶ No other car at so moderate a cost offers so true an interpretation of all that is modern in style and smartness, in new and tasteful color combinations, in richness of appointments and in attention to finish. ¶ De Soto Six is vigorous, alert, staunch and dependable. No car offers more to inspire prideful ownership. None has won its way more rapidly and surely into the favor of a motor-wise public.



SKILL and experience are necessary to prevent mistakes in choosing grapefruit. Two specimens that look alike may be vastly different in quality. There may also be a vast difference in the quality of lamps that look alike, but neither skill nor experience is needed in making a wise choice.

The name MAZDA upon the bulb is always an assurance of highest quality. Because of their high quality, Edison MAZDA Lamps give the *full value of the current consumed.* Burning a 60-watt Edison MAZDA Lamp costs only about half a cent an hour.

When you buy Edison MAZDA Lamps, ask for them in cartons. They are safely and conveniently packed . . . and it is wise to have good lamps handy when sockets need refilling. There is danger of accidents and injurious eyestrain where sockets are permitted to remain empty.

Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest achievement of MAZDA* Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

and watched the flame lengthen suddenly as a jet of high-pressure oxygen spurted through it. I released the trigger; the flame returned to normal.

And so had I. The dizziness was gone. I thanked my stars I had not signaled to be hauled up.

I looked around. Kelley was kneeling on the other side of the chain, pointing to the third link from the hawse-pipe. He pulled the link a bit, making it lie flatter with the stud more exposed.

I leaned over the link. The stud, a square piece of iron about two inches thick, was firmly gript between the two sides of the chain link. I brought the tip of the torch close to one edge, with the flame playing against the corner of the iron. In a moment the iron glowed bright red. I prest the trigger. An oxygen jet, spurting through the center of the flame, hit the glowing spot. The iron ignited.

A beautifully pure white stream of fire shot several feet through the water, with a mass of fine sparks flying off from it—a sight stranger and more brilliant than any fireworks exhibition I had ever seen.

In way of the oxygen jet, the iron vanished, leaving a gap perhaps an eighth of an inch wide. Slowly, carefully, I drew the torch across the stud, cutting through the two-inch thickness of iron. In less than a minute it was done, the cut was complete. The severed halves of the stud dropt out of the link.

I released the trigger, turned off all the valves. A warm glow went through my veins. The torch was a success! Many jobs, previously impossible to us under water, would now yield to that magic flame!

When the job was finished and the men on the salvage ship began to haul the divers up, Commander Ellsberg tells us:

I was dragged up some forty feet, when I heard an order, "Look out for the stage!"

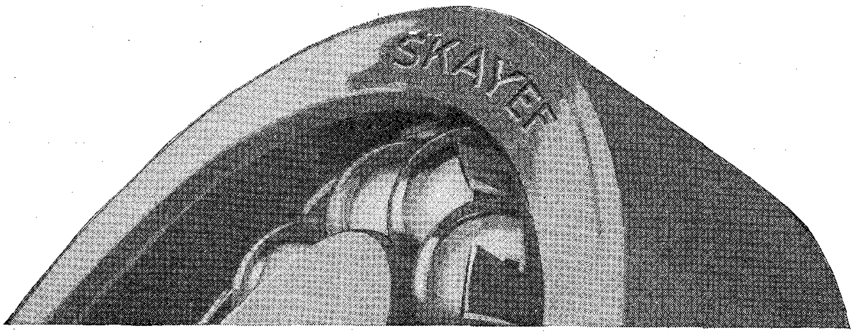
I kicked myself around the descending line, looking all around. About five feet above me was the stage, with Kelley standing on it.

"Take me up a little more!" They pulled, I caught the triangular steel bails which supported the stage, clambered on it. Kelley leaned over, unscrewed the shackle pin which held the descending line against the stage. The line slipt away, clear, and left us swinging freely from the *Falcon's* boom, ninety feet below the surface.

Kelley was an experienced diver. He was doing every conceivable form of the "daily dozen"—knee-bends, arm-swings, body-rolls, to help his circulation and accelerate his decompression. I followed suit. It made me smile. There we were, buried in the sea, two ludicrous figures engaged in calisthenics while the fish swam round in wonderment. It was too bad we could not tune in on some radio, broadcasting setting-up exercises, that we might have a little music to enliven things.

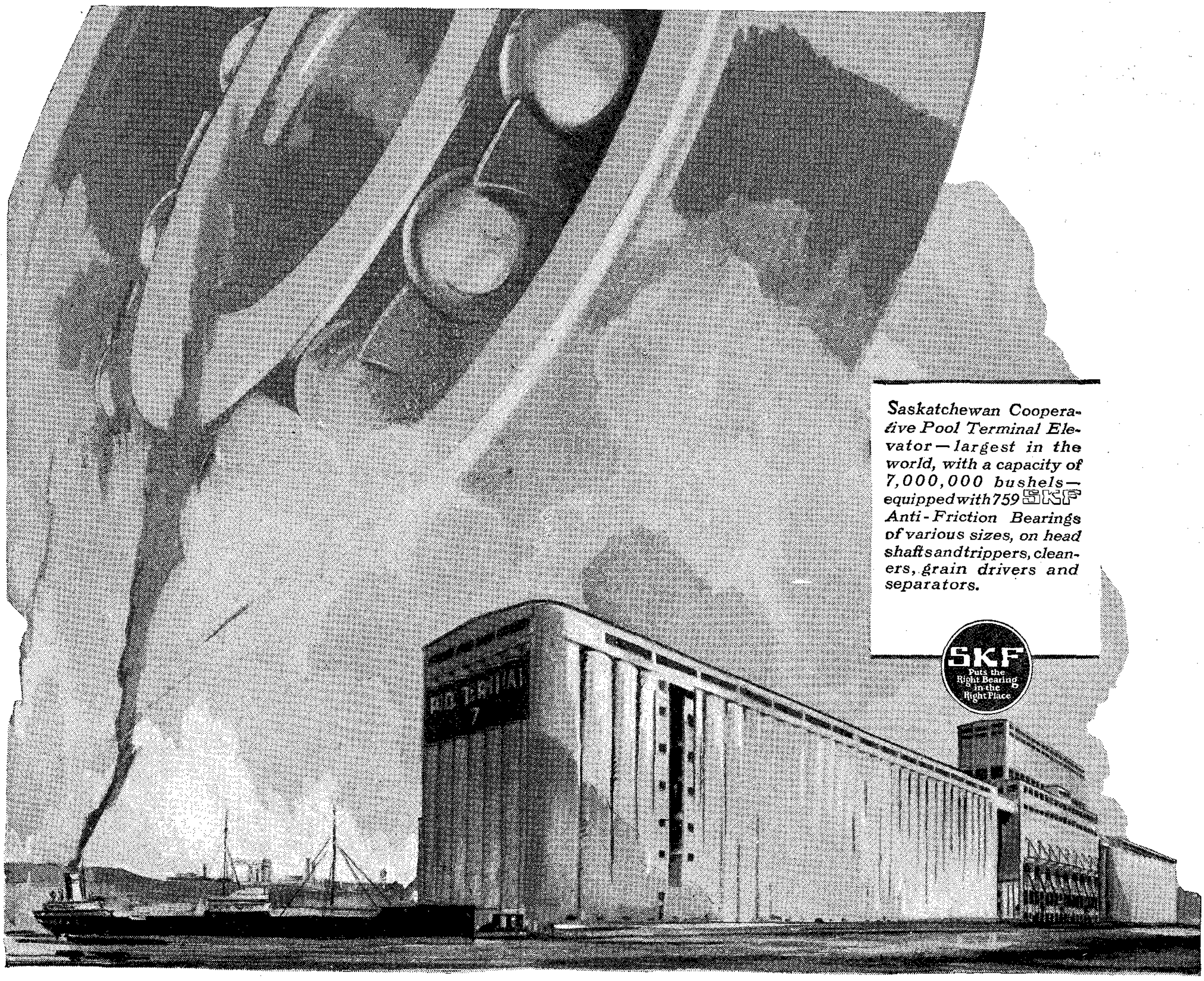
I paused. For the first time I noticed that I had considerable moisture in my suit. My underwear was soaked from the waist down, water oozed out between my toes while I exercised.

It was the old story. While I leaned over the chain to burn through the stud, the water had leaked by on one side of my exhaust valve, while the air was



Of course, the Bearings are SKF

It's the Largest Grain Elevator in the World



Saskatchewan Cooperative Pool Terminal Elevator — largest in the world, with a capacity of 7,000,000 bushels — equipped with 759 SKF Anti-Friction Bearings of various sizes, on head shafts and trippers, cleaners, grain drivers and separators.

SKF
Puts the Right Bearing in the Right Place

WHERE nothing counts but performance and the question of price is viewed in its true light, the bearings ALWAYS are SKF.

Manufacturers, these days, prefer to pay more for their bearings and LESS for servicing and replacing them. They prefer to pay a higher price in the beginning than many times this higher price in the end. And, finally, they prefer SKF Bearings because they stand for the specialized effort of a world-wide organization — because they are made to do their job, not to fit a price list.

It is well to remember that a bearing failure means something more than a new bearing — something more than the labor involved in replacing it. All too often it means a shut down of a machine, a group of machines, or the entire plant.

Why not decide NOW to put your bearing problems up to SKF?

SKF Industries, Inc., 40 East 34th Street, New York, N. Y.

SKF
Ball and Roller Bearings

2247

"THE HIGHEST PRICED BEARING IN THE WORLD"

They **BUILD** *here*

Because they're **BUSY**

YOU hear the clatter of active hammers all through Piedmont Carolinas...new factories, new shops, new stores...office buildings, apartments, homes.

Business men are putting up buildings for new industries that are locating here at the rate of one every 3 days.

This industrial expansion brings with it the demand for all the other types of buildings.

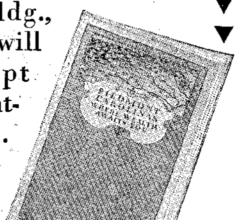
No wonder Piedmont Carolinas showed in dollars per capita a 32% *greater* building activity than the nation during 1928.

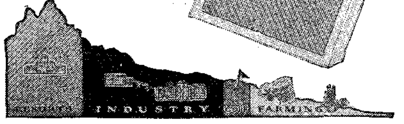
Every industry has the opportunity to prosper here. The building industry has an *unusual* opportunity. Many building products can be made here under unusually favorable conditions.

They can also be marketed both locally and nationally from here with economy and profit.

You ought to have the facts. They are briefly packed into the pages of this book. Compressed. Compact. Readable.

Your request, addressed to Industrial Dept., Room 1026, Mercantile Bldg., Charlotte, N. C., will receive prompt and courteous attention. Write.





DUKE POWER COMPANY

SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

> escaping from the other side. I had not observed it in the excitement of working on my first dive. Now that everything was over, the clammy feeling of soaked clothing round my legs and cold water round my feet was decidedly unpleasant. I began to feel the chill of the sea surrounding me. I had nearly two hours to wait before I emerged. Exercise was imperative if I were not to freeze. I started the "knee stoops" again, vigorously.
>
> After that, I tried kicking out, one foot at a time, but I found that shoes which weighed thirty pounds were not lightly flung around. I decided to keep both feet on the stage.
>
> A call on the phone:
>
> "Going up!"
>
> We seized the bails and held on tightly. The water seemed to stream down past us. The stage rose twenty feet, stopt. We would stay awhile at seventy feet depth.
>
> Again we started exercising. It grew monotonous. I could hear Kelley singing to himself, vociferously. I started a monolog about nothing in particular. Now I understood why the divers when below swore so volubly. In that solitude any sound was a relief, profanity a safety-valve to relieve the strain.
>
> And so, ten feet at a time, we rose slowly to the *Falcon*. At last, at the ten-foot depth, we could see the surface, like a silvery sheet waving over us, the red hull of the *Falcon* close alongside. And finally, the welcome word:
>
> "Coming aboard!"
>
> The stage line creaked, we burst through the surface. Suddenly our suits, no longer buoyed up by the water, became very heavy. We clung to the bails to support ourselves as the swaying stage rose above the bulwarks, swung in, and dropt on deck. I felt a bench jammed in behind me, a pair of hands on my shoulders, pressing me down. Thankfully I seated myself.

Grim tho the work was, it had its lighter moments. One of these involved the bell of the *S-51*. One day, when Smith came up from the wreck, we read:

> I noticed casually a canvas tool-bag upside down on the stage at his feet. Queer. Had he lost his tools? I lifted the bag. There, neatly hidden, lay the bronze bell of the *S-51!*
>
> I remembered that I had intended to bring that bell up myself once; I had often directed other divers to retrieve it when their work near it was done, but always the men were so worn out that the extra minute's work on the bottom to uncouple the bell, was never undertaken. Now Smith had it, apparently intending to make away with the trophy unnoticed.
>
> I sent Lieutenant Kelley to the *Vestal* with the bell, directing him to lock it safely in a chest under my berth there.
>
> Some hours later, Smith came out of the recompression chamber, found me, and asked for the bell.
>
> "I'm sorry, Smith, but that bell is going to Annapolis as a trophy of this job. Nobody is going to have it personally. But I'll be mighty glad to have your name put on the name-plate as having recovered it and as being the donor."
>
> "No, I want the bell myself, Mr. Ellsberg. If it goes to the Naval Academy, it'll be lost in a crowd of other things in a museum. If I take it back home with me to Pittsburgh, it'll mean something. Come on, be a sport. If you hadn't seen that bag for another minute, I had one of the bears all set to take it away, and you'd never have known."
>
> But I was adamant. The bell was government property, the Naval Academy should have it. For weeks afterward, my usual morning greeting was a grin from Smith, and the query:
>
> "Well, Mr. Ellsberg, have you decided to give back that bell you stole?"
>
> My stock reply was:
>
> "No, Smith, it's going to be presented to Annapolis with your compliments."

But Smith had his reward, as Commander Ellsberg tells us:

> On board the *Falcon*, the divers were packing up, preparing to take the leave they had so well deserved.
>
> I went back to the *Vestal*, dragged out from under my berth the bell of the *S-51*. A coveted trophy. I had hoped to give it to the Naval Academy, but I must forego that honor.
>
> I wrapt up the bell, strolled down the pier to where the *Falcon* lay, just outside the dry dock in which rested the *S-51*. On the *Falcon's* quarter-deck, a group of divers lazily sunned themselves. Yes, there he was.
>
> "Oh, Smith, come out here a minute. I've got something for you!"
>
> Smith jumped from the low rail of the ship to the dock, walked over. I unwrapt the bell, gave it to him.
>
> "Here's the bell, Smith. It's yours. You earned it!"

YORK COUNTY'S "OTHER SIDE"

THE "hex murder" in York County, Pennsylvania, a few weeks ago, filled the papers with stories of "powwowism," witchcraft, and superstition that were carried to such extremes as to seemingly tar everybody in the county with the brush of unworthy accusation. Naturally the intelligent residents resent and repudiate any such reputation, and we find a well-written reply in the *Pennsylvania Medical Journal* of Harrisburg from its correspondent at York, which gives the "other side." He writes:

> Powwowism and witchcraft are forms of superstition. Superstition in various forms may be found to a greater or less degree everywhere. If it were not for this, many of the cults and isms would not thrive as they do to-day, and it would be difficult to draw the line separating the superstitions of the ignorant from those of the supposedly intelligent.
>
> The section inhabited by the so-called Pennsylvania Dutch has of late been receiving an unwarranted and exaggerated publicity in the daily press, particularly in the metropolitan dailies, and also in some periodicals of wide circulation, relative to powwowism and witchcraft which is justly resented by the rank and file of its citizens. The editorials in the above-mentioned publications, reflecting opprobrium on the intelligence and justice of the people of this section of Pennsylvania, are most undeserved.
>
> Recently, a young man regarded by the rank and file as a lunatic, who believed in powwowing, with two accomplices whom he persuaded to the same faith, committed a

Adolph Zukor, President of Paramount Famous-Lasky, says...

"For sixteen years Bell & Howell professional cameras have been used almost exclusively in filming Paramount productions. Paramount pictures are, in themselves, the finest tribute to the character of your cameras possible to make. *The amateur movie maker is fortunate in having equipment of such authoritative history placed at his disposal.*"

Left—Scene from "The Letter," featuring Jeanne Eagels and O. P. Heggie. A Paramount all-talking picture.

Right—Scene from "Close Harmony." A Paramount picture featuring Charles "Buddy" Rogers and Nancy Carroll.

ADOLPH ZUKOR knows movie cameras. As president of one of the largest motion picture companies in the world, the fact that he endorses Bell & Howell cameras is unquestionable evidence of their superiority.

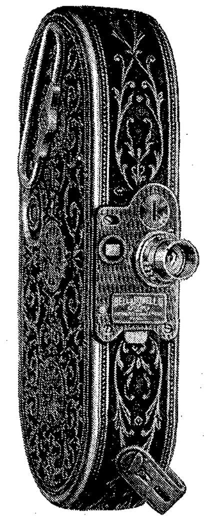
His opinion is shared by practically all other leading motion picture producers who also use these cameras and have done so consistently for twenty-two years.

Enjoy the pleasure and fascination of personal movies. Take pictures of the children, your friends, your favorite sports, hunting and outing trips, vacations, ocean voyages, and a thousand and one other interesting subjects. See movies of yourself! But when you buy your camera, profit by the experience of those who *know*—unquestionably! Insist on getting Bell & Howell FILMO. It is the surest way to obtain pictures of professional beauty, brilliance and clearness. In operation Filmo is even more simple than a "still" camera. Merely look through the spy-glass viewfinder, press the button and "What you see, you get"—to be shown later in *living* action with Filmo Projector.

For black and white pictures, Filmo cameras use Eastman Safety Film (16mm.)—in the yellow box—both regular and panchromatic—obtainable at practically all dealers handling cameras and supplies.

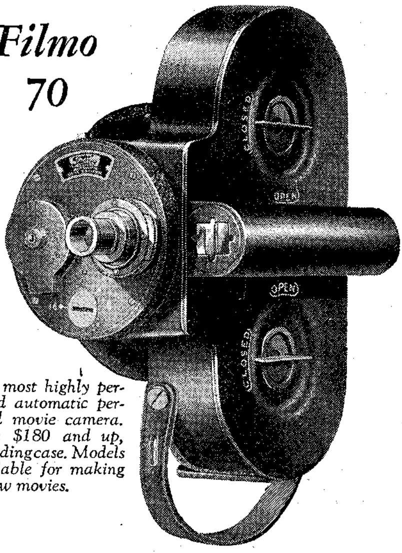
Filmo Cameras and Filmo Projectors are adaptable, under license from Eastman Kodak Company, for use of Eastman Kodacolor film for home movies in full color. Cost of film covers developing and return postpaid, within the country where processed, ready to show at home or anywhere.

See a nearby dealer for complete Filmo demonstration, or write for illustrated, descriptive movie booklet "What You See, You Get."



Filmo 75

This beautiful pocket size Filmo 75 is in every respect a fitting companion to the larger Filmo 70. Combining lightness with great strength and rigidity it is especially suitable for field, travel and outdoor sports. Filmo 75 is furnished in three rich colors: Walnut Brown, Ebony Black, and Silver Birch. Price $120, including case.



Filmo 70

The most highly perfected automatic personal movie camera. Price $180 and up, including case. Models available for making s-l-o-w movies.

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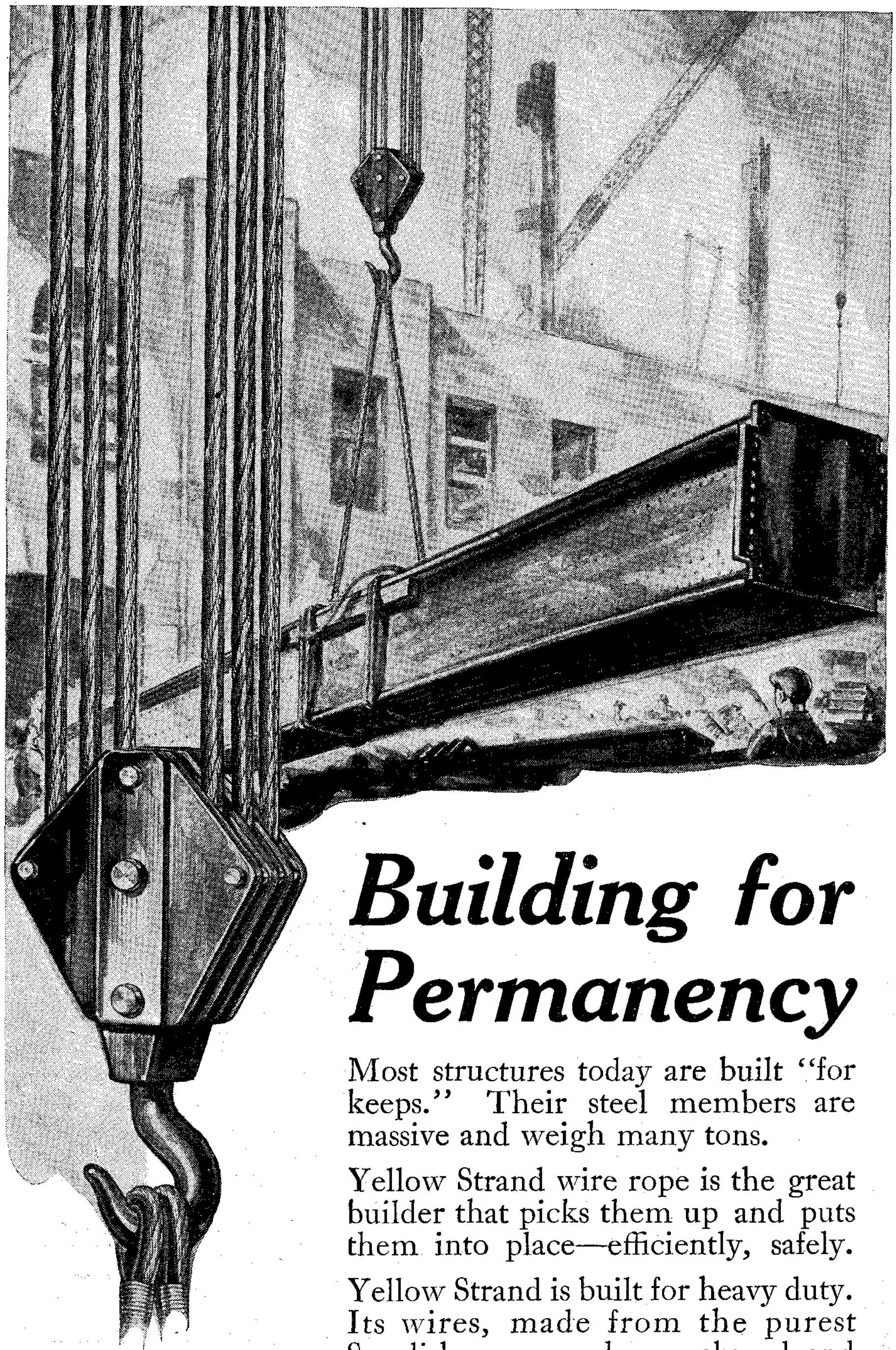

Building for Permanency

Most structures today are built "for keeps." Their steel members are massive and weigh many tons.

Yellow Strand wire rope is the great builder that picks them up and puts them into place—efficiently, safely.

Yellow Strand is built for heavy duty. Its wires, made from the purest Swedish ore, are drawn abroad and imported for this celebrated brand of wire rope alone.

A *strand of yellow* distinguishes Yellow Strand from all other ropes. Its excellent performance is as noticeable as its strand of yellow.

This company also makes all standard grades of wire rope, each supreme in its field.

[For the sake of economy, make your wire rope requisition read "Yellow Strand."]

BRODERICK & Bascom are pioneers in the manufacture of wire rope. Starting over fifty years ago, they made wire rope by hand, and later installed the first wire rope making machinery between the Allegheny and Sierra Nevada Mountains.

During all those years, but one thing has been made—wire rope, and that of the highest quality.

BRODERICK & BASCOM ROPE COMPANY
841 North First Street, St. Louis, Mo.
Eastern Office and Warehouse: 68 Washington St., New York City
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Authorized Dealers in all Industrial Localities

Yellow Strand
WIRE ROPE

M450

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

murder which is very much deplored by the citizens of York and York County. Because of this unfortunate incident the public press did not hesitate to bring contumely on the entire population.

The facts now are that the three murderers received separate trials, and all were convicted of murder, two in the first degree and one in the second degree—and this was accomplished in six days. So long as the rank and file of York citizens mete out such swift justice to its criminals, it would seem that more good might be accomplished if the editors in question were to devote their attention to cleaning up the crime in their own communities.

If the intelligence and capacity of a people may be measured by the industries, institutions, bank balances, thrift and general prosperity, and the men of influence produced in what is known as the region of the Pennsylvania Dutch, then this objectionable publicity is an ungrateful villification and aspersion of the fair name of York.

"A more careful survey would reveal that York leads the whole country in the manufacture of ice machines, turbine water-wheels, and wallpaper; makes about 75 per cent. of all the artificial teeth used in the world; and is a leader in the manufacture of safes and locks, chains, and wire cloth. In diversity of manufactured products, counting the total number of people employed, York is third in the State and sixth in the Union.

At the outbreak of the Revolution, it was York that sent the first company of volunteers to Boston. It was Phineas Davis who built at York, in 1832, the first locomotive that burned coal, for which he won a prize of $3,500. York was the home of Jeremiah S. Black, Attorney-General, and later Secretary of State during President Buchanan's Administration, who was himself a citizen of this section of the country. York County was the early home of United States Senator James Ross, and more recently of Dr. Edgar Fahs Smith, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, and his brother, Dr. Allen J. Smith, pathologist of the same institution, both now deceased. York was the home of the Continental Congress for nine months. It was there that the Articles of Confederation were adopted. Much interesting history was made during those nine months. York was also the home of A. B. Farquhar, who died recently, and whose name is known in all the civilized countries of the world, through his manufactured farming implements.

At the last election, the people of York voted to increase the bonded indebtedness $1,500,000 to enlarge the building program now prepared by the school board, just after having completed a high-school building costing $1,000,000. Eight months ago the citizens of York subscribed $1,200,000 for a new hospital, which is now in course of erection.

These facts and many more could be adduced to offset the calumny of the press articles of recent date—so far without any effort to correct their misrepresentations. The community deplores the fact that it does have some people, as do also other communities, who believe in powwowing. Witchcraft, however, is no more prevalent in York County than in many other sections of the country.

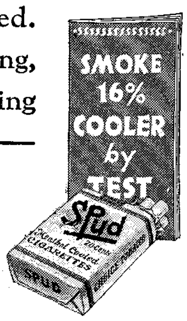
DO YOU KNOW . . .

THE CIGARETTE OF THE SUBMARINES?

. . . IT'S COOL, CRISP TOBACCO ENJOYMENT!

Out of stale, gaseous air into sunlight and sea breeze . . . up from a dive and hankering for a cigarette! From the undersea fleet comes hearty praise of Spud . . . for throats coated . . . for throats clouded. Where a more dramatic test for Spud's refreshing, cooling smoke? Landlubbers, too . . . emerging from stuffy offices . . . know the joy of Spud and its cooling effect, proved 16% cooler. It heightens Spud's full tobacco flavor. It makes Spud the new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Company, Incorporated, Louisville, Kentucky.

"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST" . . . a little book telling how Spud's greater coolness was proved scientifically and what it means to you . . . sent gladly on request.



JUDGE SPUD . . . Not by first puff . . . but by first pack. Surprise of first puff soon forgotten . . . continued coolness heightens enjoyment of the full tobacco flavor.

MENTHOL-COOLED SPUD CIGARETTES

Science Now Says "SUNLIGHT!"

for
VIGOROUS
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PHYSICAL stamina and abundant vitality depend on good health. And science now says that to have good health you *must* get sufficient sunlight, for pure sunlight used scientifically creates rich red blood—tones up the entire system, clears the skin and builds resistance to disease.

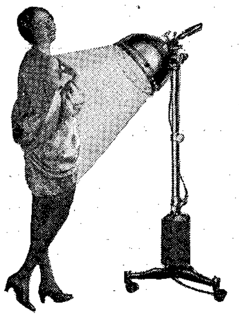
Sunlight at Home

Outdoor sunlight at its best is fickle. Rain, clouds, smoke, fog, as well as clothing, screen out much of it. We cannot spend hours outdoors with our bodies exposed to the sun's rays. And we need not, for sunlight at home is now a REALITY.

A few minutes a day with the new Battle Creek SUNARC Bath will amaze you with its results. It gives you new energy, new strength—tones up the entire system—adds sparkle to your eyes—rich natural color to your cheeks. You look and feel "made-over."

Consult your Doctor about the benefits of artificial sunlight—*even more beneficial than natural sunlight.* And write for Free Book showing what sunshine can mean to *you.*

Sanitarium Equipment Co.
Dept. 246-Z Battle Creek, Mich.



Keep the entire family fit by periodic sunbathing the SUNARC way. Write today for "Sunshine and Health," a fascinating new book, telling how you can enjoy SUNARC Baths—right in your own home. Send for it NOW!

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Sunshine at the Snap of Switch

Battle Creek SUNARC Bath

Sanitarium Equipment Co.
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Without obligation, please send me your FREE Book, "Sunshine and Health."

Name..............
Address..............
City.............. State..............

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

The medical profession is ready at all times to cooperate in the prosecution of illegal practitioners and also to take an active part in a campaign of education to instruct the people along sane lines relative to the various forms of superstition. Crime will not be condoned and go unpunished because its perpetrators believe in pow-wowing or witchcraft.

The writer feels sure that if an intelligent and unbiased survey is made of York and adjoining counties for concrete and reliable evidence of the intelligence and justice of its people, the conclusion will most likely be reached that the publicity recently spread broadcast over our land was scurrilous, and besmirched the fair name of a good people who have transformed this section of the country into one of the leading garden spots, not only of America, but of the whole world, and that it has also supplied the country at large with a full quota of men and women who have had a large part in shaping the destiny and the happiness and prosperity of our people throughout the entire United States.

THE QUIPS OF CALVIN COOLIDGE

UPROAR threatened the dignity of the Massachusetts State Senate. The Democratic floor-leader, in a burst of oratory was charging the Republicans with all the ills of mankind when he was interrupted by a representative of that party. The Democrat resented the interruption and, sotto voce, consigned the disturber to a climate renowned for its heat. But the Republican heard the low-voiced comment and rushed up to the rostrum. "Do you know what he told me to do?" the insulted one protested. "Calm yourself, Senator," advised Calvin Coolidge, for this was in the days when our ex-President was in the chair presiding over the Massachusetts Senate. "I have read the *Constitution* and the rules and there is nothing in them to make you do it."

John Lambert relates the anecdote in *Nation's Business* in an article partly devoted to Mr. Coolidge's wit. The former President comes by his dry humor honestly, as the writer shows by this story about Colonel Coolidge, Calvin Coolidge's paternal grandfather:

The old Colonel was seen guiding a new team of oxen over the highway which weaves its way through the hills between Ludlow and the former President's native Plymouth. The village wit allowed he would find out what the Colonel paid for them. So, at the village post-office that night, a number of villagers remained for the passage at arms which would test the armor of the Colonel's reticence.

"Fine night, Colonel Coolidge," began the inquisitive one.

"Yes."

"Fine team of oxen you were driving to-day."

"Yes."

"New team?"

"Yes."

"What'd you give for them, Colonel?"

The Colonel stuck to his monosyllables. "Note," he replied.

Official Washington often failed to "get" President Coolidge during his term of office. But he, Mr. Lambert remarks, did not fail to "get" it. Reading on:

He employed his abundant sense of humor frequently to size up a situation, to avoid a dilemma or to diagnose the motives of those who would have preyed upon him or his office, as the following stories disclose.

Had he accepted a hundredth of the invitations to deliver speeches, to attend banquets and to preside at dedication exercises he would have had little time to administer the affairs of government. His secretary one day informed him of the presence in the White House waiting-room of an imposing delegation which insisted that the President had promised to address the annual convention of their organization.

"What did you tell them?" asked the President.

"I told them," said the secretary, "that there must be a mistake; that your engagement book contains no such entry."

"That's right," said the President. "You stick to it, and I'll amplify it by saying nothing."

White House callers fall into a few general types. There are the tourists and sightseers. There is the gentleman who obeys the conventions and with great respect for the office of President keeps secret the purpose of his conference with the President, declining to respond to the questions of the waiting newspaper men when he leaves. He is a rare bird. The most frequent visitor is the propagandist, who talks with the President briefly, and, when he has left him, delves into his pocket and produces for the press a long, carefully prepared "statement" which he seeks to have published in support of the particular "ism" he is advocating.

Mr. Coolidge summarized that type to me one day. He nailed them in a single sentence.

"You know," he said, "a lot of people come into my office and use it for a sounding-board."

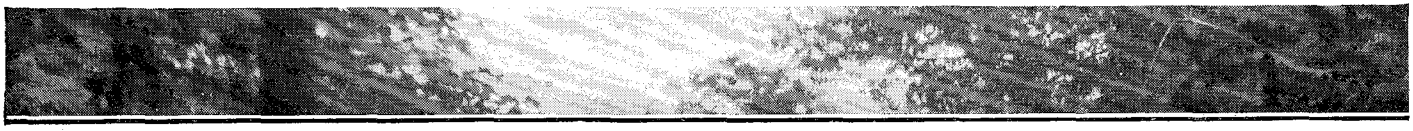
When he first came to Washington as Vice-President, Mr. Coolidge was beset by invitations to become honorary president of this golf club or that ward club, to lend his formal patronage to this charity or that bazaar, to become an honorary advisor of this corporation or that organization.

One day he was visited by a Washington bank president, who came quickly to the point of his mission, says Mr. Lambert. His bank was new, he said, but sound management and prudent investment had combined to make it a stanch and worthy institution. Reading on:

The Vice-President, being a man of wide experience, would realize that the reputation of a bank is often measured by the reputation of those outstanding citizens who intrust their funds to its keeping. Would Mr. Coolidge honor the bank with a deposit. Any amount, however small, would be deeply appreciated.

"Why don't you make me an honorary depositor?" asked Mr. Coolidge. The banker, being a sober and dignified person, was slow to detect the twinkle in his eye.

That story wends its way logically into this one, which is here committed to type for the first time. Mr. Coolidge did "honor" that bank with a deposit, possibly in



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Give nature a chance to show its colors. Drive in safety. Breathe clean, pure air. Protect local parks, homes, buildings from the dust cloud. Keep dust on the road with Flake Calcium Chloride and you will save costly road surface material.

Tiny Calcium Chloride flakes are clean, odorless and harmless. They draw moisture from the air and keep road surfaces bound with moisture. Propose trying a carload in your community. It will be a source of satisfaction and pride. Ask for Booklet C.

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CALCIUM
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As the ship's gangplank goes down in the ports of foreign lands, a fascinating scene is unfolded. Customs, trains, strange signs are there, uniformed officials...and, a familiar figure...an American Express man.

There he is unravelling the mysteries of a foreign time table. Then he speeds over to help that party of ladies who cannot understand a word the customs man says; or to assist others with hotel reservations or passports. Similar scenes happen elsewhere abroad at dozens of frontier points, piers, docks.

This American Express man, with scores of others, typifies the Helpful Hand of Service automatically extended to those who carry American Express Travelers Cheques. The moment you convert your money into these safe and spendable funds, you become entitled to the help and advice of these smiling sentinels of service no matter where you may be.

Issued in denominations of $10, $20, $50 and $100

Cost 75c for each $100

For sale at 22,000 Banks, American Express and Railway Express agencies. Merely ask for the sky-blue Travelers Cheques.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

compensation for his joke. He was later strolling past the bank, in the dusk of an autumn evening, accompanied by an old Boston friend, who talks the language of the day. Suddenly there was a terrific noise from within.

"What in the hell is that?" exclaimed the Boston friend as he instinctively ducked and jumped.

The President, unruffled and undisturbed continued on at his normal pace.

"It may be that deposit of mine drawing interest," he replied.

Many reasons have been ascribed for his momentous announcement that he did not "choose" to run again. Some said it was his appreciation of the precedent established by General Washington. Others that he was tiring of the Presidential glamours. One cause, slight as it may have been, was his knowledge that popularity is a fickle thing, and that tenure of public office is far from permanent.

He was walking one evening with the late Senator Spencer of Missouri. As their steps led them back to the White House Senator Spencer pointed to the mansion and jokingly asked, "I wonder who lives there?"

"Nobody," replied the then President. "They just come and go."

Mr. Coolidge is a devotee of historical works. He seizes opportunities to make pilgrimages to the shrines hallowed by the nation's founders. Washington and Lincoln are his favorites, and any one who can supply him with a new work upon the latter is certain to furnish him with an evening of enjoyable reading. But he has a strong regard for all the Presidents.

So it was not strange that when he was asked to comment upon one of the "modern" works portraying alleged delinquencies of General Washington, he turned abruptly to the south window of his office and, pointing to the great stone shaft erected in grateful remembrance to the Father of His Country, tartly observed, "His monument is still standing there."

Mr. Coolidge finds it difficult to engage in small talk. Gossip he loathes. Catty complaint he detests and, during his Presidency, was quick to rebuke. Quoting further from Mr. Lambert:

A feminine guest at a White House luncheon had obviously sought this opportunity to belabor her pet enemy. This enemy happened to be an American Ambassador who was understood by the Administration to have performed meritorious service. But, according to the lady's estimate, he was rough, uncouth, uncultured, and lacking in respect for the customs, traditions, and ceremonials of the ancient court to which he had been assigned.

Tige, the old black cat that is almost a White House tradition, had sauntered into the room and was lazily rubbing itself against the table leg. The President turned to the person upon his right and said in a voice that was quite audible to the shrewish woman upon his left, "This is the third time that cat has stopt at this table."

His motto was to get along with people with whom he had to deal. Just as he admitted their right to differ with him, he conceded also the frailties of human nature. An American Ambassador had been experiencing embarrassments in his foreign post. Invited to the White House for luncheon the Ambassador poured his lament into the ear of the President who had selected him for his trying diplomatic rôle. He disliked the people there. He believed their leaders were treacherous and unreliable.

"Well," observed the President, "this white collie of mine will steal food from the table, but I like to have him around just the same."

The attention which was showered upon Mr. Coolidge as President often became boresome. There was the dining-car steward, always at his elbow. He hoped the President enjoyed the soup. Was the entrée satisfactory? Did the salad dressing meet with the approval of the Presidential palate? Was the coffee right?

"Did you expect something to be wrong with it?" the President asked.

Newspaper men who saw him for the first time said that the quality which made the strongest impression upon them was his innate dignity. He had great respect for the office which he held, and he expected respect for it from others. He harbored a kindly regard for any one who stood by his guns, and did not permit undue respect for the office to engulf him.

To a secret service attendant who, in response to a question, allowed that a storm was probably brewing in the approaching clouds, the President said, "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

To which the secret service man replied, "I am only a secret service man but you are the President of the United States; what are you going to do about it?"

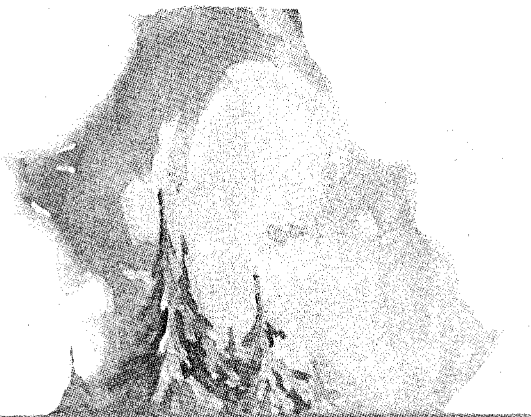
Mr. Coolidge always relished having that self-reliant secret service man on duty with him thereafter.

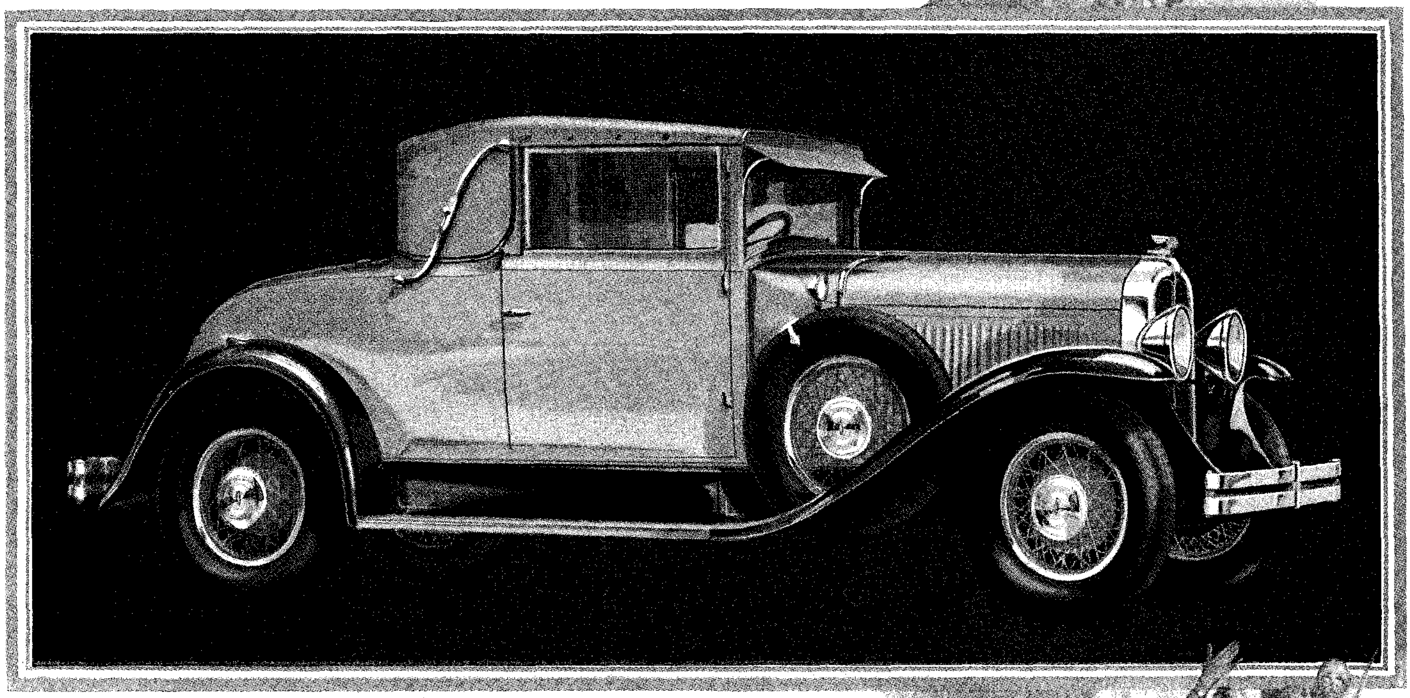
KICKING THE COMFORTS OF HOME OUT OF THE MEXICAN ARMY

CAMP ladies emerged in swarms from Torreon's leading department stores, presenting a horrifying spectacle to the local aristocracy. Each of the ladies was wearing from three to a dozen evening gowns and party cloaks over her customary billowy black wrapper. Each woman's head was also loaded down with collections of millinery finery, three feet high. Two of the more elderly looters were even seen by an American observer streaking off into the desert carrying away, with vast effort, but for no very obvious purpose, a brand-new American bathtub. Their men comrades-in-arms were meanwhile busy enjoying themselves gratis in the town's principal bars and restaurants, leaving, as usual, the really serious part of the foraging to the ladies.

Villa, Duncan Aikman tells us in the Baltimore *Sunday American*, had taken Torreon on this day in 1915, and his soldiers and the women who followed the troops, cooking and caring for them, were indulging their talent for looting. Women camp followers of Mexican armies, both Federal and revolutionary, have long given color to warfare below the Rio Grande, and are coloring the present revolution, discust under "Personal Glimpses" in our issue of April 13. But now all that is to be changed—maybe. At any rate we learn

It's a big car because its qualities are big





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PEOPLE have been inclined in the past to judge the bigness of an automobile by its price. If a car cost upward of a thousand dollars, it was a big car. If it cost less, it was a small car. But now all that is changed. The New Pontiac Big Six has changed it.

And in this way. It offers big car proportions, style and roominess in smart, luxurious bodies by Fisher. It offers big car power, speed and acceleration developed by a big, new engine equipped with a large, highly-perfected carburetor. It offers big car smoothness and silence achieved by means of the Harmonic Balancer which eliminates crankshaft vibration, the G-M-R cylinder head which minimizes spark knock and thump in the engine, noiseless internal four-wheel brakes and many additional big car advancements. And it offers all these big car qualities at a remarkably low price.

So the New Pontiac Big Six is a big car, despite its low price, because its qualities are big. And it is enabling progressive buyers to *step up* the quality of their automobiles without leaving the low-priced field.

Pontiac Big Six, $745 to $895, f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich., plus delivery charges.

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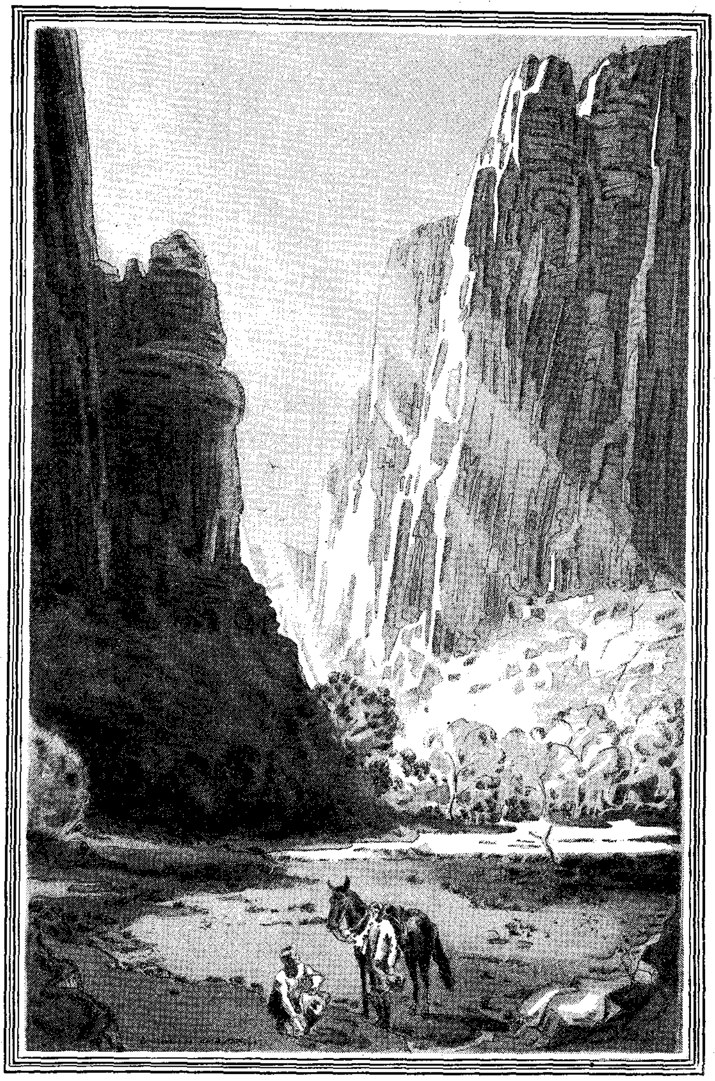

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THE OVERLAND ROUTE

from *The Sun's* article, General Calles, commanding the Federal forces, has ordered that "in the future when Mexican armies are out on the war-path, the women must stay at home." But whether the order will be carried out, ending the old custom, remains to be seen. Nowadays, writes Mr. Aikman, the traveling household in Mexico, has, besides the authority of custom, an economic motive, of which we read:

> The Mexican Government has no special arrangements for war dependents, much less the revolutionary organizations which more or less chronically arise to fight the Government. The soldier in the field does not know how to send money-orders home from his daily or weekly pay, even if he happens to think of it, which he seldom does. So the soldier's family—it may be his wife and children, it may be his sweetheart, it may even be his mother and the young brothers and sisters of the family—follow him along in order to be sure of eating.
>
> Previous to Generalissimo Calles the Army commanders have found something to say for the arrangement, because it has relieved them of maintaining a commissary. So the women have tagged along. It has been a rare Mexican Army, and a rare compaign, in pre-1929 Mexican history, when the combat troops have not been equaled in number, if not exceeded, by the women and children camp followers. Probably the ratio of soldiers to grown women is seldom less than four to one. But the children, not to mention the dogs, chickens, burros, cows, milch goats, and turkeys, have pretty well evened it up.
>
> In modern times, when transportation facilities are at hand, the problem of moving such forces is comparatively easy. The men ride on top of the box cars, and the women, occupying the space reserved in France for eight horses or forty soldiers, ride inside. When rail facilities are out of the question the women march behind without complaining about the effect on leg muscles. Indeed, the women of the cavalry, a sort of *corps d'elite* of Amazons, have developed a dog trot of their own, in which they take great pride, and which enables them to keep up with their lords and masters, regardless of the length of marches and the difficulties of the terrain. When, in 1915, several hundred of the cavalry's camp followers were interned in Texas after the battle of Ojinaga, and the cavalry set out on a jog for Fort Bliss, 275 miles away, the ladies whose husbands were horsemen at first objected strenuously to the idea of the United States military authorities that their feminine feebleness required being accommodated with motor-trucks.
>
> On the cavalry marches, however, some allowance is made for the natural inefficiency of the children. These are customarily turned over to the infantry mothers, on the theory that eventually the two arms of the service will reunite, and their parents, if they happen to remember their duties, will reclaim them.
>
> But, whether with the horse or the foot regiments, the women warriors are held strictly to the performance of their duties. In the morning and the evening their job is fundamentally like that of any 100-per-cent. American housewife, to have the food ready. Once a day or once a week, according to the state of the paymaster's department, the soldier-husband turns over a part of his two-peso-a-day income to his campmate for the larder. Or perhaps, if he happens to be a popular figure in his company—a corporal, or even a sergeant—as many as a dozen soldiers contribute their subsistence allowance, and her task is like that of the madame chairman of a Sunday-school picnic. In any case, whether in the middle of a foodless desert or in the market place of a populous town, every camp woman is expected to do her duty as a housekeeper. At the lowest possible price she obtains beans, chili, cornmeal, and possibly meat for her fighting dependents, and some time, whenever is convenient between marching and fighting engagements, she builds her fire of cactus stalks and greasewood and serves the meal.

American observers, accustomed to the careful balancing of regular Army rations, "may remain critical of the calory content of her meals, but the Mexican fighting man prefers them." And this preference Mr. Aikman proceeds to illustrate with the following anecdote:

> When the American authorities were feeding 6,000 interned losers in the Mexican wars at Fort Bliss, in 1915, on the twenty-nine-cents-a-day regular army rations of the times, they were suddenly aware that their guests were complaining of the quality of the food. It wasn't up to the standards that the Mexican campmates had accustomed them to, and if something were not done about it immediately, kicks would be lodged with the Carranza Federal Government in Mexico City.
>
> All right, the American commissary authorities agreed, let the camp ladies say what they wanted and it would be furnished. The camp women, functioning through a nominal commissary committee of Mexican officers, agreed that there should be more beans, chili, and tortillas and less sweets and greenstuffs. The result to the United States Treasury was that its Mexican guests ate from then on for eight cents a day and were better satisfied.
>
> But besides enabling the Mexican Armies to dispense with a commissary department, the camp woman does considerable pinch-hitting for the quartermaster, medical, and recreation services. If she does not actually provide her mate with a uniform, she keeps it in reasonable repair—a task of some difficulty in a country where campaigning armies are prone to sit down in cactus beds. Furthermore, when armies get far from their base, she is practically the sole source of supply for all garments except uniforms. For instance, after a town is captured, if the rank and file suddenly appear in all the known forms of masculine lingerie, from the tender silk things cultivated by fashionable clubmen to prospectors' red flannels, it is a sign that the camp women have been indulging their justly famous talents for looting again.
>
> The camp followers' service to hygiene are rendered, perhaps, with less thoroughness, but in the depleted state of field hospital facilities on Mexican fronts these are considerable. The camp mate takes care of her soldier in all but his gravest wounds and illnesses, and often as well of her soldier's friends under her charge as *ex officio* commissary. When the fighting man is half-way convalescent of his injuries, the medical staff turns him over to his woman. Home medication being a weak point in Mexico, usually she does no more for him than fetch and carry for him, feed him more or less regularly and keep the blanket over him at night. But at least until he is ready for active duty in the field he gets all the comforts of home, such as they are,

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

without putting the Army to the necessity of granting him formal sick leave.

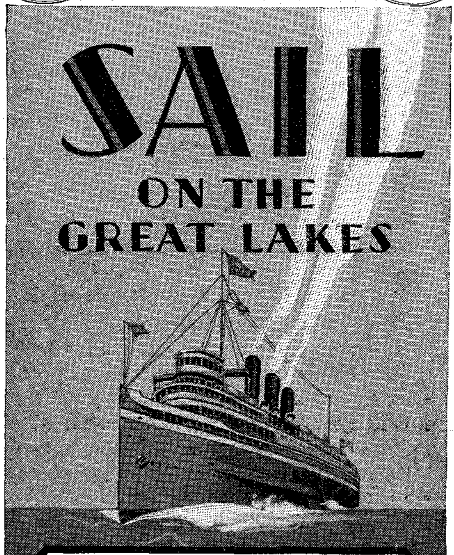
The system is not without its drawbacks, we are told. Thus, the sick soldier who has camped behind the lines with his woman for a recuperative period "sometimes decides that he is tired of campaigning and becomes a deserter by the mere failure to catch up with the front when he recovers." Continuing:

> Indeed, more than one ranch property in revolution-ridden Northern Mexico during the Carranza-Villa wars is said to have been informally appropriated by soldiers and their wives suddenly afflicted with a violent attack of the "let's-stay-right-here-where-we-are" instinct. But, on the other hand, unskilled tho camp follower nursing is, thanks to its coddling a good many thousand Mexican revolutionists who would have died without any coddling have no doubt lived to revolt again.
>
> But mostly what the armies receive from the women's brigade is the same thing which the recreation services tried to supply to the armies a dozen years ago on the Western front—a touch of home feeling and of normal social life. After the day's business, whether it be marching, fighting, or jolting through the desert in bumpy box-cars, the Mexican soldier with the camp follower's assistance, relaxes in the familiar atmosphere of his own Main Street.
>
> Behind his picket lines little cooking braziers are smoking as they might be before the doors in his own village. Women of the soldier's own class are serving him, not mere Army rations but familiar home victuals cooked in the immemorial way and seasoned with dishes of village gossip. Manuel and Pedro are likely to fight tonight over the possession of Cuca, if the hussy keeps egging them on and enough *sotol* is handy. Soledad had her baby in the *vosque* this afternoon and a place will have to be found for her for the next day or two on one of the munitions trucks. The Army really should not be permitted to move tomorrow because the turkey eggs are hatching.
>
> Between the fires the children are racing in the soft-voiced, never quite rowdy play of Indo-Latins. The air is full of the yaps, squawks and trills of the inevitable dog and bird pets of traveling Mexicans, of the bleats of the sheep and goats the women have somehow collected to make meat for next week's chili. Somewhere women's voices are chanting a plaintive and not quite decorous ballad of a young girl who gave too much for a soldier's fickle love. Under the stars an impromptu orchestra of a guitar, a violin and a wheezy flute is tuning up, and already a dozen of the younger camp girls, hardly in their teens, are sidling toward it. Perhaps there will be dancing before the Army goes to sleep.

Doubtless the camp woman has her weak points, the writer admits, summing up thus:

> In her long, billowy skirts and black *rebozo*, she is certainly no fashion model like the town girls the soldiers know in places where the American flapper cult has invaded the dance houses. She is dirty, she is inefficient, she is practically never legally

LAKE LINES



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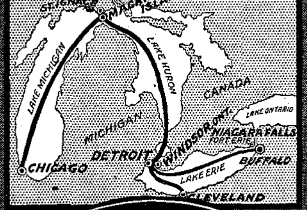

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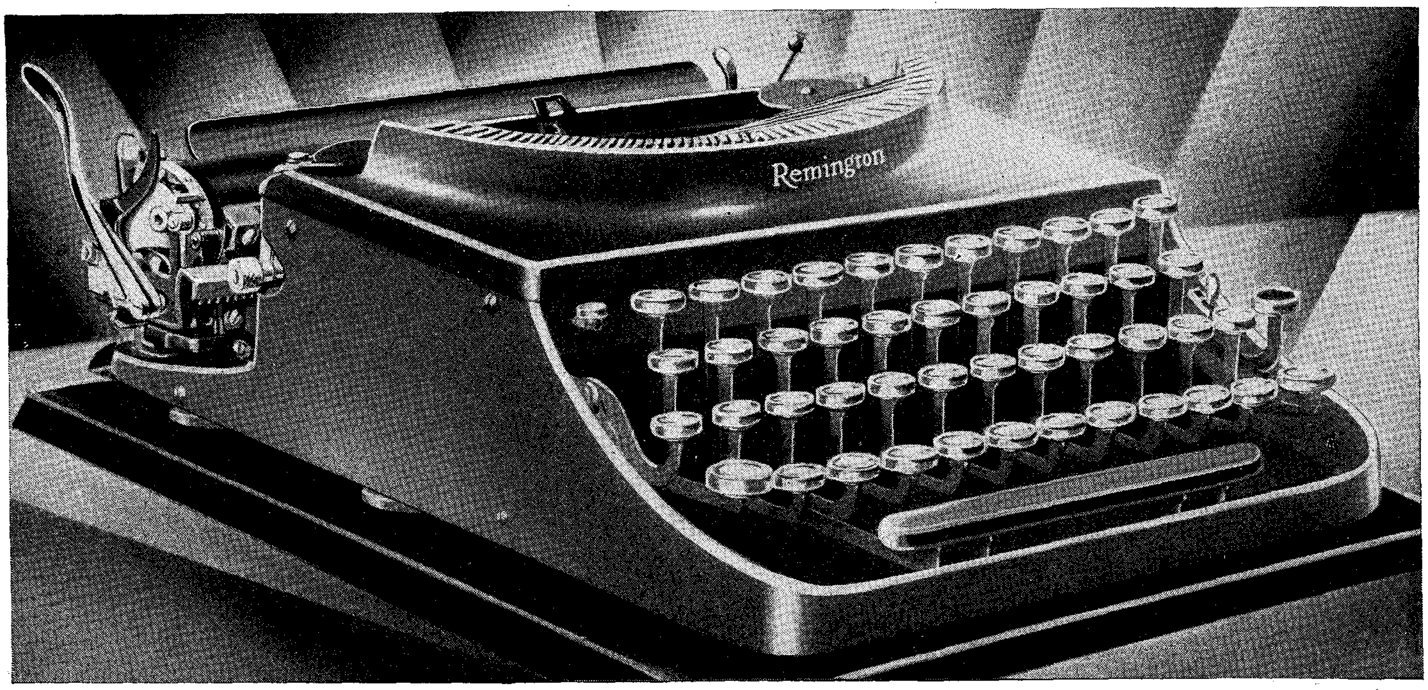

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The NEW paper bail holds the paper tight to the extreme bottom of the page, and cards and envelopes as well. It's adjustable with a flick of the finger.

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The NEW margin release key is on the keyboard. . . When you wish to pass a margin, either at the right or left, just tap the key.

Paragraph Key . . . Here's something entirely new. Even big machines haven't it! It's a little device that makes neatness automatic for the amateur. . . It indents paragraphs uniformly, counts spaces, lines up sub-headings, puts figures in columns — all with lightning ease. . . Works like a space bar—but five times as fast.

Good News . . . And here's the best news of all—there's *NO increase in price* . . . The NEW Remington Portable costs but $60—and there is, of course, a convenient plan with payments so small you'll hardly miss them.

Write for booklet and name of nearest dealer. Dept. 12, REMINGTON RAND BUSINESS SERVICE, INC., *Typewriter Division*, Remington Rand Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

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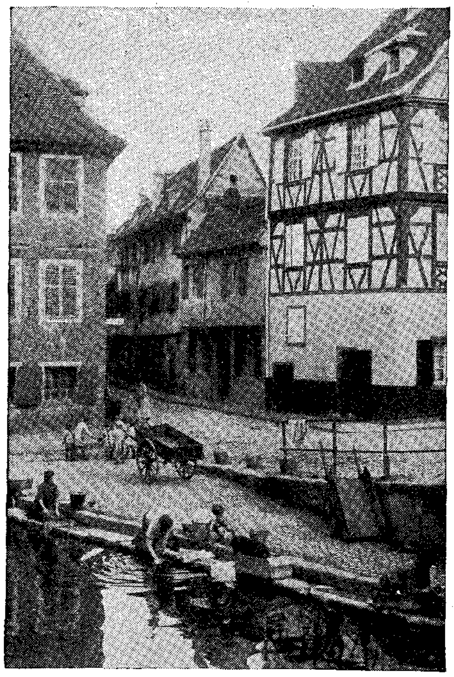

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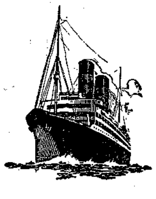

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

married. She has a disturbingly complacent custom, after the loss of her March lover, or a quarrel with her April one, of curling up under the blanket of the nearest unattached soldier and thus announcing a new devotion. She was born with the Army, no doubt she expects to die with it, and in all probability would not know how to take care of a decent stationary home if she had one.

But, while she sticks to her man, she can do her forty kilometers a day with the best of them and make a *pelado* soldier as comfortable as *pelado* soldiers are expected to be under the wisdom of God.

WHEN LIFE IMITATES O. HENRY

SAID the "big copper man," as he shuffled the cards, "You must be careful on these ocean crossings, sir, not to get mixed up with card sharps." The prosperous Scotsman, who had been winning, smiled cannily and replied that he would be careful. Subsequent events are related laconically in the New York *World*, and the news account has imprest some readers as having the tang—and the tag—of an O. Henry story. Thus it runs:

"Whist!" said Duncan Macleod, retired Scotch distiller of Scotch, when he landed from the White Star liner *Majestic* yesterday, and he didn't mean "hold your tongue."

It seems the Scotsman, a wealthy man in his fifties, who was on his way to Canada on a business trip, found the crossing dull, until he met a pleasant, good-looking, amiable man, who was "in the copper business."

As the hours were whiled away in the smoking-room, Mr. Macleod and the "copper" man met three or four others, who were, it was understood, "big business men."

"A friendly game of whist?"

"Aye," said Mr. Macleod.

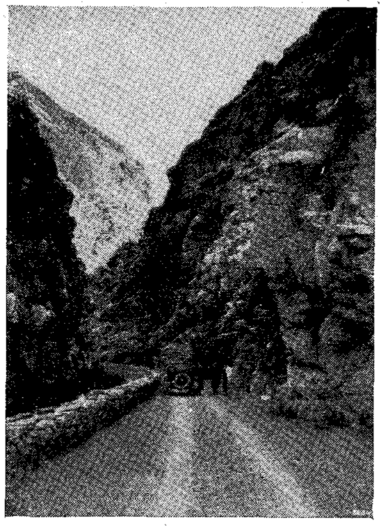
The first day he won $190 at one sitting, and Mr. Macleod chuckled at the "man in the copper business," who had warned him against card sharps.

The Scotsman's luck changed at whist next day, and next day, and the day after, and when things were checked up finally Mr. Macleod was $40,000 in the hole. There was an audit of the records and it was agreed he should pay $10,000. He gave the winners a $4,500 check on the Harriman National Bank in New York and a $5,000 check on a Montreal bank.

The Scotsman would not believe he had been dealt "the big mitt," but after he had stept ashore with his two sons, a lawyer friend induced him to go to Police Headquarters and look over the rogues' gallery. After two hours Mr. Macleod was heard to exclaim, "Whist, there's the big copper man."

Inspector John Stapleton put his hand to his mouth, and it was not to cover a yawn. "I think, sir," he said, "you had better stop payment on those checks," and he turned over the picture to the record of swindling and card sharping on the back as long as Macleod's astonishment.

However you can't hand a Scotsman the big mitt. Mr. Macleod had not yet deposited his letter of credit with the bank.



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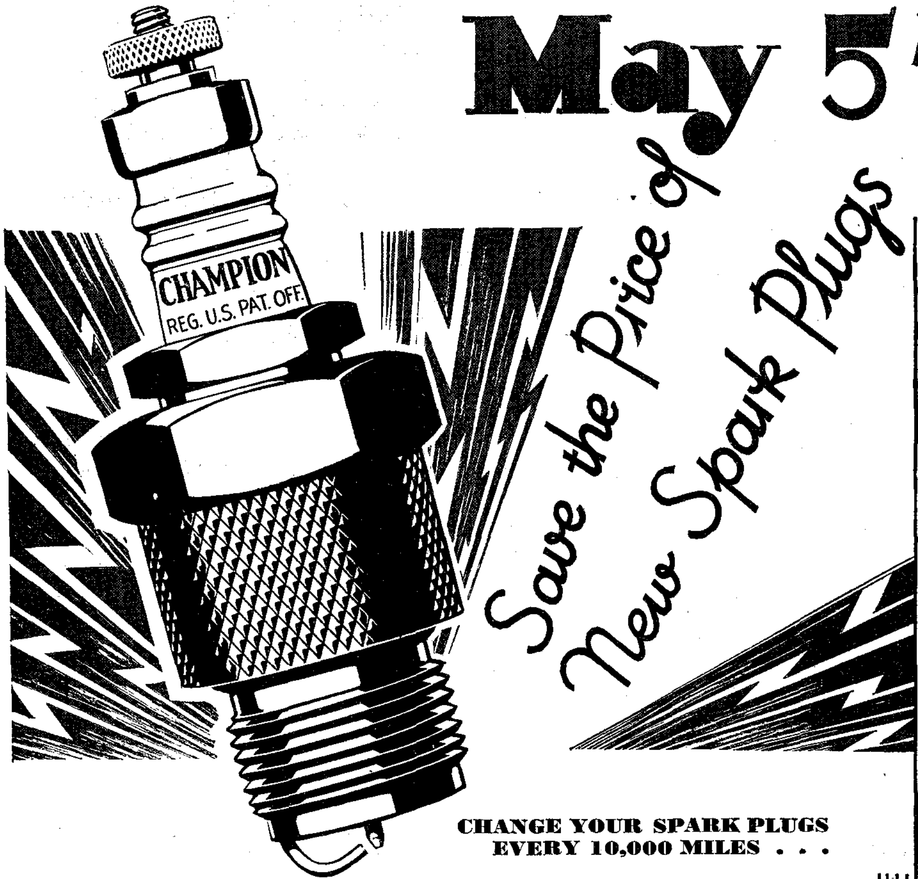
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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

WEDDING BELLS—AND A HOME RUN TO LEFT FIELD

"ARE YOU GOING ON A HONEYMOON?" queried one of a newspaper group as the newlyweds marched down the aisle, "Mrs. Ruth slipping into a mink wrap and Mr. Ruth carrying his navy blue velvet-collared coat over his arm, his gray felt hat in his hand."

"A honeymoon? Yeah, to the ball field," grunted the happy bridegroom, "his large-featured face," adds Dorothy Ducas in the New York *Evening Post*, "turning an even deeper shade of red than his new sunburn." And the hero lived up to his word, for the opening of the Yankees against the Boston Red Sox in New York, on the day following Mr. Ruth's early morning nuptials, proved "something of a boost for the ancient institution of matrimony," according to W. O. McGeehan in *The Herald Tribune*. "Babe Ruth, who rose before dawn on the previous day," he chronicles, "hit a home run the first time at bat with the count three and two against him. If a day or so of matrimony had made any change in the Babe it was not noticeable, excepting that he wore the conventionally silly expression of a bridegroom. Why bridegrooms should look silly is one of the inexplicable things, but they do." Whether Mr. Ruth deserved this description may be judged by a careful scrutiny of our illustration. Mr. McGeehan's quaint commentary on this historic episode in the national game runs on:

Acme News picture

MEET THE "SULTANA OF SWAT"

Babe Ruth and "Mrs. Babe" pose at the Yankees' opener in New York. The Babe appropriately celebrated his marriage with a homer.

> On an occasion of this sort the bride is supposed to be the center of the picture. The new Mrs. Babe Ruth was all of that for an inning and a fraction. Steeled by her theatrical training [Mrs. Ruth, before her marriage to the mighty Babe, was Mrs. Claire Hodgson, a former actress], she faced the camera battery without flinching. But when the Babe slouched up to the plate, the bride was forgotten. The first Ruthian homer landed in the lower left field stands, which is unusual.
>
> "You see," said Col. Jacob Ruppert, "what marrying has done for that fellow. He is now hitting them to left field.. If he keeps it up the outfielders won't know where to look for them."
>
> So the world's champion Yankees started their season auspiciously. It is written, "As goes Babe Ruth so go the New York Yankees." It might be written in addition that, "As goes Babe Ruth so goes all professional baseball."
>
> It is my notion that Babe Ruth not only has brought hundreds of thousands to the American League, but that indirectly he has brought hundreds of thousands to all professional baseball. Whether he strikes out with vehemence or drives the ball into the open spaces, there is no question as to the sincerity of the Ruthian swing.
>
> Despite the fact that it was pneumonia weather about 35,000 congealed customers attended the wedding reception of Mr. and Mrs. Babe Ruth, which promises well for the Yankee gate receipts for the season which got its belated start. Experts who have been predicting unreservedly that the Yankees would win their fourth consecutive pennant this year warmed up in spite of the weather. Columbia Lou Gehrig, runner-up in the home-run contest which is the Yankees' exclusive side-show, also hit a home run, starting the season even with the Babe. This caused Col. Jacob Ruppert, professional baseball's most distinguished bachelor, to start thinking aloud again.
>
> "I wonder," mused the colonel, "if Lou Gehrig also should get married if it would improve the hitting any."
>
> All of which leads up to a sudden excited exclamation of Colonel Ruppert concerning the Babe, thus:
>
> "Now I have it! Supposing that he gets into a slump around July. I know what to do then—have him get married again!"

Such were some of the pleasantries that marked the opening of the baseball season—an opening signalized, as Mr. McGeehan points out, by an unusual number of home runs, "shooting out in salvos," both "in the majors and in the minors." He admits that there was nothing unusual about the Bambino's opening homer, "excepting that it was driven to left field instead of to right," which "may have been influenced by the fact that the Babe has been married so recently." Elsewhere we read of President Hoover throwing out the first ball in Washington, and Mrs. Hoover proving herself a true fan, according to the Washington *Post*, by arming herself with a bag of peanuts. But it must be admitted that Babe Ruth's adventure in matrimony outbulks in its human interest all other aspects of the opening season, and accordingly we turn first to the accounts of his wedding. The ceremony was set for the 6:30 A. M. mass at the church of St. Gregory the Great, we learn. Thus Mr. Ruth and Mrs. Hodgson sought to outwit a host of would-be spectators, including the Babe's teammates, but they were not early enough to escape the attentions of a horde of young boys. Turning again to *The Evening Post*, we read:

> Until the Bambino and his wife-to-be were marching down the carpeted aisle toward the altar, no one knew they had arrived at all. The streets were as quiet as death, save for the steady patter of rain and the clatter of an occasional milk wagon.
>
> By the end of the ceremony and the low mass which followed, the crowd had swelled to 150, most of whom crowded around to touch the national hero, and to cry "Good luck!" Then they scattered immediately, to go back into the church, to school, or to work for the day.
>
> It was a simple service. The bridal couple waited but a few minutes in the first pew before the Rev. Father William F. Hughes, pastor of the church, came out of the sacristy in his embroidered vestments. Without any coaching, the Babe and Mrs. Hodgson rose and stept up before the priest, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lovell of Scarsdale, who acted as best man and matron of honor.
>
> The bride, wearing a purple georgette dress trimmed with steel beads, small purple felt hat, nude silk stockings and black suède slippers with steel buckles, looked very tiny as she stood beside

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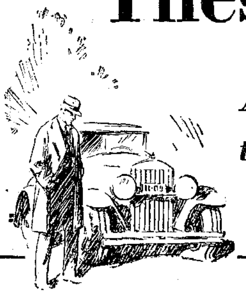

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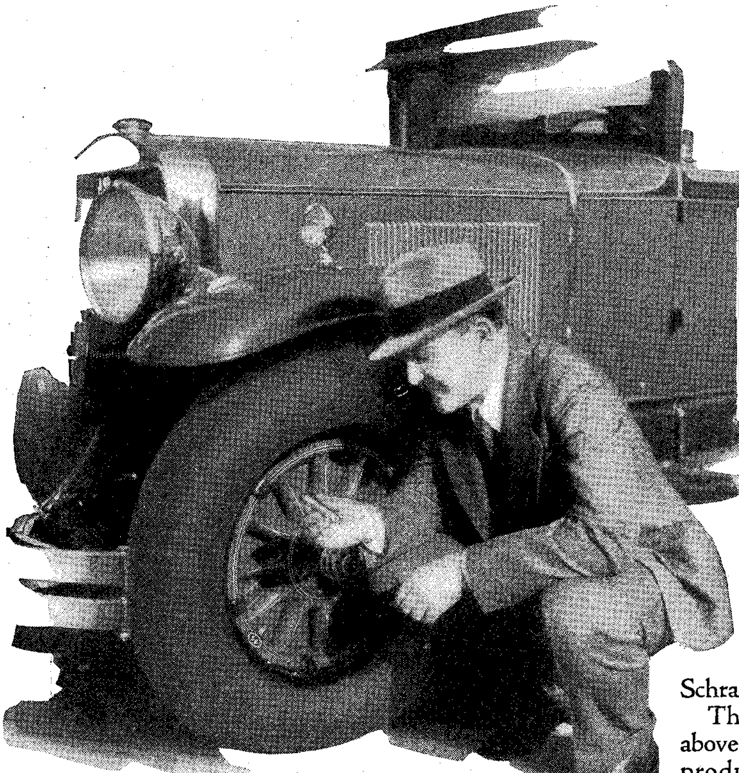

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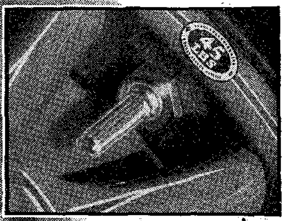

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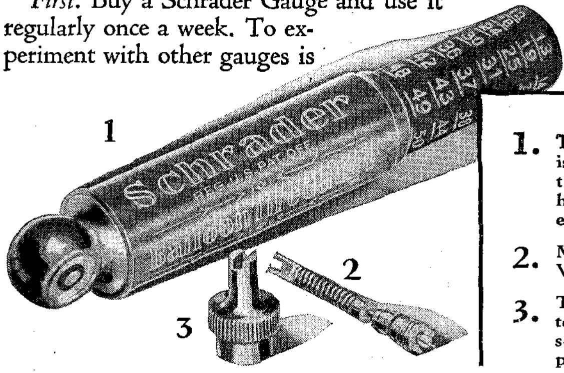

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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

the expansive Babe, chunky in spite of his training for the opening of the baseball season. He wore a blue serge suit, a mottled brown tie, white shirt, and tan shoes.

They stood up throughout the ceremony, until the blessing at the very end, Mrs. Hodgson toying with her small black-and-gold prayer-book, the diamonds in her bracelet flashing as she moved her white-kid-gloved hands.

Just as the couple was repeating the words of the ritual of the giving of the ring—a diamond circlet, incidentally—a flash-light boomed in the right-hand corner of the church.

"With this ring I thee wed, and I plight unto thee my troth," the deep basso and soft soprano were murmuring.

The noise of the explosion brought a quick glance of anger from the Babe, whose ears turned a dark red with embarrassment. He had requested no pictures be taken during the ceremony, and had promised to pose after the mass had been said. For a moment he muttered something to himself. Then his brow cleared and he fixt his eyes on the priest again.

When they came out a short time later "ten or twelve young boys crowded against the altar rail, reaching for the Babe's hand," we learn, continuing:

Mrs. Ruth, looking slightly frightened, was ignored completely by these young hero-worshipers.

"Why, hello, sonny," said "Babe" to each one.

He was not an enthusiastic hero, but he was kind, pleasant. The small boys glowed with pride. Especially did John Shaughnessy and James McMahon, altar boys, who assisted at the mass, glow. They were promised autographed baseballs by the home-run champion.

The newly married pair, with their attendants and Father Hughes, posed for pictures at the altar. Then: "Good luck and don't have any worries," said the priest, shaking hands with the Ruths.

"Did you stay up all night?" asked some one.

"I should say not!"

"What time did you get up?"

"Five o'clock—that's a little earlier than usual. I don't get out of bed till nine o'clock most of the time."

Then, touching his wife on the arm, he murmured, "Come on, let's get out of this."

Turning from the Babe to the game, we learn without surprize that the Yankees are out with high hopes of another world's championship. But, Manager Miller J. Huggins admits in the New York *World*, the Philadelphia Athletics are a menace to their hopes. And the Athletics, naturally, hope that they will be able to make their menace effective. Mickey Cochrane, of the Mackmen, voted the most valuable player in the American League in 1928, told C. William Duncan, according to a copyrighted article in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "I am a firm believer in the saying, 'As Ruth goes, so go the Yankees.' I think the outcome of the 1929 American League race hinges on the 1929 form of

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New York's great slugger." Of the Athletics' chances and the chances of other teams, Mickey said, as quoted by the writer:

So far as my own club, the Athletics, is concerned, I am hoping that in 1929 we can break the 'Yankee jinx,' and keep it broken. The finish of the 1928 fight showed that the Yanks had won 101 and lost 53 games, for a percentage of .656. The Athletics won 98 and lost 55, for a percentage of .641. We, in second place, won three more games and lost four less than the St. Louis Cardinals, National League pennant winners. But it wasn't enough to beat the Yanks.

Our trouble was not in beating the six other clubs in the league, because we were very successful there. Where we lost the pennant was against the Yankees themselves, as they won sixteen and we won only six of our twenty-two-game series. We must beat those Yanks to win the 1929 pennant.

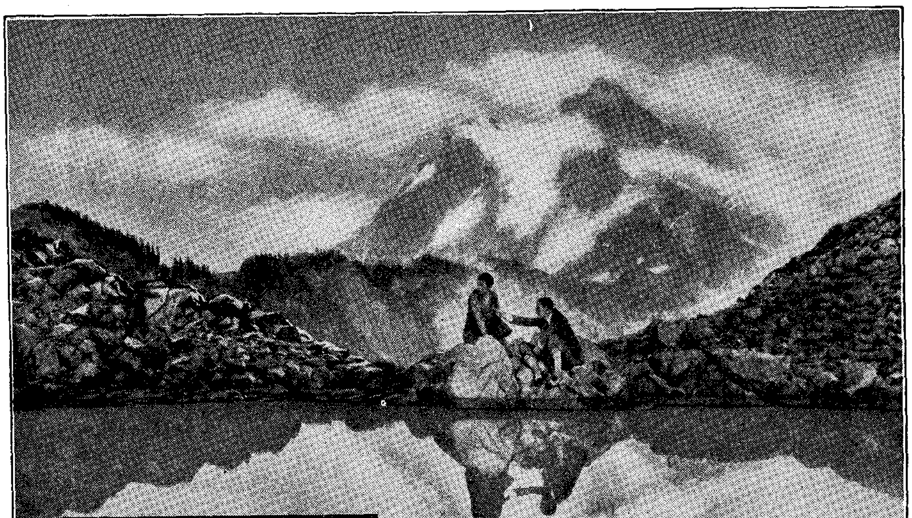
Ty Cobb and Tris Speaker, those two famous veterans who played a couple of dozen years in the league, will not be with us. Neither will Joe Hauser, our first baseman, who hit so well during the first part of the season but fell off toward the close. Homer Summa, the outfielder purchased from Cleveland, will help us, and I am looking for real results from all our first-string pitchers. The A's are certain to be in the fight.

Detroit finished way down in sixth place last year with 68 victories and 86 defeats, for a percentage of only .442. I am looking for it to be right up in the battle this year. Any one who follows baseball knows Detroit has always been famous as a hitting club. In the old days it had Veach, Cobb, and Crawford as the outfield, and no outfield in modern baseball, excepting the Yanks of to-day, ever hit harder. And those boys didn't have the lively ball to hit. Sam Crawford passed out of the picture, but Harry Heilmann came into it, and Harry led the American League in 1921, 1923, 1925, and 1927. This is 1929, and 'Odd-Year Harry' is due again. It will be most interesting to see if he can win his fifth every-other-year title.

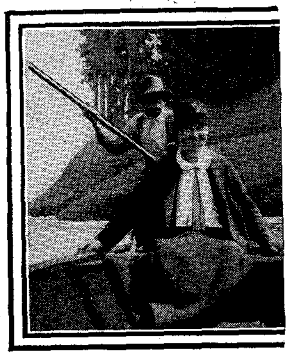
My reason for believing the Tigers will come to life this year, however, is not Heilmann, but "Bucky" Harris. I have a hunch Harris will provide the surprize this year that Dan Howley and his St. Louis Browns did last year. He did it when he started off as manager of the Washington Club, and I believe he'll do it again.

If George Uhle regains his 1927 form, Harris will have a great ace to depend upon. Uhle will be the man to bolster the Tigers' pitching staff, which is just as well known for being weak as the outfield is for being strong. Owen Carroll and Earl Whitehill are left from last year's team, and Johnny Prudhomme, from Toronto, is expected to develop into a star. Sorrell, Haskell, Billings, Stoner, and Gibson are also available.

The Tigers have also procured Roy Johnson, who hit .360 in 170 games in the Pacific Coast League. He will try for an outfield berth. Dale Alexander, who won the International League batting championship and was a real star in his circuit, will be a competitor for first base. Heinie Schuble, who played shortstop for the St. Louis Cardinals during most of the 1927 season after Tommy Thevenow was injured, will battle it out with Chick Galloway for the shortstop position. With all this new material and with Harris as manager, the



Mount Shuksan, Mount Baker National Forest



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SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

Tigers, on paper, look very much stronger than they did in 1928.

The Cleveland club seems certain to win more than the sixty-two games it won in 1928, according to Mickey, who gives us his reasons for this belief:

> It lost ninety-two, for a percentage of .403. The Indian management has gone out and purchased a number of minor-league stars, the most prominent being Jimmy Zinn, star pitcher of the Kansas City Club, of the American Association, who has won twenty or more games in five out of the last six years—a great record; Dick Porter, of the Baltimore Orioles, a leading hitter in the International League for many seasons, and Earl Averhill, from San Francisco. Whether Cleveland figures in the pennant race this season depends largely on the showing of these three men, each a star in one of the three leading minor leagues of the country. As has been the case many times in the past, the fans of the country will be watching the work of the trio to see if AA players can bolster a weak major-league club.
>
> Chicago's White Sox finished last year with seventy-two wins and eighty-two losses, for .468. They are depending on Lena Blackburne to lead them into the first division.
>
> Another manager, Walter Johnson, carries the hopes of Washington fans for 1929. Neither club has made any startling additions so far.
>
> Up in Boston, Bill Carrigan, his club strengthened by the five players secured for Buddy Meyer, has an ambition to crawl out of the cellar.

A RING TROPHY AWAITING A NEW HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION

THE black and grinning Jack Johnson was there; so were Tommy Burns and Jack Dempsey—all former heavyweight champions. Off in the vast arena in another part of Madison Square Garden, a calliope was hooting as a circus performance went forward. A tall man, a midget, and some other freaks from the spectacle slipt into the room to watch the unveiling of the Muldoon-Tunney trophy. This gladiatorial statue by Mahonri Young, donated by the retired champion and his friend, is symbolic of the heavyweight championship. The unveiling was a moment of recalling old times. Jack Johnson, writes Harry Grayson in the New York *Telegram*, smiled at more cameras than he had seen since those that clicked and whirred that day in Reno, when he beat Jeffries. And now, we read:

> The Galveston black hadn't had so much fuss made over him since he quit this country a fugitive from justice, seventeen years ago.
>
> Heavyweight champions. Where do they come from? Where do they go? Burns and Johnson are broke—seeking vaudeville engagements. Dempsey, still young enough to be active, is branching out as a promoter, and probably will collect another $500,000 or so for fighting this fall.

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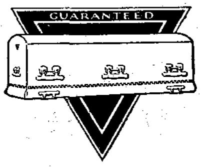
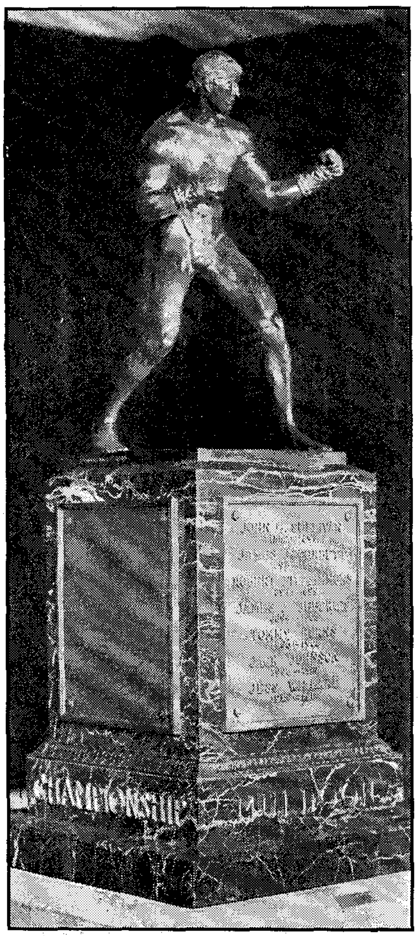


Johnson, as egotistical as ever, refuses to give the current crop any credit.

"This kind of stuff," with a sweep of his hand toward Old Man Muldoon and the numerous prominent and wealthy men present, "Tex Rickard and that fellow and his smashing style"—pointing to Dempsey—"swelled the total, but we inaugurated the big-money era." He meant himself, Burns, and Jim Jeffries.

"This fellow," he continued, indicating Burns, "did not receive half the credit he had coming. The newspapers panned him for months for insisting on $30,000 for fighting me in Sydney. And the funny part of it was that he gypped himself out of another $30,000 when he made the deal with Hugh McIntosh.



Underwood & Underwood photograph

THE BRUISER "CHAMPS'" TROPHY

Donated by Tunney and Muldoon, it bears the names of all the heavyweight kings, from Sullivan to the present, with room for about nineteen more

"The promoter offered him $20,000 and half the house, or $30,000 flat, and he jumped at the guaranty. We grossed $131,000.

"I collected $121,000 for beating Jeffries at Reno. He got $118,000. That would be the equivalent of half a million apiece to-day."

Heavyweight champions! Where do they come from? Only three contenders are prominently mentioned right now—Jack Sharkey, Schmeling, and Paulino.

Yet the old champions nominated but one of them—Sharkey—when asked whose name is most likely to be engraved on the bronze tablet below those of Sullivan, Corbett, Fitz, Jeff, Burns, Johnson, Willard, Dempsey, and Tunney.

And they agreed that Tommy Loughran was the next best bet.

The "mild-mannered" Loughran stood

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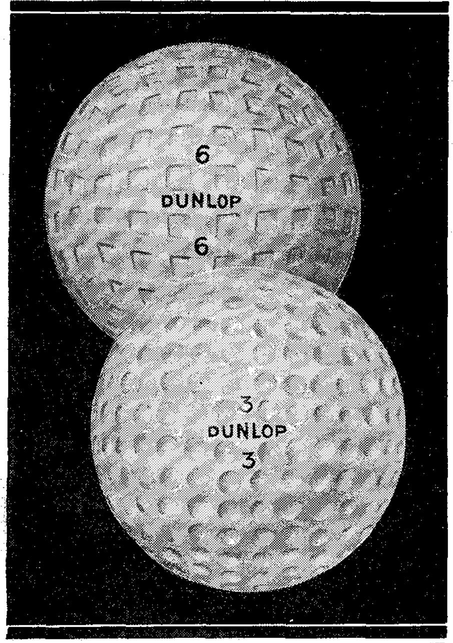

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2 *dimpled* ○○

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Such a name means much . . . but only because the ball itself has made its own mark as the most-wanted of all fine golf-balls.

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THE

IMPORTED BLACK

DUNLOP

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

Continued

near by. He broke up a deep-sea fishing party off Miami Beach to be on hand for the ceremony, we learn as we read further:

"I think Loughran would out-box Sharkey," said Dempsey.

"Maybe so, but I doubt it," asserted Johnson. "I liked the way Sharkey punched to the body in the Christner fight."

"I'd pick Sharkey," broke in Burns. "He's too big and strong."

"Oh, I don't know," beamed Johnson, "you weren't so big the afternoon you stirred up all that trouble for me in Australia. Just what did you weigh that day, Tommy?"

"Just 169 pounds, to your 208½, Jack," replied Burns, "and the first X-ray photograph I ever saw in my life was of your two fractured ribs."

"Yes, suh, you little fellows always gave me the most trouble," continued Johnson. "That Joe Choynski was another. He was a little guy, but he popped me in the eye with a left hook in Galveston one night.

"He hit the bulb so hard I couldn't close it. I didn't want any more. You just tell the world that Johnson says Choynski could fight.

"They pinched us. We were charged with assaulting each other. A man in jail for murdering his wife got out two days quicker than we did.

"When the day of the trial arrived, the Judge asked: 'Johnson, how about this assault charge?' 'Say, your Honor,' I told him, 'take a look at this lamp and convict that little fellow.'

"Any way you look at it, Tommy, this guy Loughran is a rummy for making weight for middleweights with all these bum heavyweights lying around handy."

"That's right," answered Burns, and Dempsey, the "Man Mauler," nodded his approval.

Speaking of the past, when fights were long, it is interesting, writes Wilbur Wood in the New York *Sun*, "to speculate how differently fistic history would read had the ten- and fifteen-round championship bouts of to-day been the vogue at that time." Mr. Wood, who believes that some recent champions could not have stood the pace of the past, tells us these stories of some old ring encounters:

Perhaps the most famous case of the kind has to do with Jim Corbett and Jim Jeffries. Had their fight at Coney Island on May 11, 1900, been scheduled for ten or fifteen rounds instead of twenty-five, Corbett would have won by an indisputable margin, and would have been the first and only man to regain the heavyweight crown.

The story of that battle still is fresh in the minds of those who witnessed it. Corbett, despite the fact that he was then more than thirty-three years old, was in splendid condition and confident of his ability to outpoint the champion. For twenty-two rounds, Gentleman Jim stept about with the grace and skill of a lightweight, spearing Jeffries with innumerable stinging lefts to the face and blocking or slipping his rival's devastating left hook.

Still, in spite of the fact that he was winning easily and seemed certain to regain

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his lost laurels, Corbett was not happy. Bill Brady and Billy Delaney, working behind the champion, kept up a steady stream of abusive language from Jeffries's corner, accusing Corbett of being a sissy and daring him to "stand and fight like a man." Their chiding hurt Corbett's feelings, particularly as at one time they had been his own men. George Considine, handling Corbett, pleaded with Jim to pay no attention to the goat-getters.

As the fight passed into its closing stages, many of the spectators joined in the verbal abuse. Corbett at last became furious. As he sat in his corner waiting for the start of the twenty-third, he told Considine he was going to mix with Jeffries in the next round and show the crowd that he could fight as well as box. Considine pleaded with Corbett not to take such a foolish chance, but Jim was burning up with rage, and in the twenty-third he rushed Jeffries. The champion checked him, throwing him into the ropes, and as Corbett came off the strands he was tagged by a left hook to the chin which knocked him cold.

According to a statistician who kept track of the punches, the knockout blow was the one hundred and fifty-seventh left hook turned loose by Jeffries. It was the only one that hit the target, but it was enough to nullify the challenger's long lead on points and shatter his dream of regaining the title.

Jeffries's title previously had been saved for him in his scrimmage with Tom Sharkey on November 3, 1898, at Coney Island, by the fact that they were matched for twenty-five rounds instead of ten or fifteen. Up to the eighteenth round Sharkey was well in front, but he took such a body-beating in the last six or seven rounds that he was laid up in a hospital for some time.

Kid Lavigne is another whose title was saved because long fights were the rule in the old days. On December 27, 1896, the Kid defended the lightweight title against Jack Everhardt in New York, at the Bohemian Sporting Club, at Amsterdam Avenue and Eighty-first Street, before a crowd estimated at about 700.

For twenty-three rounds the clever Everhardt landed at will, slashing Lavigne's face to ribbons. Both Lavigne's eyes were virtually closed, his nose was smashed, and his mouth was cut in many places. Still the Kid kept coming, and in the twenty-fourth round he finally hit Everhardt on the whiskers with a right-hand smash that flattened Jack for a full count.

After the fight they met at a bar. Lavigne, almost blind, was led in by his manager, Sam Fitzpatrick, who fed him a few mouthfuls of champagne with a spoon. The defeated boxer stood at Lavigne's elbow, without a mark except a red spot on his chin where the finishing punch landed.

After the Madison Square Garden trophy was unveiled, there wasn't very much that William Muldoon, New York State Boxing Commissioner and one of the donors, could do with it, we are reminded by John Kieran in the New York *Times*. In this "extremity" he could only turn it over to the trustees appointed for its guardianship with some such words as "Some one will come around to get this later." For there is no heavyweight champion now, and Gene Tunney, the last one, was not present to see the award he helped to give, unveiled. But some of the comment on the trophy has been less amiable. The unveiling,

A FINER GOLF TOUCH NOW POSSIBLE *with* *Stainless Steel....*

[*a mild and mellow steel with ample resistance and* IT WILL NOT RUST]

The Walker Cup, famous International Amateur team play trophy.

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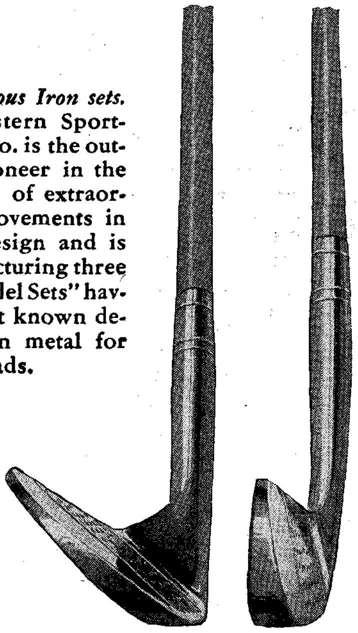
The Crest, a symbol of distinction on really fine golf clubs.

These remarkable new Wilson Club Heads are more than just *stainless steel.* Not only are they stainless on the surface, but they are stainless all the way through. They are made of a *new kind* of steel, manufactured exclusively by the Carpenter Steel Company of Reading, Pa. Never before has *any* stainless steel provided qualities so well adapted for golf head use. It is what has long been searched for—and now found in these Wilson Clubs.

But from the keen player's viewpoint there is an even greater asset.

No other stainless steel gives quite the distance that comes from this new mild and mellow stainless steel; yielding an invisible little bit at the instant of impact, it helps catapult the ball into the air.



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Ask your pro or dealer to show you these fine Wilson Matched Clubs. You can buy them in sets of five, six or nine.

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GOLF EQUIPMENT

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Arizona Hunter Lands Big Catch For His Pipe

Stranded in hot desert, he finds oasis of comfort in this little blue tin

Ask Mr. Kirby, a victim of the stifling heat of the desert, and he'll tell you it's mighty uncomfortable to hunt for your favorite pipe-tobacco and find you've lost your pouch. Unless (as it so happened) one of the boys has a welcome "shot" of Edgeworth to fill the breach.

Mr. Kirby says it certainly did *more* than that for him. For from the moment he packed his pipe with Edgeworth the world seemed pretty good again. And now he's made up his mind he'll never smoke any other brand. Read his letter:

Bottle Mountain Sanitarium
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December 5, 1928

Larus & Brother Company
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

One day in the desert in Arizona, I went out on an all-day shooting trip, and left my pouch at home, and did not discover it until I was miles from town and a mile or more from where we had left our Ford. Well, I was disgusted. The sun was shining hot as the devil that day, and everything was dancing in the heat, and I soon got a headache.

Now a queer thing about these headaches I have is that tobacco relieves them. So I asked one of the boys for a pipe of tobacco, and he handed me a tin of Edgeworth. I got the biggest surprise of my smoking experience. For the pipe tasted just as good as it ever had with the other brand, and was quite a bit cooler, too.

You can be sure I have never smoked any more imported mixtures since that day, and as long as Edgeworth is what it is I will use no other.

Sincerely yours,
(signed) McKinley Kirby

Not all pipe-smokers are brave, bold hunters. But nearly all pipe-smokers are calm, serene fellows. Pipe-smoking runs to sound, thinking men—not to the nervous, helter-skelter breed. Somehow with a briar between your teeth you simply *can't* be hurried into nervous, jumpy decisions.

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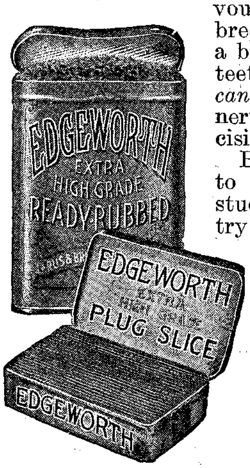
Edgeworth "Ready-Rubbed" is sold in various sizes from small pocket packages to pound humidor tins. Also "Plug Slice" Edgeworth comes packed in thin slices, for pipe-smokers who like to "rub up" their tobacco in the palm



according to Westbrook Pegler, writing in the New York *Morning Telegraph*, revealed Mr. Muldoon "as an extremely old man who actually believes the high-flown things he says about prize-fighting." Says Mr. Pegler further:

> The trophy is an orthodox bronze figure of a nude in the conventional Tom Figg posture, surmounting a stone pedestal. There is a bronze plate on each of the four sides, and these plates bear, in raised block letters, the names of all the champions from Sullivan to Tunney.
>
> The absurd dignity of the thing, standing in a recess of black plush hangings, saved over from Tex Rickard's lying-in-state, was rendered the more grotesque by the grave importance with which the boys invested the occasion. The boys themselves knew what naive skulduggery lay written in invisible letters upon the four plaques along with the visible type commending the champions to immortality.
>
> There was not room enough, of course, to accommodate in bronze letters beneath the name of Jess Willard that chapter from the memoirs of Jack Johnson which tells of his engaging to lie down in the fight in Havana for so much cash, paid in advance. It would have consumed all the room on all four plaques to recount the harassment of Willard by the mock vigilantes of the Dempsey adherency as he tried to quiet his fear and compose himself for sleep the night before the fight in Toledo. Mr. Muldoon said the names of the champions for the next hundred years would go on those plaques, so there was not room to spare beneath the name of Gene Tunney for the name of "Boo Boo" Hoff in parenthetical brackets.

Old Mr. Muldoon saw the little monument as a shrine-piece, and his feeling was so like idolatry that one wanted to sneer, but felt more like sighing for the grace to see as he did. For he has made Tunney the god of his admiration in his old age, and Tunney, on his part, instituted the trophy in a spirit of mockery and contempt. Withdrawing from the prize-fighting business rich and full of loathing for it, he set up the trophy as a marauding prince might carve his name on the face of a mountain in a ravaged and humiliated country before withdrawing with the loot.

At great cost of effort and pain, old Mr. Muldoon had come down from the suburban boarding-house and gymnasium where he used to bully sedentary business men through physical agonies, which he conceived to be good for them, body and soul, to talk for an hour at the unveiling of the statue. But Tunney sent the boys a cable, derisive in its elegance, from Italy.

Old Mr. Shaw, the writer, dragged himself out of his hermitage for one evening a couple of years ago to attend a banquet in his honor in London, and when he rose to speak he spoke of the physical exhaustion of a very old man. It was, he said, a physical labor that young men with energy to squander could not comprehend, to raise his arm in a mild oratorical gesture at that board. Mr. Muldoon, in his infrequent public speeches nowadays, complains of the same labor in the mere raising of the arms which hurled mighty Greeks and Turks of enormous poundage lightly about the wrestling ring fifty years ago.

It "dawned upon the scoffing prize-fight business suddenly and belatedly that the old man really believed in prize-fighting as a chivalrous sport and in Tunney as the ideal and exemplar," observes this commentator, and quotes Mr. Muldoon thus:

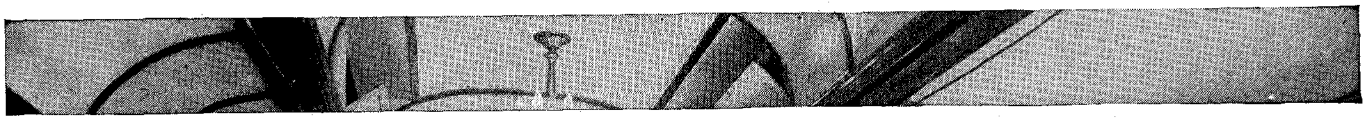
> "We have taken this branch of sport away from the class of people who were doing all they could to make money out of it—the greatest menace to boxing is avarice. There is nothing that brings out the good in men as much as the sport of boxing. Every employee of the Garden, from the humble scrubwoman, the watchman, up to the president, Mr. Carey himself, has a sacred trust to carry on the great work so wonderfully started by Tex Rickard."
>
> So he spoke in the lobby of the Garden, in the dark folds of Tex Rickard's mortuary trappings, with the Kleig lights beating on his dogged features, and a sense of awe that was almost an odor pervaded the place.
>
> Old Joe Humphreys, the announcer, blinked and batted his eyes at the movie cameras, then remembered the old man's picturesque crotchet against cigarets and dropt the one he was smoking and ground it with his heel.
>
> The cameras on the tripods purred, taking down the old man's likeness and his faith, and when he was done at last and out of earshot, Tommy Loughran, the light-heavyweight champion, borrowed a pencil and wrote his name on the plaque as Tunney's successor.
>
> "I thought I would get my name on it before they toss the thing into the storeroom under the stairs," he said.

PRESIDENTS AS DUFFER ATHLETES

THE "hot-dog" vender, the pedler of pop, and the purveyor of peanuts added their cries to the jovial din in the packed grandstand and bleachers. Expectation worked itself up to a climax as the rival teams ran out on the diamond, and final preparations were made for opening the season of our national pastime. The scene was Washington, and the first baseball game of the year was graced by the presence of the President of the United States himself. It is the custom when the baseball season is opened anywhere for the most important man in town to throw out the first ball; and Washington has a special advantage here, for frequently it enjoys the services of the Chief Executive in this capacity. Now everything was ready. Photographers, players, and officials swarmed about the Presidential box; an umpire strode over with a new white ball. He handed it to the President, Henry L. Farrell tells us in a syndicated N. E. A. article, and said, "Will you throw it out, Mr. President?"

Calvin Coolidge hesitated and then inquired, "Where do you want me to throw it?"

In a word, ex-President Coolidge did not know much or care greatly about some forms of sport, altho, if the problem had been one of trap-shooting, he would not have needed to ask questions. It is no slur on our Presidents, Mr. Farrell remarks, that most of them have been duffer athletes. The Presidency is a full-time job,



3 TRANSPORTATION PROBLEMS

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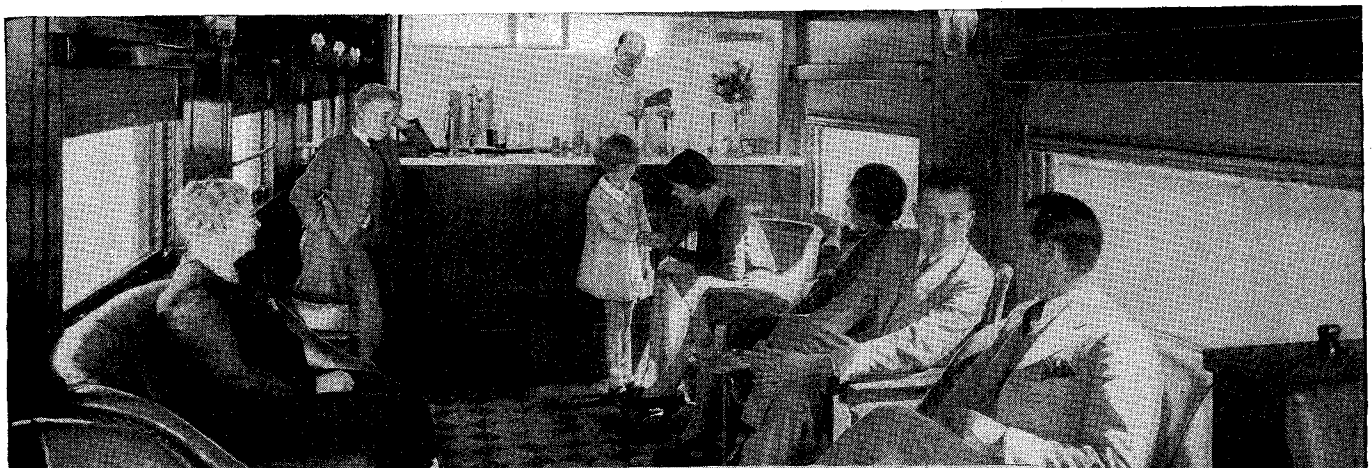

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(Left) The frame of a big plane like Commander Byrd's "America" is made of wood. The wing surface is a wood veneer.

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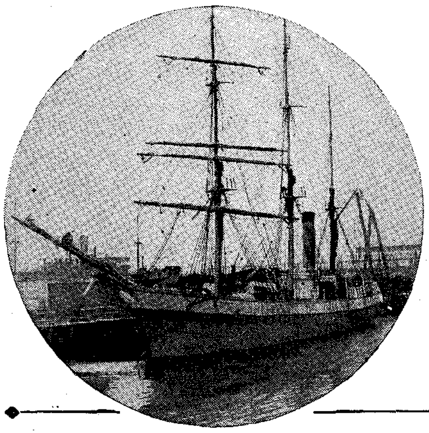

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(Left) The "City of New York," a vital part of Commander Byrd's South Polar expedition. She is built entirely of wood.

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*North Carolina Pine Association, Norfolk, Va.—North Carolina Pine
*Northern Hemlock & Hardwood Manufacturers Association, Oshkosh, Wis.—Hemlock, Maple, Birch and Northern Hardwoods
*Northern Pine Manufacturers Association, Minneapolis, Minn.—White Pine, Norway Pine
*Southern Cypress Manufacturers Association, Jacksonville, Fla.—Cypress and Tupelo
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*Maple Flooring Manufacturers Association, Chicago, Ill.
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†Trade-marked lumber available in these species

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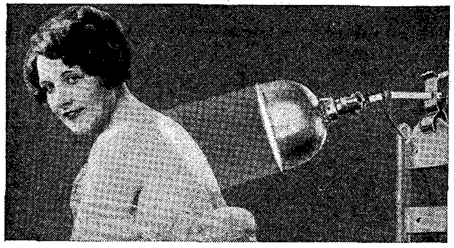

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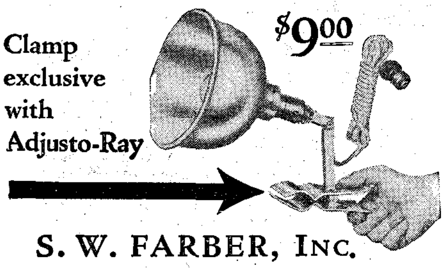

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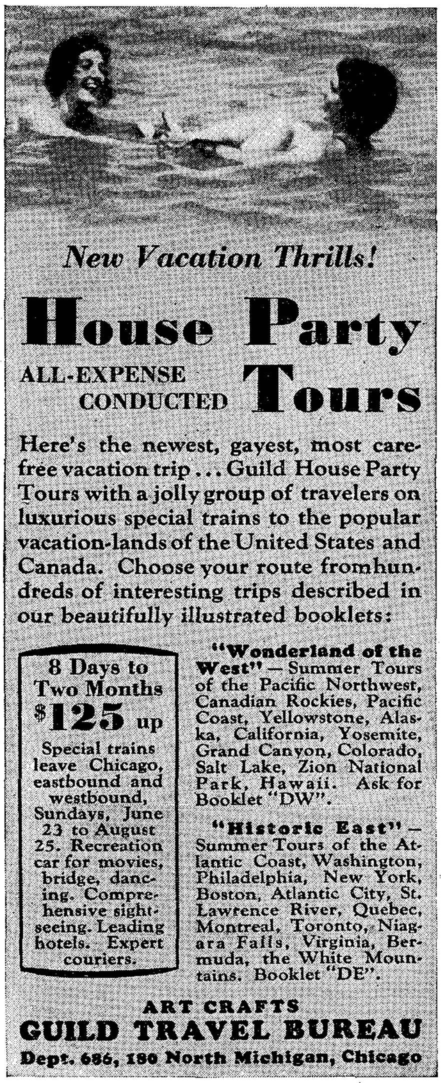

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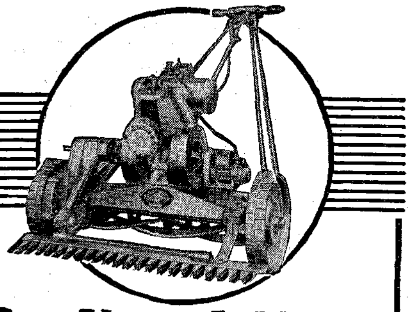
SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

and those who hold it indulge in sports chiefly to keep themselves physically fit. But public interest in the athletic diversions of our Presidents is keen, and Mr. Farrell explains it thus:

> There's a natural kick for a duffer in seeing some big man make a duffer out of himself. And the desire of newspaper editors to give their athletically inclined readers this brand of kick in pictures has been in no small part responsible for a new duty imposed unofficially upon the occupant of the White House.
>
> The President, even against his will, must be some kind of athlete, not only to encourage the kiddies to take up clean athletics, but to stock the newspaper morgue with silly pictures of the President sitting stiffly on the back of a horse winding up the wrong way with a golf club, or standing in a puddle while a couple of secret service men impale a little worm on the hook of a fishing-line.
>
> You wouldn't have to hang around a Washington newspaper office very long if you were bent on substantiating evidence, to see a photographer called to the managing editor's desk and hear him assigned somewhat in this manner:
>
> "The President is going to the circus this afternoon. Get him to ride a camel or something, and get two or three good shots."
>
> The same assignment under other circumstances that occurred so frequently under the Coolidge Administration might be to get "him" fishing in a rain barrel, wrestling with an Indian chief, riding Reigh Count, getting a coat of axle grease for a channel swim, or climbing into an overstuffed chair on a flagpole.
>
> It must be said ever to his credit that although President Coolidge was obliging in having himself pictured as a great man of the outdoors, he never posed as a golf player and wouldn't expose his electric horse to the dust of flashlight powder.
>
> The subject of the electric horse was the only one in a sport writer's province that Mr. Coolidge never cared to mention or have mentioned.
>
> One of the young Washington newspapermen belonged to an amateur dramatic society, principally for the reason that a girl he was interested in was a member. Another member was a young electrician's mate from the navy-yard. He didn't show up for rehearsal one night, and when he appeared the next night the young newspaperman asked where he had been.
>
> "The President blew out a fuse on his horse, and I had to go up to the White House last night and fix it," the sailor said.
>
> "Whaddaya mean, blew out a fuse on his horse?" the scribe asked, expecting a new gag.
>
> "No kidding," the gob answered. "He rides an electric horse, and he pushed the wrong button and blew out a fuse. They're always sending some one up from the yard to fix it. He don't know how to change the gaits."
>
> It was a great story, but it couldn't be used without confirmation, and it was impossible to get into the White House to look for the horse.
>
> Finally the scribe looked up one of the President's intimates who lived at the White House with him. He knew that this friend took a walk early every



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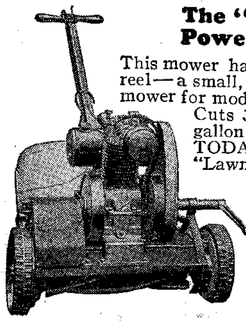

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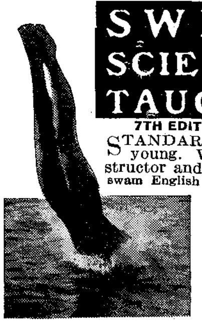

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morning, and he accidentally happened upon him.

"It's strange to me," the scribe said, "how the President keeps himself fit. He's doing as much work as the others, and he's not breaking down. He never takes any exercise. He doesn't walk much, he doesn't play golf or handball, and he doesn't ride."

"Yes, he does ride, and that's the secret. Listen, I'll tell you," the intimate of the President said, and he told the scribe the story of the iron horse.

There have been some real patrons of outdoor sports in the White House, however. President Taft and President Harding were good golfers in any company, and President Harding was probably a better golf player than any of his predecessors. He was also a good amateur horseshoe pitcher, but never competed as a professional.

President Cleveland was said to have been the best fisherman and marksman of any of the Presidents, but his name got more athletic publicity from Grover Cleveland Alexander than anything he ever did with a pole or a gun.

President Wilson was a good horseman and a fair golfer, and he was one of the champion baseball fans of the White House.

The President who had a more natural leaning toward sports and athletics and who was, perhaps, the best all-around athlete of all, was Theodore Roosevelt.

Roosevelt was a rough rider, big-game hunter, boxer and a good tennis player. His riding days do not have to be recalled. His career as a big-game hunter has been preserved for future generations in many profusely illustrated books from his own pen.

Next to Roosevelt, no doubt, was George Washington himself. If there had been any athletes in those days, any gentlemen amateur sports, Washington would have qualified. He rode to hounds. He could have competed in any high-jumping horse show ever staged in Madison Square Garden.

He was a good shot, too, but where Mr. Coolidge shoots clay pigeons to-day, Washington shot redskins and redcoats.

Painters galore, of course, have immortalized Washington's prowess in the water sports. In every schoolhouse there hangs at least one picture of Coxswain Washington bossing his crew in the Delaware regatta.

Ranking right along with Roosevelt and Washington, tho, are the soldier Presidents—Jackson and Grant, we are reminded as we continue:

Both were expert horsemen, of course. One of the rarest pictures of all times is an old print showing General Grant and his party surf-bathing.

Andrew Jackson would probably rank as the best shot ever to make the White House. He fought a duel, with pistols and ball cartridges, and won. Jackson, too, was a great horse-racer, and in his sporting days a patron of the now discredited sport of cock-fighting.

Just how good the soldier Presidents were with their sabers and swords history doesn't record, altho most of the sculptors have insisted on putting sheathed carving weapons in the hands of the heroic statues of them scattered about the country.

And what the comic artists have done in the way of dubbing Railsplitter Lincoln the best of the fencers is simply a public scandal. Lincoln, too, has gone down in history as a wrestler.

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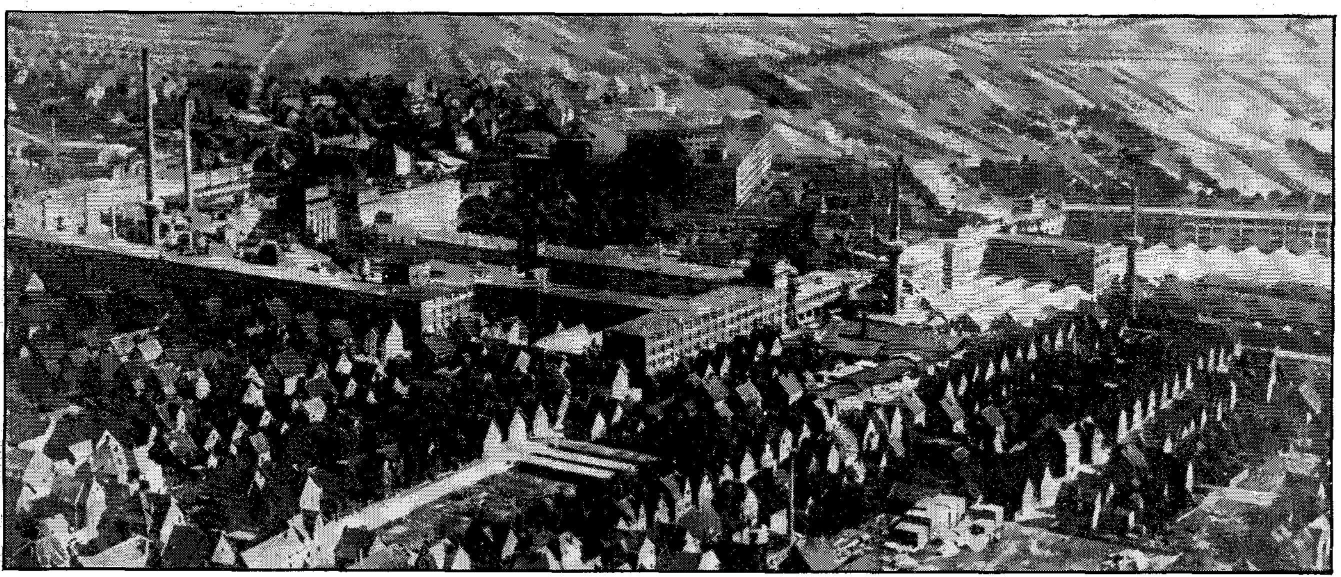

P. & A. photograph

GENERAL MOTORS' $30,000,000 ACQUISITION IN GERMANY

A view of the Ruesselsheim plant of the Adam Opel Company which made 45 per cent. of the motor-cars produced in Germany last year. The Opel Company will continue under German management, but General Motors has bought financial control, and will bring about a close coordination.

AMERICAN CAPITAL MOTORIZING EUROPE

AS HENRY FORD AND GENERAL MOTORS lead the advance of American capital upon Europe's motor-car market, military phrases seem to spring irresistibly from the typewriters of deeply interested writers for the press. "International war for the virtually untapped world automobile business is now on," begins John A. Crone, in a long article in the New York *World*. "The European motor-car market has become a battle-field for the General Motors corporation and the Ford Motor Company," are the opening words of a Paris dispatch to the Chicago *Daily News*, signed by Camille le Mercier. With General Motors assuming control of the Opel Works, Germany's largest automobile-making concern, and Henry Ford setting up branch factories all over Europe, there is much talk in our press about the "terrific competition," altho a leading writer in the automotive field hereinafter quoted at length, argues that there is going to be plenty of business in Europe for plenty of time to come not only for Ford and General Motors, but for scores of other companies, both American and European. Some of the European comment on this American invasion appears in our department of Foreign Comment. On this side of the water it seems to the New York *World* that the increasing importance attached by American automobile makers to the European market "indicates that overseas buying power is improving, and also that the domestic demand may be approaching the limits of its expansion." "With the United States pretty thoroughly motorized, the rest of the world is to be put on wheels by American ingenuity, inventive genius, and mass production," remarks the Hartford *Courant*. To the Washington *News* the Ford and General Motors activities furnish just one more illustration of the fact that "Americans are buying up the world at a lively rate." One week, we are reminded, it is public utilities; now it is automobile industries; "next week it will be something else." Continues this Scripps-Howard daily:

> Whether foreigners or Americans approve or disapprove, American economic world supremacy probably will continue, for our surplus wealth is flowing outward as surely as water flows down hill. To mitigate the evils of economic imperialism and to permit foreign peoples to share equitably in the wealth they produce with American capital is the problem of statesmanship before American officials and capitalists.

The story of the recent activities of our motor giants—to come back to the automotive angle of the dollar invasion of Europe—makes interesting reading as gathered from the foreign dispatches of the last few months. Taking Ford first, we read a few weeks ago about the intensive campaign for European markets started by the Ford organization after a period of somewhat prolonged quiescence. We were told about the formation of eight new subsidiary Ford companies, French Ford, German Ford, Italian Ford, Belgian Ford, Spanish Ford, Dutch Ford, Swedish Ford, and Finnish Ford, each to be controlled by Ford Motor, Ltd., of England, by a 60 per cent. stock interest. According to the head of the British company, each new company as organized will confine its activitics primarily to its own country, and the stock when issued "will be confined, so far as possible, to nationals in each respective country." The head of Ford Ltd., Sir Percival Lea Dewhurst Perry, calls attention to the fact that the large new Ford factories at Dagenham, England, are expected to be turning out 200,000 cars a year before very long. Besides this, "Germany plays a great part" in the Ford plans, and that country "may now become an equally important center of production."

A few days ago Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., President of the General Motors Corporation, returned on the *Berengaria* after six weeks abroad, spent chiefly in acquiring control of the Opel Company, German motor-car manufacturers, for his organization. The Opel family will keep an interest in the concern, and the factory will still be German-operated. Mr. Sloan told a New York *Times* representative:

> The automobile business in the United States has reached the point where its development demands expansion to foreign countries. Germany is only in the beginning of the motor-car industry. With a population of 70,000,000, only 60,000 cars were sold last year, while the sales in the United States with 120,000,000 totaled 4,500,000.
>
> I expect that the next five years will bring about a great era of prosperity in Europe, particularly if the reparations question is settled, and we must look to the foreign markets to take care of our surplus production. We expect to increase the export of the Opel car to countries like Argentina and Brazil, and also develop the domestic trade. It will not interfere with the demand for our cars in Germany, but rather increase it, as

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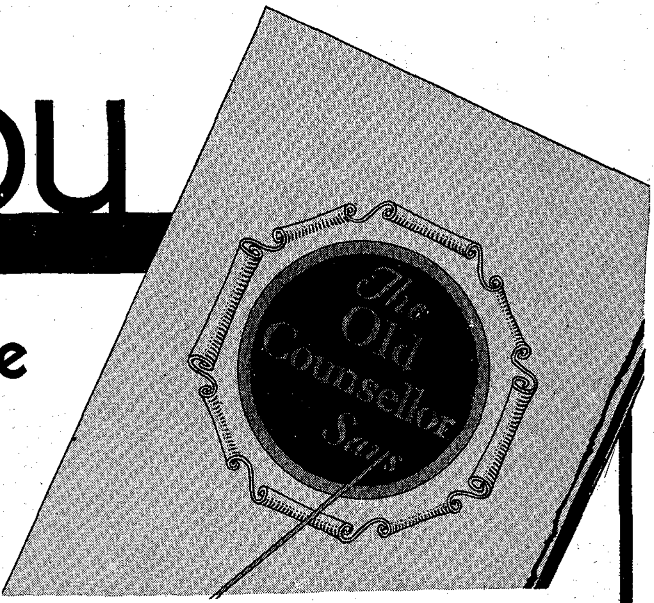

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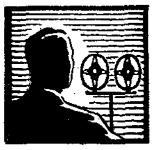
A copy of this booklet will be sent you on request. For convenience, use the coupon at the right—or write for booklet LD-59.



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HERE is a woman whose sole income will now come from securities purchased with the proceeds of her husband's life insurance policies. Unqualified safety of her principal—and certainty of regular income—are her basic needs. Out of the thousands of securities, which shall *she* choose?

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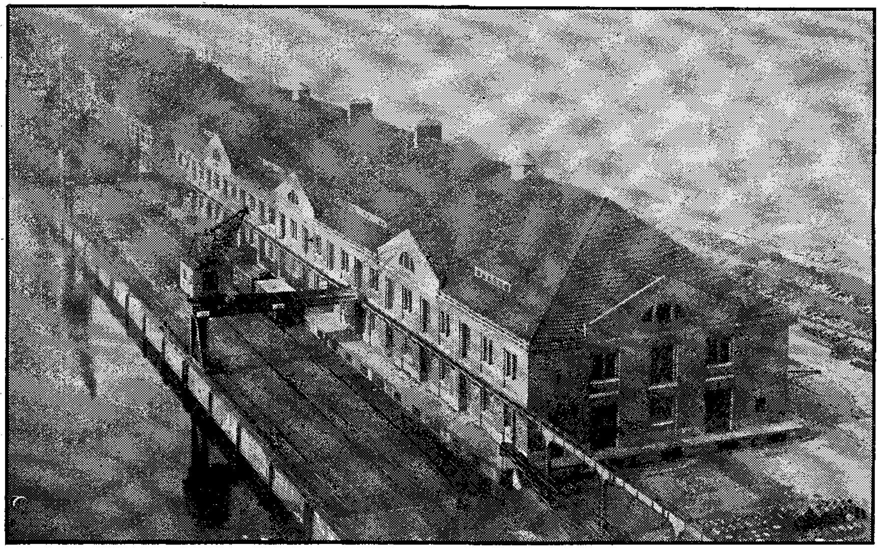
INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

we will gain better contacts by manufacturing in Germany. The American and German cars appeal to two distinct groups of purchasers, and in nowise conflict.

Before this, news items regarding the Opel purchase had appeared in the dispatches informing our reading public that General Motor's Opel investment is about $30,000,000, and a statement issued from Mr. Sloan's office before his return read in part:



Courtesy of *The Magazine of Wall Street*

THE FORD PLANT IN BERLIN

> The Opel company manufactures the Opel automobile, as well as other Opel products. It enjoys a dominant position in the automotive industry of Germany, manufacturing about 45 per cent. of the total number of cars produced in that country. Opel ranks among the first ten German industrial organizations.
>
> This event marks the transition of General Motors into an international manufacturing as well as distributing organization.
>
> General Motors at twenty-four strategic centers of world trade now has subsidiary operations assembling cars and trucks and selling them through 6,000 distributers and dealers in more than a hundred countries.

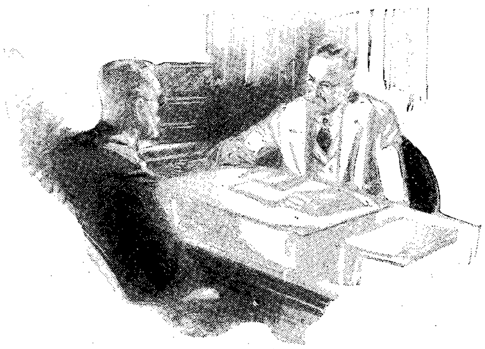
Thus the great American automobile manufacturers are fighting each other and native motor manufacturers in Europe, writes John A. Crone in the New York *World;* "both groups seek markets in South America, Africa, Australia, and other parts of the globe." Besides what Ford and General Motors are doing—

> Chrysler (Dodge), Studebaker, Willys-Overland, Nash, Packard, Graham-Paige, Auburn, and others are dotting the world with selling agencies, service stations, and assembly plants. British, French, German, and Italian motor-makers are forming trusts to block foreign invasion of their domestic markets and meet overseas competition in their outside territories.
>
> The American automobile industry will be one of the greatest factors in stimulating world purchasing power.
>
> High costs of automobile ownership throughout the world are being reduced, thanks to manufacturers in this country. Average price of automobiles in this country last year was a trifle above $600. This contrasts with $1,430 in France and proportional averages in England, Germany, and Italy.
>
> The American automobile maker is solving the purchasing-power problem by extending consumer credit. High costs resulting from political barriers, are being lowered through establishment of American assembly plants, factories, and service stations.
>
> The American automotive industry has been successful abroad because, perhaps, more than any other branch of business in this country, it has adopted foreign methods rather than forced its methods on overseas sales prospects. The American automobile salesman does not try to sell a green car to the people of India, because green is a color of ill-omen in that country. In Japan, maroon, which is a color reserved for the imperial household, would be banned, and in China the yellow car would be extremely unpopular because it is the color of Chinese mourning.
>
> France, Germany, Great Britain, and Italy, because they are the most immediately promising prospects motorwise will be the four centers for selling drives by American automotive manufacturers. They likewise offer not only the stiffest opposition to foreign invasion from native motor-makers, but their products also will compete most severely with our own in other markets.
>
> Penetration of foreign motor markets usually begins with the establishment of selling agencies and service stations. Assembly plants then follow, after which come manufacturing units. Virtually all automobile companies pursue the same policy in the first two steps. They differ in the third step. Ford always establishes his own plants, but invites native capital. General Motors usually buys into an established plant, such as Vauxhall in England and Opel in Germany, and permits foreign control to continue. Both companies now are financing instalment sales abroad. Both companies will use native labor and materials as far as possible.

As the already quoted Paris correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News* understands it, the chief difference in policy is

"His Prescription for Himself

was 'Independence at Sixty'"



"I started off by diagnosing his means."

SIGMUND OJSERKIS, President of the Boardwalk National Bank, Atlantic City, N. J., tells how he diagnosed a doctor's financial health.

"Dr. B....... is a good eye specialist," said Mr. Ojserkis, "but when it came to money matters!" . . . Mr. Ojserkis threw up his hands expressively. "Somebody even tried to sell him an interest in banana fields in Mexico.

"Dr. B...... came to me one day, and said 'I wish to be able to retire, if I decide to, when I'm sixty. Can't you prescribe a plan of investment for me?'

"I started off by diagnosing his means—how much he could save regularly. That settled, I made him buy his first $1,000 bond. And instead of letting him go out with his $1,000 bond, I made him sign a note for $4,000 more bonds.

"For twelve years," said Mr. Ojserkis with emphasis, "I never let that man get out of debt—to himself—for bonds! And today—twelve years later—Dr. B...... is worth $65,000.

"He's still in the prime of his career. He now has saving in his blood. He'll have $100,000 long before he's ready to retire—and when he does, his $100,000 will bring him $500 a month, almost as much as his practice brings him now. His principal, in sound, seasoned bonds, will never give him a moment's worry."

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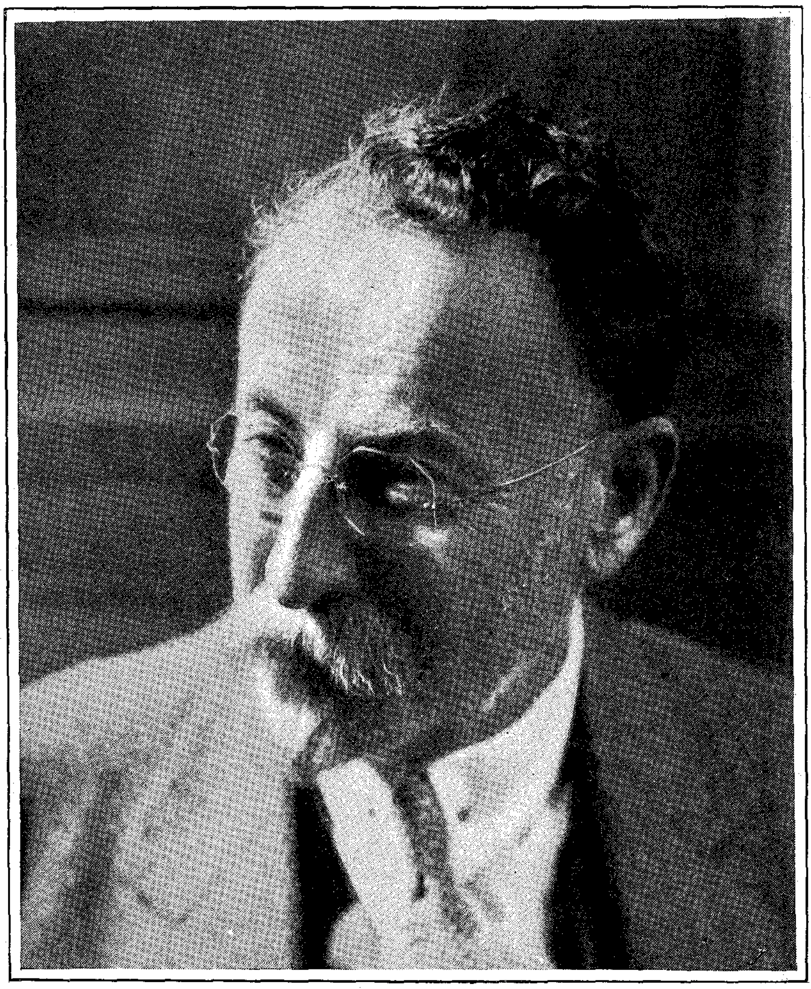

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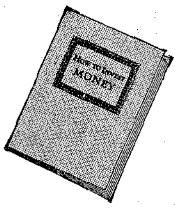

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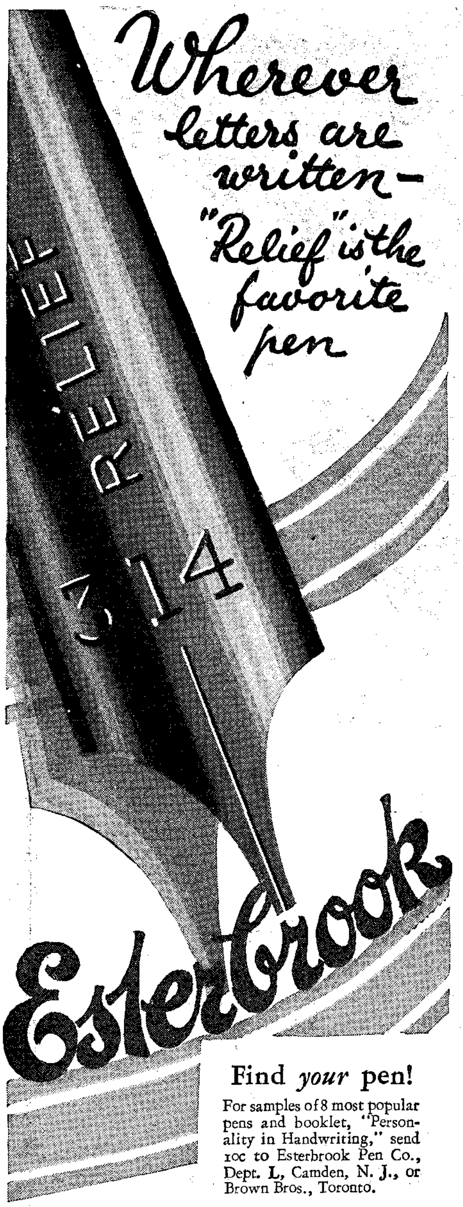

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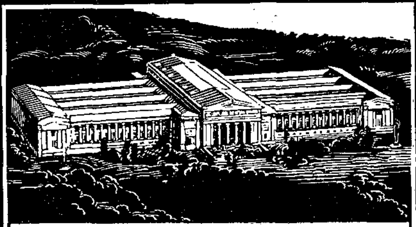

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

that General Motors believes Europeans do not care for the American car with its high upkeep, and so uses American capital and methods "to produce in Europe European cars for European consumers." On the contrary, Ford does not admit European dislike of American models, but overcomes prohibitive transportation costs and customs by building Ford cars in European plants. Incidentally, it has been announced that the Ford plant in Cork, Ireland, will produce all Ford trucks, the production of which will be stopt in American plants. Naturally, continues this writer, European manufacturers view the Ford-General Motors competition with anxiety. To meet it—

> The largest European companies—Austin and Morris in Great Britain, Citroen in France, and Fiat in Italy—are regularly progressing and improving their producing and selling methods.

But an extremely reassuring view-point is set forth by George E. Quisenberry in the current overseas edition of *The American Automobile* (New York), which he edits. He sees neither a suicidal cut-throat competition between Ford and General Motors, nor a gobbling up of the European motor industry—

> Let it be said at once that we believe Europe offers a potential sales field for all the automobiles that Ford, General Motors, and a good many other manufacturers can produce in the next ten years. We do not believe that these two companies, with all their talents of production, finance, and sales, ever will control absolutely the automobile markets of Europe any more than they control their home market of the United States. We do not believe, further, that the entrance of these companies into manufacture on a larger scale in Europe means the end of manufacture by factories owned and operated entirely by Europeans. And no more do we believe that the motor markets of Europe will be shut to other American manufacturers whose products must either be assembled in convenient localities or imported direct from the producing factories of Detroit, Cleveland, and other centers of the United States.
>
> What certainly will eventuate is that the production programs of these giant companies will make it more difficult to sell in Europe any automobile that is overpriced or of underquality. Whatever else may be the outcome in Europe, hundreds of thousands, even millions, of the citizens of the various countries will be benefited directly and indirectly by lower-priced and better automobiles.
>
> But, important tho that may be, it is somewhat beside the main advantage. No one who has followed the amazing development of the automobile over the past few years in the United States, South America, Australia, and New Zealand, and many parts of Africa and Asia, can fail to be imprest by the frankly stated fact that Europe is now the world's greatest automotive vacuum. In other words, motor transportation is less developed in Europe than in these other sections of the world,

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with regard to population, wealth, and other controlling factors.

Ten years have elapsed since the Great War, and in that decade the motorization of Europe necessarily had to lag, while political, economic, and industrial problems arising out of the conflict were pushed to settlement, or on their way to solution. Relatively speaking, but few automobiles have been built and sold in Europe during these ten years, to the 300 millions of inhabitants, who yet await the quickening effect upon their daily lives of motor transportation. But expansion is under way.

It is not difficult to predict—and automotive predictions generally have been understatements of what later actually took place—that within a few years the annual automobile requirements of Europe will be at least half as great, perhaps just as great, as the entire number of motor-vehicles now in use throughout the Continent and the British Isles, so fast does the snowball roll once it has its start. Some four million automobiles are now being operated in Europe.

This dream is far less fantastic than was that which, in 1920, foresaw 25 million automobiles in America by the beginning of 1929. Hundreds of European citizens will be automobile owners to-morrow, who do not dream of that happy state now.

Europe will come to accept the American contention that the automobile is a producer of wealth.

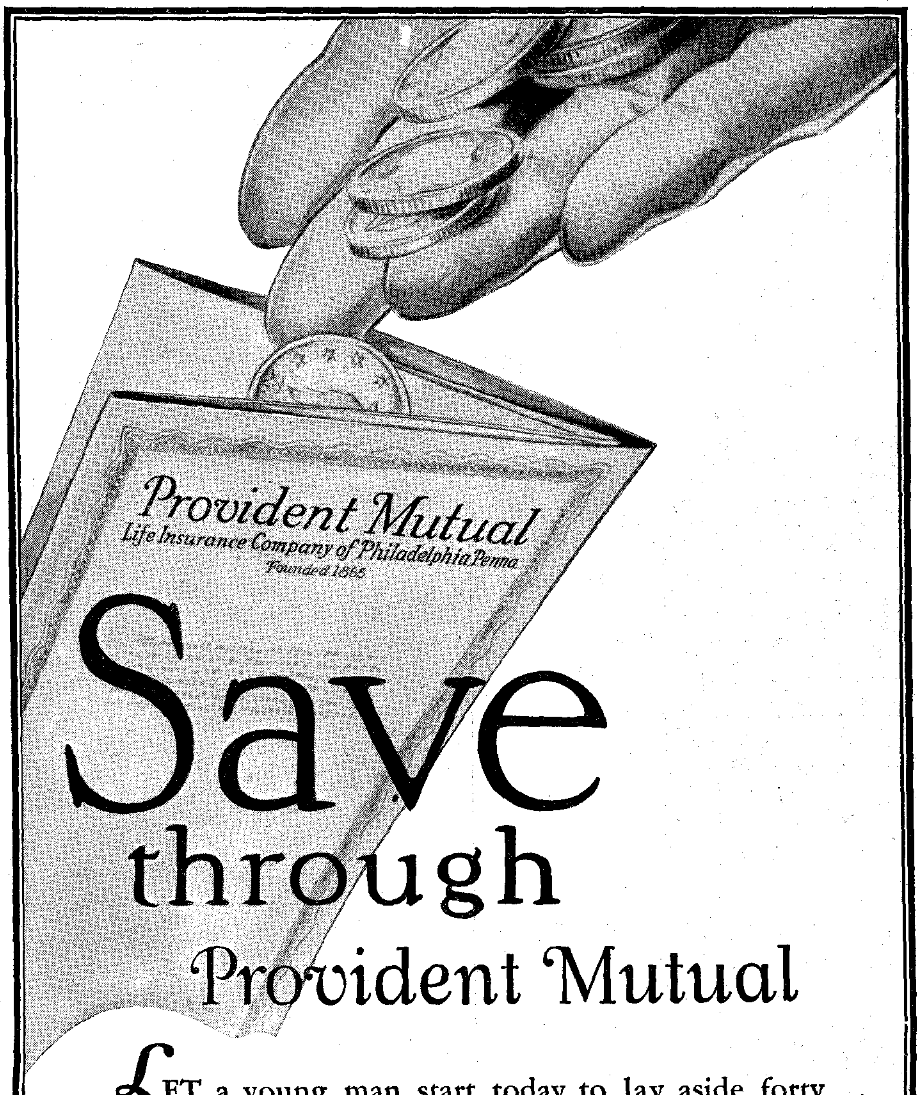
Specifically, however, since this is a discussion within the automotive industry, we must consider the effect of the Ford-General Motors activities upon other parts of the industry. Of course, it will mean employment for more workers within their factories and for many additional sales and service workers throughout every country, and of those supplying the things used in motor manufacture and maintenance. But how will it affect other producers?

We can answer only from American experience. The automobile is introduced to its widest public by the low-priced lines. The new "first" owners of to-day buy a low-priced car, but, to-morrow, their next automobile is one costing them $1,000, $1,500, or, perhaps, even more. It was Ford, the pioneer, making transportation available to the millions in America, who made possible the producers that to-day are General Motors, Chrysler, Studebaker, Hudson-Essex, Willys-Overland, Nash, Durant, Reo, Graham-Paige, Auburn, and others. Without that low-priced leadership, 25 million automobiles would not be running in America ten years after the war. In that development some makers have fallen by the wayside, it is true, but those who have had vision, foresight, and ability have not only remained but have vastly increased their output.

We believe that the action of General Motors and Ford in going into Europe so extensively will redound, in time, to the benefit of every person connected with the industry.

In an analysis of the Ford invasion of Europe, in *The Magazine of Wall Street,* James B. Orpington makes the point that—

> Ford's mass-production methods—imitated by Morris in England, Citroen in France, and Opel in Germany—are providing work for thousands. England, Ireland, Brazil, and other nations hail Ford as the industrial savior of their countries, because his projects are also stirring native industrialists to gigantic undertakings.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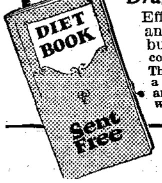

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

April 17.—At the request of the Chinese Nationalist Government Japan agrees to postpone the departure of her troops from Tsinan-fu, capital of Shantung, which was to have begun on this date. In view of the increasingly unsettled conditions and Communist activity, Douglas Jenkins, United States Consul General in Canton, advises American missionaries in southern Kiangsi and northern Kwangtung and Kwangsi provinces to evacuate their posts.

The first Mexican Federal regiment to enter Sonora in pursuit of the rebels crosses the State line from Sinaloa, reports General Calles.

The Norwegian Government refuses to permit Leon Trotzky, former Minister of War of the Russian Soviet Government, to enter Norway.

April 19.—Lord Revelstoke, chairman of the subcommittee of the international conference on reparations, dies suddenly in his hotel in Paris. He was sixty-five.

Lord Cushendun announces to the Preparatory Disarmament Commission at Geneva that Great Britain is willing to leave to the Continental military powers the question of disarmament of land and air forces, and to accept any solution they may reach.

Gen. Fang Chen-wu's army of the Wuhan opposition to the Chinese Nationalist Government advances to within fifty miles of Tsinan-fu, which is still in control of the Japanese. Cannibalism is reported on the increase in Kansu province, where thousands of people are said to be dying daily of starvation.

A fierce battle is reported between Mexican Federals and revolutionary troops at the small border town of Mesquite, Sonora, in which the loyal forces were completely victorious.

April 20.—King Victor Emmanuel inaugurates the twenty-eighth Italian Legislature and says that Italy desires peace, but in the meantime must render its armed forces more efficient.

Prince Henry of Prussia, only brother of the former German Kaiser, and a Grand Admiral under the late Imperial régime, dies at his home near Kiel. He was sixty-six.

April 21.—Gen. Bramwell Booth, former head of the Salvation Army, is reported to have agreed to the decision whereby he was relieved of control of the Army.

April 22.—Hugh S. Gibson, Chairman of the American Delegation to the Preparatory Disarmament Commission at Geneva, offers a new plan of naval disarmament which will fix the maximum total of each navy and of each category of ships within that navy.

Gen. Liu Chen-nien reenters Chefoo, following the sweeping victory of the Nationalist armies at Ning-haichow.

April 23.—The international conference renews its effort to attain accord with Germany on the reparations question.

The Dawes commission concludes its work of preparing a scientific budget system for Santo Domingo.

Gen. Fausto Topete, rebel leader, reports defeating a body of Federal troops at Masiaca, Sonora.

DOMESTIC

April 17.—Representative Reid, Republican, of Illinois, offers a resolution

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demanding a Congressional inquiry into the activities of the Federal Reserve Board, with particular reference to its policy in dealing with the present credit situation.

The State Department receives an official report of the murder of H. K. Smith, an American missionary, by bandits in Kweichow Province.

April 18.—Charles E. Mitchell, Chairman of the Board of the National City Bank, New York, and a director of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, urges, in *The National City Bank's Bulletin*, immediate action by Congress to remove the income tax on capital gains from the sale of securities.

Mrs. Mabel Willebrandt, Assistant Attorney-General of the United States in charge of Prohibition enforcement, issues an order to Federal attorneys to apply the Jones Act "only in good, strong cases involving commercialism."

The Swedish Engineering Society of Detroit has bought the home in Detroit in which Col. Charles A. Lindbergh was born, to be preserved as a memorial to the aviator, it is announced.

Sen. Cole Blease of South Carolina introduces a joint resolution to ban embassy liquor by constitutional amendment.

April 19.—Attorney-General Mitchell reports that there is no legal bar to the right of Secretary of the Treasury Mellon to continue in his Cabinet position.

The National Foreign Trade Council, meeting in Baltimore, declares its opposition to any tariff revision by Congress that might offend other countries, interfere with the growth of commercial interchange with them, and cause retaliatory action on their part.

April 20.—Sen. James Couzens announces the creation of a trust fund of ten million dollars "to be used to promote the health, welfare, happiness and development of the children of Michigan primarily, and elsewhere in the world," the fund to be spent within twenty-five years.

April 21.—President Hoover informs Senator McNary of his opposition to the "export debenture plan" for agricultural relief, saying that it "would bring disaster to the American farmer."

Twenty-two people are reported killed by tornadoes in Arkansas and Mississippi in two days.

Six people are killed in an airplane collision over San Diego, California.

April 22.—In an address to members of the Associated Press in New York City, President Hoover appeals to every American to obey all the laws and to aid in their enforcement, saying that the Prohibition law is not the main source of the present reign of lawlessness, in which crime has increased to the point where life and property in this country are relatively more unsafe than in any other civilized country in the world.

Harry F. Sinclair, oil operator, must go to jail for three months for refusing to answer questions asked by the Senate Teapot Dome investigating committee, unless he is pardoned by the President, or has his sentence suspended by the court below, according to a decision by the United States Supreme Court.

The Senate Agricultural Committee votes, 8 to 6, to keep the export debenture plan in the farm-relief bill, which is ordered reported to the Senate.

April 23.—John F. Curry is elected leader of Tammany Hall, to succeed George W. Olvany, resigned.

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Spoiled His Record.—And then there's the absent-minded plumber who forgot to forget his tools.—*Louisville Satyr.*

Weekly Avalanche.—"So your little boy wasn't really lost?"

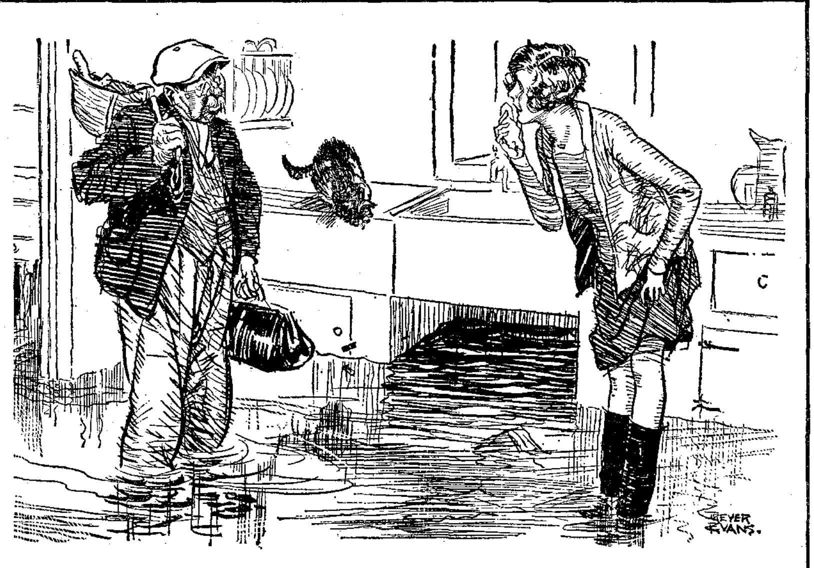
"No; we found him under the Sunday paper."—*Film Fun.*

No Dog?—Traffic Cop—"Let me see your license?"

Tourist—"Marriage, car, driver's, campfire, fishing, or hunting? Open the license trunk, Maria."—*Utica Press.*

Case of Self-Defense.—Mary—"My husband wanted me to wear cotton hose."

Molly—"The brute! I hope you shot him, dearie."—*College Humor.*



Plumber: "Pipes burst?"
Young Bride: "Y—yes, b—but some of this is t—tears!"
—*London Opinion.*

Burning a House to Get Roast Pig.—Many a man in love with a dimple makes the mistake of marrying the whole girl. —*Life.*

Alluring Pioneer.—He—"My grandfather was a gold-digger in the Klondike."

She—"So was my grandmother."—*Cornell Widow.*

Rough on Dentistry.—"Where are you going to eat?"

"Let's eat up the street."

"Aw, no; I don't like asphalt."—*State Lion.*

Auditory Narcissus.—Then there was the radio announcer who liked himself so much he went crazy trying to tune in on himself.—*Life.*

Divots to Spare.—An English magazine is relieved to note that the crust of the earth is two thousand miles thick. "So in spite of the savage attacks of the golfers, geologically speaking they do little harm."—*Boston Transcript.*

Her First Silent Ride.—"Why did you shed such copious tears at the funeral?"

"I was thinking," answered Mr. Chuggins, "of the dear woman who was still a passenger, but no longer able to drive from the back seat."—*Washington Star.*

Touching Trust.—"Loan me five dollars, will you?"

"Sorry, but I have but four dollars and seventy-five cents."

"Well, give me that. I'll trust you for the other quarter."—*Royal Arcanum Bulletin.*

Safety First.—"Yes," said the timid passenger to the airplane pilot. "I understand I'm to sit still and not be afraid and all that; but tell me, if something happens and we fall, what do I do?"

"Oh, that's easy," said the pilot. "Just grab anything that we're passing and hang on."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Meeting His Match.—An inferiority complex is the feeling that sweeps over a notorious hold-up man when he gets his check in a night club.—*Temple Owl.*

Left to Its Fate.—"I went to the dentist yesterday."

"Does the tooth still ache?"

"I don't know; he kept it."—*Auckland (New Zealand) Weekly News.*

Muzzled Wrangler.—

We argued for an hour, I guess,
But, really, men are too absurd;
For all throughout the argument
He wouldn't say a single word!
—*College Humor.*

Aid to Memory.—The Man at the Wheel (noting inebriated gentleman)—"That reminds me, I must get the car oiled to-morrow."—*Auckland (New Zealand) Weekly News.*

William's Specialty.—

Johnnie had a billie goat
That made folks flit and flutter;
He was not much on milk or cream,
Yet made a classy butter.
—*Chetek (Wis.) Alert.*

Cares of Office.—"Are you in favor of Prohibition?"

"Absolutely," answered Senator Sorghum.

"Have you ever taken a drink?"

"Occasionally. As a trusted legislator, I feel it my duty to study both sides of a question."—*Washington Star.*

Blessings of Invention.—George (from next door)—"Mrs. Jones, may I use your telephone?"

Mrs. Jones—"Certainly, George. Is yours out of order?"

George—"Well, not exactly, but Sis is using it to hold up the window, ma's cutting biscuits with the mouthpiece and baby's teething on the cord."—*Windsor (Ont.) Border Cities Star.*

SLIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

Happy Coincidence.—Exp. nurse wishes confinement cases; no obj. to children.—*Ad in the Charleston News and Courier.*

Lucky Missile.—One of the two bullets went wild, the other striking her corset and glancing off without injury.—*Toledo paper.*

Uplift Note.—

REFORMED LADIES HOLD
ST. PATRICK'S PARTY
—*Paterson paper.*

Spoon or Fork in Kansas.—Will the person who borrowed the "Emily Post" from Mrs. Wilson at the Tea Room, please return it?—adv.—*Emporia Gazette.*

Speaking Easy.—

A QUIET WETTING
TAKES PLACE AT
BRIDE'S HOME
—*Head-lines in a Minnesota paper.*

Thorn Between Two Roses.—Notice to Richard ———. You can not have your clothes until you pay your mother what your wife owes her. —*Minnesota paper.*

Privilege of Freedom.—Rev. E. M. Coe of Cleveland, with 27 recent convicts, will come to Livingston Wednesday evening for the purpose of administering the rites of baptism.—*Houston Post-Dispatch.*

Leading a New Life.—

MAN SLAIN AT
WICHITA LIVES
AT VINTON, IOWA
—*Head-lines in a Fort Dodge paper.*

Hives?—Burr's itchings deal with Indian life. One is a picture of the Tiva-Puye near Santa Fé, where Indians used to hold their ceremonials and their councils. Some of the itchings have sharp color contrasts and space divisions that are of vivid simplicity.—*El Paso Times.*

In Their Element.—As usual, there was a representative crowd in attendance at the musical tea sponsored by Strains' tea room. The program was interesting and varied and women of the city welcomed an opportunity to gather for a catty hour over the tea cups.—*Great Falls (Mont.) paper.*

No Accounting for Tastes.—The school child generally needs all his spare time for free play. . . . The time he spends dreaming over a book, messing about in the garbage or hatching wild schemes with his friends is more likely to contribute to his balanced development than all the nice refinements and "advantages" his parents can impose.—*Tacoma paper.*